THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ustrated Weekly
D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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In This Number

BOYS WILL BE BOYS — By IRVIN S. COBB

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YOUR OTHER SELF

By Harvey O'Higgins

IF YOU care to meet your other self, sit down at a ouija board with a sympathetic partner, wait until the little table begins to sidle across the printed alphabet under your hands, and then ask credulously "Who is there?"

The reply will pretend to come from the dead—from the other side, as the ouija board usually puts it. But, if we are to believe the psychologists, it will be the other side of yourself, your subconscious mind, that is replying.

If you question it credulously on the ouija board it will reply with detailed stories that you will swear neither you nor your partner has the imagination to invent. It will give you fictitious names of the departed—for whom it pretends to speak—and ask you to convey pitiful messages to living relatives who do not exist. The messages will be as surprising, as unexpected, as unpredictable as the speeches of the characters in your dreams. It will seem impossible that you can be sending these messages to yourself. And yet you are—just as surely as you invent the convincing horrors of your own nightmares.

This is very amusing; but what possible value can it have in the practical affairs of life? Well—leaving aside the whole question of occultism—it has a most immediate value. That other self of yours not only helps or hinders you in your work—it is responsible for many of your opinions; it directs even more of your behavior; it is a silent partner in all your doings and ways and habits, and, like most silent partners, it is often the more powerful member of the firm.

Stevenson's Brownies

TO BEGIN with its most obvious evidences, if you are an artist, an author, a musician, an actor—if you are engaged in any work of imaginative invention—you are daily using your subconscious mind almost as much as your conscious one. Robert Louis Stevenson has written A Chapter on Dreams, in which he tells how his brownies—the little people of his internal theater—worked for him in his sleep, and invented plots for him, and supplied him with stories. And these little people were the faculties of his subconscious mind.

I know a magazine illustrator who sits before a blank sheet of Bristol board until he sees the characters of the author's story moving across the white paper, grouping and composing themselves in pictures for him; and when he sees a picture that will serve he stops his figures and catches them quickly in a few sketchy outlines before they can escape. And it is his subconscious mind that invents these pictures for him.

Watch an emotional actress before she makes her entrance in character on the stage. She usually demands an interval of isolation and silence before her cue comes, standing in the wings, as if hypnotizing herself, getting herself "into the part," as she says, and allowing the emotion of the character to gather in her mind and show itself in her face. And if you question her you will probably learn that in her most emotional scenes it is as if her subconscious mind were playing the part while her conscious intelligence listened and criticized.

Acting is peculiarly an exercise of the subconscious faculties, because no amount of study in expression can train the intelligence to produce the subtle tone and face and gesture of a complicated emotion. You have to feel the emotion imaginatively. "You must think the line," as actors say, "before you speak it." That, perhaps, is why mere intelligence is of so little avail on the stage and why the most moving actors are often so unintellectual.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Judge and Mrs. Ben B. Lindsey

But, in a less obvious degree, the practice of any imaginative art is an exercise of the dream mind of the artist. The measure of what we call his inspiration will depend more on the saddle strength of his subconscious faculties than on the bridle and control of his reason's *manège*. And that, perhaps, is why the greatest artists are born, not made; for you may indeed develop your intelligence, but no way has been found for you to strengthen the part of your mind that is instinctive, intuitive and unconscious.

This whole theory of the subconscious mind is, of course, only a theory; but you may test and establish it in many ways. Try it, for example, as an explanation of the many puzzling vagaries of the artistic temperament. Why are actors and authors and musicians such overgrown children? Isn't it because the subconscious mind is the childish mind of make-believe—the Peter Pan mind that never grows up? Why is an artist so unhappy, no matter how successful, if he works only for money? Isn't it because his subconscious mind will not work happily unless it may work as it wishes, freely, irresponsibly, and not under the compulsion of commercial dictation or restrained by the consideration of market needs?

Authors' Eccentricities

WHY is an imaginative artist so unable to explain for what reason he has used the particular constituents of any composition, or how he has obtained his effects? Because usually he does not really know; the mind that explains is not the mind that composes. Why did Dickens have to have his desk ornaments to play with while he was writing, and why did Bulwer Lytton—or was it Disraeli—always write in evening clothes, and this one have to have lighted candles, and that one need an especial corner and an accustomed desk? Because the subconscious mind, being a hypnotic mind, grows to accept any wonted circumstance as the apparatus of hypnotic suggestion—as if it were a gazing crystal.

And you may add, if you wish, that artists are egotistic because the subconscious mind is inordinately egotistic; that they are disappointing to meet because the mind you meet in them is not the mind that does their work, and that America has had few transcendent artists, as compared with other countries, because the subconscious mind is most fertile when you "loaf and invite your soul"; and all the circumstances and traditions of American life, opposed to loafing, encourage only purposeful and intelligent mental industry of the sort that develops talent but not genius.

What is true of the subconscious mind in artists is almost equally evident in the achievements and careers of many men of great intellect outside the arts. In their biographies, again and again, you will find that the deep secret of their success, the real heart of their mystery, is a gift, an intuition, an instinct that cannot be explained—that is to say, a subconscious faculty.

To speak from personal experience and not by the book, I have been for years alternating between the work of fictional invention and the writing of narrative studies of such notable Americans as Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver; ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon,

the leader of the crusade against present-day Mormon polygamy; William J. Burns, the detective; John R. Lawson, the labor leader—and so on. And I have found that none of these men was conscious of how he solved the problems by whose solution he had made his success. All of them, in one way or another, perform miracles that can only be explained in terms of subconscious faculty. Few of them seem even to have gone so far as to theorize upon the materials of their experience in an attempt to discover the rules by which they worked.

Take William J. Burns, for instance. He insists that it is merely common sense which leads him, through the confusing undergrowth of petty details and false trails and interrupted scents, to the secret of a hidden crime. I have come to believe that he calls it common sense because it is an inherent unconscious faculty in him which is as natural and as inexplicable as common sense. I spent almost a year working with him, and a score of times I watched him outwitting men and situations by an instantaneous inventiveness that had no interval of thought. "You don't have time to think," he would say. "You have to do something—quick! And you do it."

He cannot explain why he does this or that; he does not know. If you insist on having an explanation he will ask, puzzled: "Well, wasn't it right? What would you have done?" You can make out that he works in many instances by a sort of instinctive sympathy which apprehends the mind of his opponent and eludes it, without consciously formulating either what he apprehends or how he is to evade it. The curious thing is that he often seems to need the personal encounter in order to function best—as if his solutions were not only subconscious but vaguely telepathic. And that impression is strengthened by the fact that he often works on a theory of the case which is, in its final analysis, no more than a hunch, as detectives call it.

Reticence Cloaked in Frankness

ONE morning, in a hotel bedroom in New York City, I watched him evading the questions and eluding the minds of half a dozen newspaper reporters who had come there to interview him. It was just after he had arrested the McNamara Brothers for the dynamiting in Los Angeles. There were many aspects of the case, involving other labor leaders, which he did not wish to discuss. And it was these aspects that the newspaper men were most interested in. For more than an hour they asked him any questions that came into their heads; and he replied with the greatest apparent frankness. Yet they got nothing from him.

He received them in his union suit, fresh from his bath, and drying his head with a bath towel as they filed in. I knew him well enough to guess that this appearance of informality—of having nothing to conceal, even down to his bare feet—was part of the staging for his scene with them. They sat down round the room, watching him interestedly. He began at once to reply to them offhand, without any pauses for thought, talking while he dressed; and his attention seemed to be much more concerned with his dressing than with his replies.

He misunderstood some of their questions and answered what they had not asked. He gave vague, impressive, general replies where he should have been specific. When he was asked what he thought of one of the most distinguished of his opponents in the case he replied: "I think he's the cleverest liar I ever met!"—which was a useless answer, because it would not be printed. When he was asked "Do you think you're going to get So-and-So?" he said indignantly: "Now I'd look nice, wouldn't I, if I went round boasting of what I was going to do? The newspapers would be the first to knock me if I started that sort of thing. It's the kind of self-advertising in a detective that makes people sick"—and so on, with such convincing heat that the reporter apologized for his question without getting an answer to it.

Some inquiries he failed to understand, blinking over them, at a loss; and he was assisted in this ruse by the fact that the reporters did not wait for one another, but jumped in with a second query if the first one failed. When it was convenient he grew absent-minded over his dressing—absorbed in the struggle with a starched collar, for example—and came out of his absorption to volunteer irrelevant information that was useless as news because it had been in the papers days earlier.

I knew he was acting a part, but I caught only one proof of it. While he was pretending to read an editorial, which one of the reporters had given him, I could see that his eyes were not on the print; he had his head down as if he were reading, but he was listening intently, though he replied in the thick, absent-minded voice of a man whose thoughts are occupied. The reporters, encouraged by that voice of a mind off its guard, made several pointed inquiries; and he took advantage of his own absorption in the editorial in order to fail to hear one or two questions which he was apparently not prepared to dodge.

The whole performance was a masterpiece of acting. It was carried off with such a convincing air of frankness that no one could suspect duplicity. It was the kind of acting that mere intelligence cannot counterfeit. The reporters, deceived by it, made copious notes. When he was dressed he said: "Now, boys, come along to the dining room with me and ask anything else you want to know while I'm having breakfast. Of course you understand there are things about the case I can't tell you yet; but I'll say so. I want to tell you anything you want to know—if I can!" And one of the newspaper men replied: "We needn't bother you any more, Mr. Burns. We've got all we want, I think."

They left apparently satisfied. Yet not a line of the interview was printed—probably for the reason that no editor could find in it a line worth printing.

If this sort of thing had happened only once I might be misinterpreting it; but I saw it done very often, in different circumstances, with different people. Invariably in such scenes Burns occupied his outward attention with some distracting business—which was distracting to those who were questioning him but not to him. With him this seemed rather to serve the purpose of freeing his subconscious mind by engaging some of the activities of his conscious faculties. At least the expression of his face gave me that impression. And the ease with which he emotionalized and changed color with his emotion—as in his indignant reply about boasting—confirmed my feeling that, like an actor, he was not using mere intelligence alone but was drawing on something deeper.

Here is another anecdote of him that illustrates a more striking quality of his mind. I give it from memory, because I made no notes and no investigation of it.

A young girl had been found murdered in some bushes on the outskirts of a New Jersey town. A negro had been arrested on suspicion, and there were threats of lynching. The sheriff of the county, though he was dissatisfied with the evidence against the negro, was unable either to prove his innocence or to find a clew on which to base a suspicion against anyone else. He telephoned to Burns, whom he had known for years, and asked him to help.

Burns went to the scene of the murder, and after examining all the circumstances of it he said, in effect: "This was done by the man who is tending furnaces in that greenhouse yonder." There were traces of ashes on the girl's clothes and Burns guessed that the body had been first concealed in the ash pit of the greenhouse. "He may not be there now. Or there may have been two men in it. I'll put an operative out here to 'rope' him"—that is, to meet him and gain his confidence—"if he's still about. If not we'll find him and let you know."

He returned to New York and sent one of his operatives on the case. After some days this detective reported by telephone that there was only one furnaceman employed in the greenhouse; that he had been there at the time of the murder, but that he could not be "roped," because he associated with no one, went nowhere and lived by himself in lodgings.

Burns asked:

"Has the room where he sleeps a window on a yard?"

"No," the detective answered, "but it has one on a lane."

"That will do," Burns said. "Get a dog and make it howl under his window every night."

The operative did that. The guilty man, afflicted with the superstition that the howling of a dog presaged death, gave up his work in the greenhouse and left the town. The operative followed him, made friends with him on the train, gained his confidence by pretending that he himself was a fugitive from justice, finally confessed that he had committed a murder, and obtained a similar confession from the suspect before concealed witnesses. The man was executed.

Instantaneous Invention

THE point I wish to make lies in the instantaneous invention of the "plant" of the howling dog. If you ask Burns how he thought of it he can only reply "Well, wasn't it all right? What would you have done?" And, by the way, what would you have done? Try to think of any other practicable plan by which, without rousing the guilty man's suspicions, you could have frightened him into abandoning his seclusion and exposing himself to the chance of being "roped."

Try to think of it in an office as busy as the editorial rooms of a newspaper, when you are as rushed with other matters as a city editor. And invent your "plant" at the telephone, between question and answer, with no conscious effort—almost as an arithmetical prodigy will instantly tell you that 17,861 is 337 multiplied by 53, and not know how he knows it!

William J. Burns is in many ways no more remarkable than such an arithmetical prodigy. If you meet him under ordinary social circumstances you will see no more signs of genius in him than you would see in a famous musician at a dinner or a great painter at a dance. But if you watch him on his job there is no way of explaining him, so far as I know, except by appealing to the same theory that explains the calculating boy—the possession of a subconscious mind of whose method of working he is as ignorant as science is.

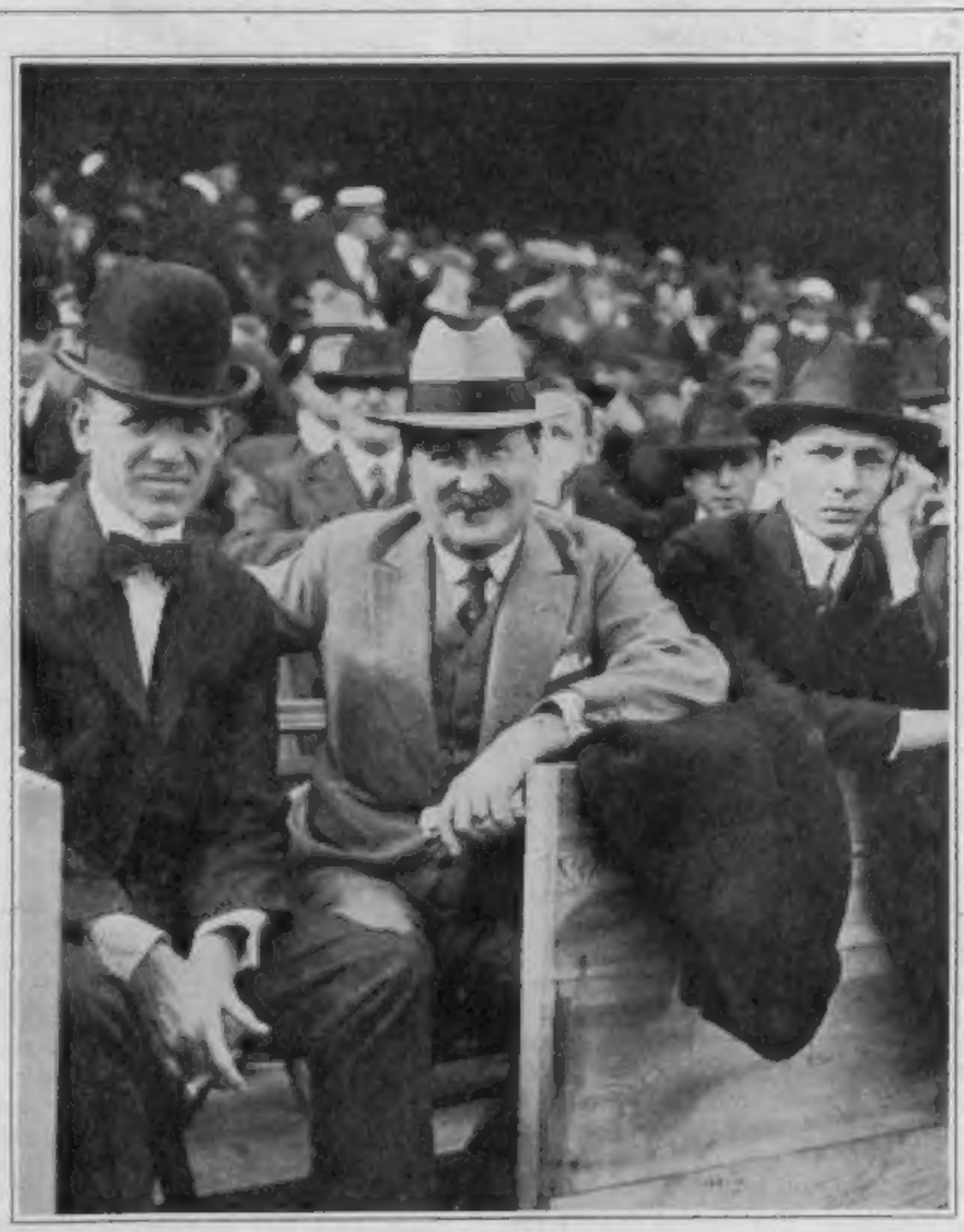
The same thing is true, I think, of Judge Lindsey. After I had been writing with him for a month one of his assistants turned to me in court—where we were listening to a case—and asked: "Well, what's his secret? How does he do it?"

This was an intelligent man who had been associated with Lindsey for years. He was still unable to attain Lindsey's results by any reasoned imitation of his methods. And, for myself, after a year of almost daily attendance in the court—much of it spent in studying the judge in order to formulate in words the theory and practice of his decisions—I found him still unpredictable, unexpected, apparently intuitive, and often himself at a loss, for the moment, to explain the particular decision that had surprised me.

Out of the hundreds of cases that I might give let me indicate three or four of a typical kind:

Two boys were brought before him for a theft they had admitted. One boy was a burly young rough who was defiantly unrepentant. He replied to the judge's questions with such insolence that the court officers frowned at him and muttered to each other. Lindsey studied him with an air of deep abstraction, very interested and apparently unconscious of the boy's insulting disrespect. The second boy, obviously the tool of the first, wept and sobbed in a hysteria of shame and contrition. I could not see a spark of sympathy for him in the judge.

(Continued on Page 113)

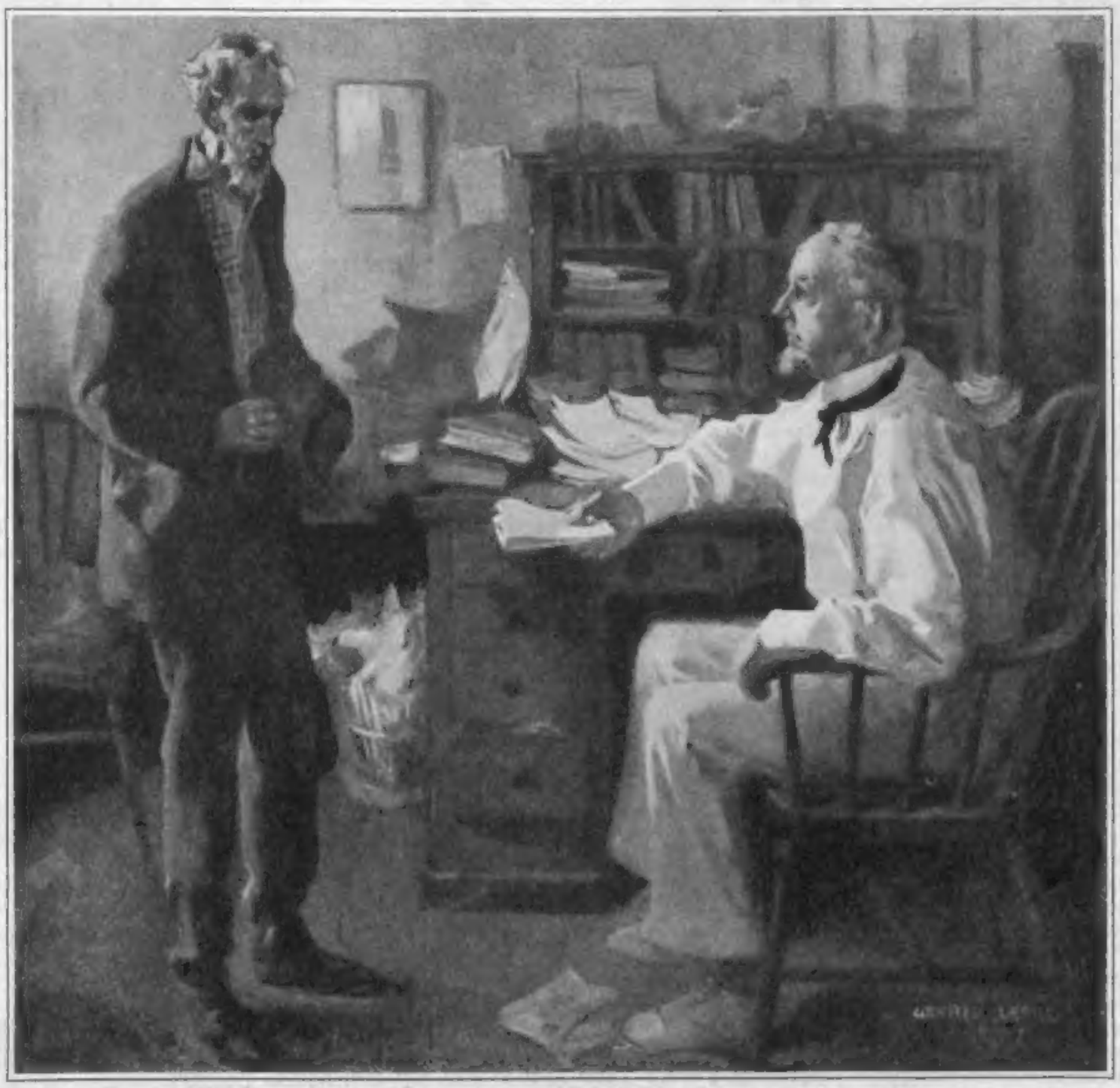


William J. Burns

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY GERALD LEAKE



Four Dollars Would Have Been a Sufficient Price to Pay for the Garments He Stood In

WHEN Judge Priest, on this particular morning, came puffing into his chambers at the courthouse, looking, with his broad beam and in his costume of flappy, loose white ducks, a good deal like an old-fashioned full-rigger with all sails set, his black shadow, Jeff Poindexter, had already finished the job of putting the quarters to rights for the day. The cedar water bucket had been properly replenished; the upper flange of a fifteen-cent chunk of ice protruded above the rim of the bucket; and alongside, on the appointed nail, hung the gourd dipper that the master always used. The floor had been swept, except, of course, in the corners and underneath things; there were evidences, in streaky scrolls of fine grit particles upon various flat surfaces, that a dusting brush had been more or less sparingly employed. A spray of trumpet flowers, plucked from the vine that grew outside the window, had been draped over the framed steel engraving of President Davis and his Cabinet upon the wall; and on the top of the big square desk in the middle of the room, where a small section of cleared green-blotter space formed an oasis in a dry and arid desert of cluttered law journals and dusty documents, the morning's mail rested in a little heap.

Having placed his old cotton umbrella in a corner, having removed his coat and hung it upon a peg behind the hall door, and having seen to it that a palm-leaf fan was in arm's reach should he require it, the Judge, in his billowy white shirt, sat down at his desk and gave his attention to his letters. There was an invitation from the Hylan B. Gracey Camp of Confederate Veterans of Eddyburg, asking him to deliver the chief oration at the annual reunion, to be held at Mineral Springs on the twelfth day of the following month; an official notice from the clerk of the Court of Appeals concerning the affirmation of a judgment that had been handed down by Judge Priest at the preceding term of his own court; a bill for five pounds of a special brand of smoking tobacco; a notice of a lodge meeting—altogether quite a sizable batch of mail.

At the bottom of the pile he came upon a long envelope addressed to him by his title, instead of by his name, and bearing on its upper right-hand corner several foreign-looking stamps; they were British stamps, he saw, on closer examination.

To the best of his recollection it had been a good long time since Judge Priest had had a communication by post from overseas. He adjusted his steel-bowed spectacles, ripped the wrapper with care and shook out the contents. There appeared to be several inclosures; in fact, there were several—a sheaf of printed forms, a document with seals attached, and a letter that covered two sheets of paper with typewritten lines. To the letter the recipient gave consideration first. Before he reached the end of the opening paragraph he uttered a profound grunt of surprise; his reading of the rest was frequently punctuated by small exclamations, his face meantime puckering up in interested lines. At the conclusion, when he came to the signature, he indulged himself in a soft low whistle. He read the letter all through again, and after that he examined the forms and the document which had accompanied it.

Chuckling under his breath, he wriggled himself free from the snug embrace of his chair arms and waddled out of his own office and down the long bare empty hall to the office of Sheriff Giles Birdsong. Within, that competent functionary, Deputy Sheriff Breck Quarles, sat at ease in his shirt sleeves, engaged, with the smaller blade of his pocketknife, in performing upon his finger nails an operation that combined the fine deftness of the manicure with the less delicate art of the farrier. At the sight of the Judge in the open doorway he hastily withdrew from a tabletop, where they rested, a pair of long thin legs, and rose.

"Mornin', Breck," said Judge Priest to the other's salutation. "No, thank you, son. I won't come in; but I've got a little job fur you. I wisht, ef you ain't too busy, that you'd step down the street and see ef you can't find Peep O'Day fur me and fetch him back here with you. It won't take you long, will it?"

"No, suh—not very." Mr. Quarles reached for his hat and snuggled his shoulder holster back inside his unbuttoned waistcoat. "He'll most likely be down round Gafford's stable. Whut's Old Peep been doin', Judge—gettin' himself in contempt of court or somethin'?" He grinned, asking the question with the air of one making a little joke.

"No," vouchsafed the Judge; "he ain't done nothin'. But he's about to have somethin' of a highly onusual nature done to him. You jest tell him I'm wishful to see him right away—that'll be sufficient, I reckin."

Without making further explanation, Judge Priest returned to his chambers and for the third time read the letter from foreign parts. Court was not in session, and the hour was early and the weather was hot; nobody interrupted him. Perhaps fifteen minutes passed. Mr. Quarles poked his head in at the door.

"I found him, suh," the deputy stated. "He's outside here in the hall."

"Much obliged to you, son," said Judge Priest. "Send him on in, will you, please?"

The head was withdrawn; its owner lingered out of sight of His Honor, but within earshot. It was hard to figure the presiding judge of the First Judicial District of the state of Kentucky as having business with Peep O'Day; and, though Mr. Quarles was no eavesdropper, still he felt a pardonable curiosity in whatsoever might transpire. As he feigned an absorbed interest in a tax notice, which was pasted on a blackboard just outside the office door, there entered the presence of the Judge a man who seemingly was but a few years younger than the Judge himself—a man who looked to be somewhere between sixty-five and seventy. There is a look that you may have seen in the eyes of ownerless but well-intentioned dogs—dogs that, expecting kicks as their daily portion, are humbly grateful for kind words and stray bones; dogs that are fairly yearning to be adopted by somebody—by anybody—being prepared to give to such a benefactor a most faithful doglike devotion in return.

This look, which is fairly common among masterless and homeless dogs, is rare among humans; still, once in a while you do find it there too. The man who now timidly shuffled himself across the threshold of Judge Priest's office had such a look out of his eyes. He had a long simple face, partly inclosed in gray whiskers. Four dollars would have been a sufficient price to pay for the garments he stood in, including the wrecked hat he held in his hands and the broken, misshaped shoes on his feet. A purchaser who gave more than four dollars for the whole in its present state of decrepitude would have been but a poor hand at bargaining.

The man who wore this outfit coughed in an embarrassed fashion and halted, fumbling his ruinous hat in his hands.

"Howdy do?" said Judge Priest heartily. "Come in!"

The other diffidently advanced himself a yard or two.

"Excuse me, suh," he said apologetically; "but this here Breck Quarles he come after me and he said ez how you wanted to see me. 'Twas him ez brung me here, suh."

Faintly underlying the drawl of the speaker was just a suspicion—a mere trace, as you might say—of a labial softness that belongs solely and exclusively to the children, and in a diminishing degree to the grandchildren, of native-born sons and daughters of a certain small green isle in the sea. It was not so much a suggestion of a brogue as it was the suggestion of the ghost of a brogue; a brogue almost extinguished, almost obliterated, and yet persisting through the generations—South of Ireland struggling beneath south of Mason and Dixon's Line.

"Yes," said the Judge; "that's right. I do want to see you." The tone was one that he might employ in addressing a bashful child. "Set down there and make yourself at home."

The newcomer obeyed to the extent of perching himself on the extreme forward edge of a chair. His feet shuffled uneasily where they were drawn up against the cross rung of the chair.

The Judge reared well back, studying his visitor over the tops of his glasses with rather a quizzical look. In one hand he balanced the large envelope which had come to him that morning.

"Seems to me I heared somewheres, years back, that your regular Christian name was Paul—is that right?" he asked.

"Shorely is, suh," assented the ragged man, surprised and plainly grateful that one holding a supremely high position in the community should vouchsafe to remember a fact relating to so inconsequent an atom as himself. "But I ain't heared it fur so long I come mighty nigh furgittin' it sometimes, myself. You see, Judge Priest, when I wasn't nothin' but jest a shaver folks started in to callin' me Peep—on account of my last name bein' O'Day, I reckin. They been callin' me so ever since. Fust off, 'twas Little Peep, and then jest plain Peep; and now it's got to be Old Peep. But my real entitled name is Paul, jest like you said, Judge—Paul Felix O'Day."

"Uh-huh! And wasn't your father's name Philip and your mother's name Katherine Dwyer O'Day?"

"To the best of my recollection that's partly so, too, suh. They both of 'em up and died when I was a baby, long before I could remember anything a-tall. But they always told me my paw's name was Phil, or Philip. Only my maw's name wasn't Kath—Kath—wasn't whut you jest now called it, Judge. It was plain Kate."

"Kate or Katherine—it makes no great difference," explained Judge Priest. "I reckin the record is straight this fur. And now think hard and see ef you kin ever remember hearin' of an uncle named Daniel O'Day—your father's brother."

The answer was a shake of the tousled head.

"I don't know nothin' about my people. I only jest know they come over frum some place with a funny name in the Old Country before I was born. The onliest kin I ever had over here was that there no-'count triflin' nephew of mine—Perce Dwyer—him that uster hang round this town. I reckin you call him to mind, Judge?"

The old Judge nodded before continuing:

"All the same, I reckin there ain't no manner of doubt but whut you had an uncle of the name of Daniel. All the evidences would seem to p'int that way. Accordin' to the proofs, this here Uncle Daniel of yours lived in a little town called Kilmare, in Ireland." He glanced at one of the papers that lay on his desktop; then added in a casual tone: "Tell me, Peep, whut are you doin' now fur a livin'?"

The object of this examination grinned a faint grin of extenuation.

"Well, suh, I'm knockin' about, doin' the best I kin—which ain't much. I help out round Gafford's liver' stable, and Pete Gafford he lets me sleep in a little room behind the feed room, and his wife she gives me my vittles. Oncet in a while I git a chancet to do odd jobs fur folks round town—cuttin' weeds and splittin' stove wood and packin' in coal, and sech ez that."

"Not much money in it, is there?"

"No, suh; not much. Folks is more prone to offer me old clothes than they are to pay me in cash. Still, I manage to git along. I don't live very fancy; but, then, I don't starve, and that's more'n some kin say."

"Peep, whut was the most money you ever had in your life—at one time?"

Peep scratched with a freckled hand at his thatch of faded whitish hair to stimulate recollection.

"I reckin not more'n six bits at any one time, suh. Seems like I've sorter got the knack of livin' without money."

"Well, Peep, sech bein' the case, whut would you say ef I was to tell you that you're a rich man?"

The answer came slowly:

"I reckin, suh, ef it didn't sound disrespectful, I'd say you was prankin' with me—makin' fun of me, suh."

Judge Priest bent forward in his chair.

"I'm not prankin' with you. It's my pleasant duty to inform you that at this moment you are the rightful owner of eight thousand pounds."

"Pounds of whut, Judge?" The tone expressed a heavy incredulity.

"Why, pounds in money."

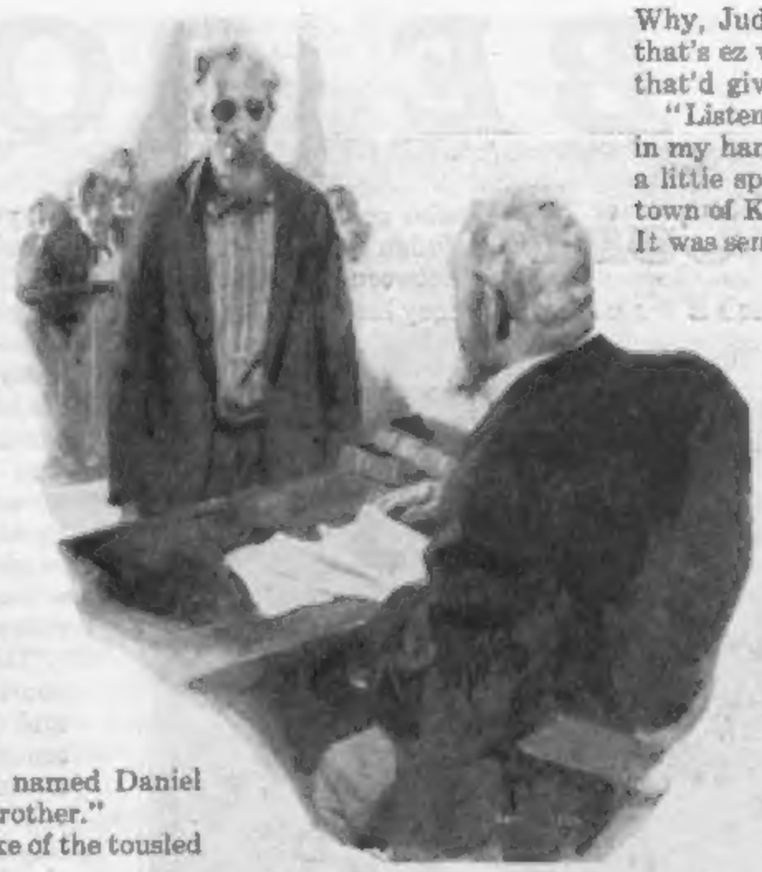
Outside, in the hall, with one ear held conveniently near the crack in the door, Deputy Sheriff Quarles gave a violent start; and then, at once, was torn between a desire to stay and hear more and an urge to hurry forth and spread the unbelievable tidings. After the briefest of struggles the latter inclination won; this news was too marvelously good to keep; surely a harbinger and a herald was needed to spread it broadcast.

Mr. Quarles tiptoed rapidly down the hall. When he reached the sidewalk the volunteer bearer of a miraculous tale fairly ran. As for the man who sat facing the Judge, he merely stared in a dull bewilderment.

"Judge," he said at length, "eight thousand pounds of money oughter make a powerful big pile, oughten it?"

"It wouldn't weigh quite that much ef you put it on the scales," explained His Honor painstakingly. "I mean pounds sterlin'—English money. Near ez I kin figger offhand, it comes in our money to somewheres between thirty-five and forty thousand dollars—nearer forty than thirty-five. And it's all yours, Peep—every red cent of it."

"Excuse me, suh, and not meanin' to contradict you, or nothin' like that; but I reckin there must be some mistake. Why, Judge, I don't scursely know anybody that's ez wealthy ez all that, let alone anybody that'd give me sech a lot of money."



"I Never Done No Playin' Round in My Whole Life—Not Till Here Jest Recently, Anyway," He Said

"Listen, Peep: This here letter I'm holdin' in my hand came to me by to-day's mail—jest a little spell ago. It's frum Ireland—frum the town of Kilmare, where your people came frum. It was sent to me by a firm of barristers in that town—lawyers we'd call 'em. In this letter they ask me to find you and to tell you whut's happened. It seems, frum whut they write, that your uncle, by name Daniel O'Day, died not very long ago without issue—that is to say, without leavin' any children of his own, and without makin' any will.

"It appears he had eight thousand pounds saved up. Ever since he died those lawyers and some other folks over there in Ireland have been tryin' to find out who that money should go to. They learnt in some way that your father and your mother settled in this town a mighty long time ago, and that they died here and left one son, which is you. All the rest of the family over there in Ireland have already died out, it seems; that natchelly makes you the next of kin and the heir at law, which means that all your uncle's money comes direct to you.

"So, Peep, you're a wealthy man in your own name. That's the news I had to tell you. Allow me to congratulate you on your good fortune."

The beneficiary rose to his feet, seeming not to see the hand the old Judge had extended across the desktop toward him. On his face, of a sudden, was a queer, eager look. It was as though he foresaw the coming true of long-cherished and heretofore unattainable visions.

"Have you got it here, suh?"

He glanced about him as though expecting to see a bulky bundle. Judge Priest smiled.

"Oh, no; they didn't send it along with the letter—that wouldn't be regular. There's quite a lot of things to be done fust. There'll be some proofs to be got up and sworn to before a man called a British consul; and likely there'll be a lot of papers that you'll have to sign; and then all the papers and the proofs and things will be sent acrost the ocean. And, after some fees are paid out over there—why, then you'll git your inheritance."

The rapt look faded from the strained face, leaving it downcast. "I'm afeared, then, I won't be able to claim that there money," he said forlornly.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know how to sign my own name. Raised the way I was, I never got no book learnin'. I can't neither read nor write."

Compassion shadowed the Judge's chubby face; and compassion was in his voice as he made answer:

"You don't need to worry about that part of it. You can make your mark—just a cross mark on the paper, with witnesses present—like this."

He took up a pen, dipped it in the inkwell and illustrated his meaning.

"Yes, suh; I'm glad it kin be done thataway. I always wisht I knowed how to read big print and spell my own name out. I ast a feller oncet to write my name out fur me in plain letters on a piece of paper. I was aimin' to learn to copy it off; but I showed it to one of the hands at the liver' stable and he busted out laughin'. And then I come to find out this here feller had tricked me fur to make game of me. He hadn't wrote my name out a-tall—he'd wrote some dirty words instid. So after that I give up tryin' to educate myself. That was several years back and I ain't tried sence. Now I reckin I'm too old to learn. . . . I wonder, suh—I wonder ef it'll be very long before that there money gits here and I begin to have the spendin' of it?"

"Makin' plans already?"

"Yes, suh," O'Day answered truthfully; "I am." He was silent for a moment, his eyes on the floor; then timidly he advanced the thought that had come to him: "I reckin, suh, it wouldn't be no more'n fair and proper ef I divided my money with you to pay you back fur all this trouble you're fixin' to take on my account. Would—would half of it be enough? The other half oughter last me fur whut uses I'll make of it."

"I know you mean well and I'm much obliged to you fur your offer," stated Judge Priest, smiling a little; "but it wouldn't be fittin' or proper fur me to tech a cent of your money. There'll be some court dues and some lawyers' fees, and sech, to pay over there in Ireland; but after that's settled up everything comes direct to you. It's goin' to be a pleasure to me to help you arrange these here details that you don't understand—a pleasure and not a burden."

He considered the figure before him.

"Now here's another thing, Peep: I judge it's hardly fittin' fur a man of substance to go on livin' the way you've had to live durin' your life. Ef you don't mind my offerin' you a little advice I would suggest that you go right down to Felsburg Brothers when you leave here and git yourself fitted out with some suitable clothin'. And you'd better go to Max Biederman's, too, and order a better pair of shoes fur yourself than them you've got on. Tell 'em I sent you and that I guarantee the payment of your bills. Though I reckin that'll hardly be necessary—when the news of your good luck gits noised round I misdoubt whether there's any firm in our entire city that wouldn't be glad to have you on their books fur a stiddy customer.

"And, also, ef I was you I'd arrange to git me regular board and lodgin's somewheres round town. You see, Peep, comin' into a property entails consider'ble many responsibilities right frum the start."

"Yes, suh," assented the legatee obediently. "I'll do jest ez you say, Judge Priest, about the clothes and the shoes, and all that; but—but, ef you don't mind, I'd like to go on livin' at Gafford's. Pete Gafford's been mighty good to me—him and his wife both; and I wouldn't like fur 'em to think I was gittin' stuck up jest because I've had this here streak of luck come to me. Mebbe, seein' ez how things has changed with me, they'd be willin' to take me in fur a table boarder at their house; but I shorely would hate to give up livin' in that there little room behind the feed room at the liver' stable. I don't know ez I could ever find any place that would seem ez homelike to me ez whut it is."

"Suit yourself about that," said Judge Priest heartily. "I don't know but whut you've got the proper notion about it after all."

"Yes, suh. Them Gaffords have been purty nigh the only real true friends I ever had that I could count on." He hesitated a moment. "I reckin—I reckin, suh, it'll be a right smart while, won't it, before that money gits here frum all the way acrost the ocean?"

"First, He Takes a Bite Off a Yaller Banana and Then Off a Red Banana, and Then a Mouthful of Peanuts"

"Why, yes; I imagine it will. Was you figurin' on investin' a little of it now?"

"Yes, suh; I was."

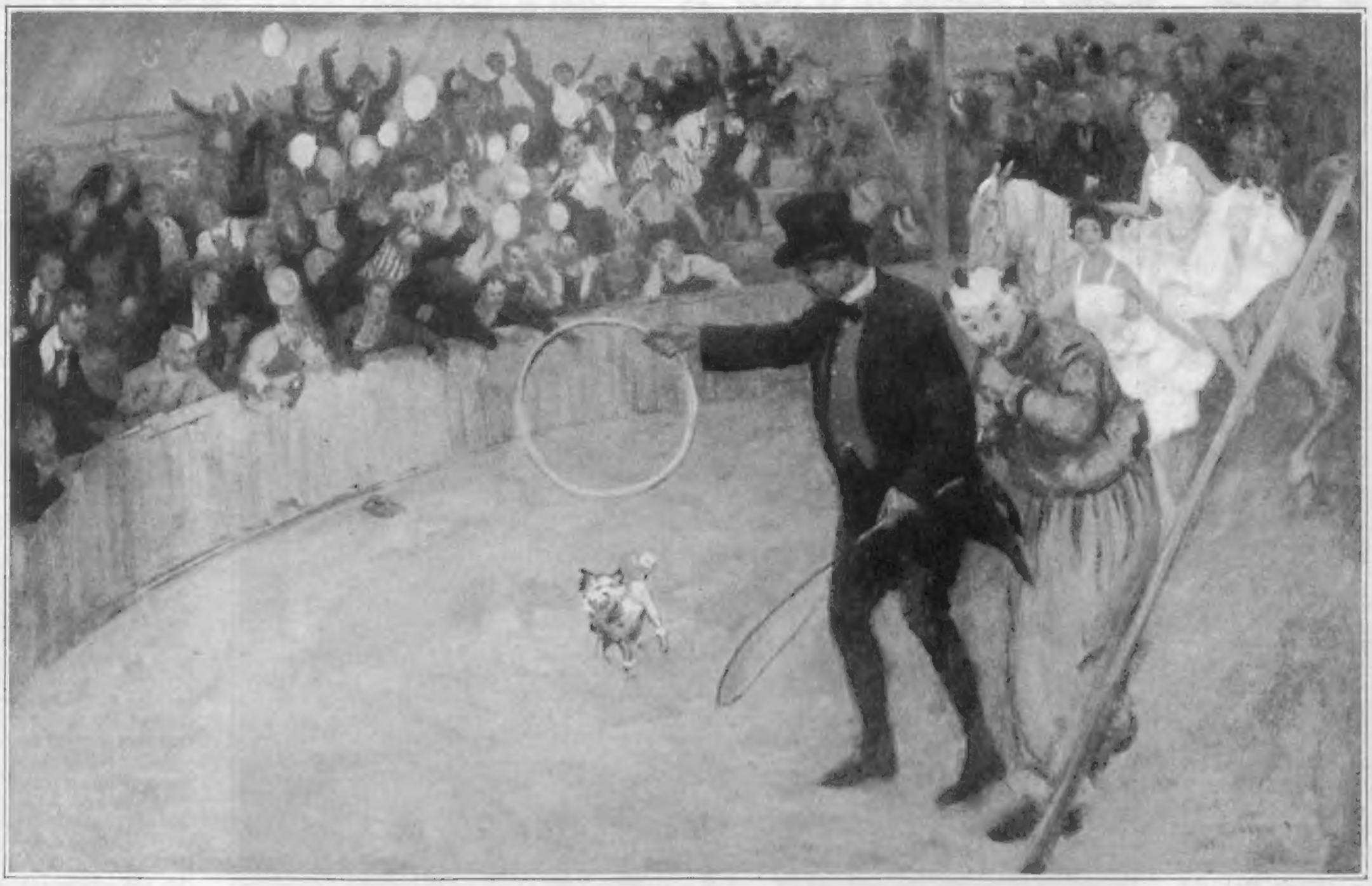
"About how much did you think of spendin' fur a beginnin'?"

O'Day squinted his eyes, his lips moving in silent calculation.

"Well, suh," he said at length, "I could use ez much ez a silver dollar. But, of course, sence ——"

"That sounds kind of moderate to me," broke in Judge Priest. He shoved a pudgy hand into a pocket of his white trousers. "I reckin this detail kin be arranged. Here, Peep"—he extended his hand—"here's your dollar." Then, as the other drew back, stammering a refusal, he hastily added: "No, no, no; go ahead and take it—it's yours. I'm jest advancin' it to you out of whut'll be comin' to you shortly.

"I'll tell you whut: Until sech time ez you are in position to draw on your own funds you jest drap in here to see me when you're in need of cash, and I'll try



But No One Among Them Whooped Louder or Laughed Longer Than Their Elderly and Bewhiskered Friend

to let you have whut you require—in reason. I'll keep a proper reckinin' of whut you git and you kin pay me back ez soon ez your inheritance is put into your hands.

"One thing more," he added as the heir, having thanked him, was making his grateful adieu at the threshold: "Now that you're wealthy, or about to be so, I kind of imagine quite a passel of fellers will suddenly discover themselves strangely and affectionately drawed toward you. You're liable to find out you've always had more true and devoted friends in this community than whut you ever imagined to be the case before.

"Now friendship is a mighty fine thing, takin' it by and large; but it kin be overdone. It's barely possible that some of this here new crop of your well-wishers and admirers will be makin' little business propositions to you—desirin' to have you go partners with 'em in business, or to sell you desirable pieces of real estate; or even to let you loan 'em various sums of money. I wouldn't be surprised but whut a number of sech chances will be comin' your way durin' the next few days, and frum then on. Ef sech should be the case I would suggest to you that, before committin' yourself to anybody or anything, you tell 'em that I'm sort of actin' as your unofficial adviser in money matters, and that they should come to me and outline their little schemes in person. Do you git my general drift?"

"Yes, suh," said Peep. "I won't furgit; and thank you ag'in, Judge, specially fur lettin' me have this dollar ahead of time."

He shambled out with the coin in his hand; and on his face was again the look of one who sees before him the immediate fulfillment of a delectable dream.

With lines of sympathy and amusement crisscrossing at the outer corners of his eyelids, Judge Priest, rising and stepping to his door, watched the retreating figure of the town's newest and strangest capitalist disappear down the wide front steps of the courthouse.

Presently he went back to his chair and sat down, tugging at his short chin beard.

"I wonder, now," said he, meditatively addressing the emptiness of the room, "I wonder whut a man sixty-odd-year old is goin' to do with the fust whole dollar he ever had in his life!"

It was characteristic of our circuit judge that he should have voiced his curiosity aloud. Talking to himself when he was alone was one of his habits. Also, it was characteristic of him that he had refrained from betraying his inquisitiveness to his late caller. Similar motives of delicacy had kept him from following the other man to watch the sequence.

However, at secondhand, the details very shortly reached him. They were brought by no less a person than Deputy Sheriff Quarles, who, some twenty minutes or possibly half an hour later, obtruded himself upon Judge Priest's presence.

"Judge," began Mr. Quarles, "you'd never in the world guess whut Old Peep O'Day done with the first piece of money he got his hands on out of that there forty thousand pounds of silver dollars he's come into from his uncle's estate."

The old man slanted a keen glance in Mr. Quarles' direction.

"Tell me, son," he asked softly, "how did you come to hear the glad tidin's so promptly?"

"Me?" said Mr. Quarles innocently. "Why, Judge Priest, the word is all over this part of town by this time. Why, I reckin twenty-five or fifty people must 'a' been watchin' Old Peep to see how he was goin' to act when he come out of this courthouse."

"Well, well, well!" murmured the Judge blandly. "Good news travels almost ez fast sometimes ez whut bad news does—don't it, now? Well, son, I give up the riddle. Tell me jest whut our elderly friend did do with the first installment of his inheritance."

"Well, suh, he turned south here at the gate and went down the street, a-lookin' neither to the right nor the left. He looked to me like a man in a trance, almost. He keeps right on through Legal Row till he comes to Franklin Street, and then he goes up Franklin to B. Weil & Son's confectionary store; and there he turns in. I happened to be followin' 'long behind him, with a few others—with several others, in fact—and we-all sort of slowed up in passin' and looked in at the door; and that's how I come to be in a position to see what happened.

"Old Peep, he marches in jest like I'm tellin' it to you, suh; and Mr. B. Weil comes to wait on him, and he starts in buyin'. He buys hisself a five-cent bag of gumdrops; and a five-cent bag of jelly beans; and a ten-cent bag of mixed candies—kisses and candy mottoes, and sech ez them, you know; and a sack of fresh-roasted peanuts—a big sack, it was, fifteen-cent size; and two prize boxes; and some gingersnaps—ten cents' worth; and a coconut; and half a dozen red bananas; and half a dozen more of the plain yaller ones. Altogether I figger he spent a even dollar; in fact, I seen him hand Mr. Weil a dollar, and I didn't see him gittin' no change back out of it.

"Then he comes on out of the store, with all these things stuck in his pockets and stacked up in his arms till he looks sort of like some new kind of a summertime Santy Klaws; and he sets down on a goods box at the edge of the pavement, with his feet in the gutter, and starts in eatin' all them things.

"First, he takes a bite off a yaller banana and then off a red banana, and then a mouthful of peanuts; and then maybe some mixed candies—not sayin' a word to nobody, but jest natchelly eatin' his fool head off. A young chap that's clerkin' in Bagby's grocery, next door, steps up to him and speaks to him, meanin', I suppose, to ast him is it true he's wealthy. And Old Peep says to him, 'Please don't come botherin' me now, sonny—I'm busy ketchin' up,' he says; and keeps right on a-munchin' and a-chewin' like all possessed.

"That ain't all of it, neither, Judge—not by a long shot it ain't! Purty soon Old Peep looks round him at the little crowd that's gathered. He didn't seem to pay no heed to the grown-up people standin' there; but he sees a couple of boys about ten years old in the crowd, and he beckons to them to come to him, and he makes room fur them alongside him on the box and divides up his knick-knacks with them.

"When I left there to come on back here he had no less'n six kids squatted round him, includin' one little nigger boy; and between 'em all they'd jest finished up the last of the bananas and peanuts and the candy and the gingersnaps, and was fixin' to take turns drinkin' the milk out of the coconut. I s'pose they've got it all cracked out of the shell and et up by now—the coconut, I mean. Judge, you oughter stepped down into Franklin Street and taken a look at the picture whilst there was still time. You never seen sech a funny sight in all your days, I'll bet!"

"I reckin 'twould be too late to be startin' now," said Judge Priest. "I'm right sorry I missed it. . . . Busy ketchin' up, huh? Yes; I reckin he is. . . . Tell me, son, whut did you make out of the way Peep O'Day acted?"

(Continued on Page 34)

THE CABINET—By Samuel G. Blythe

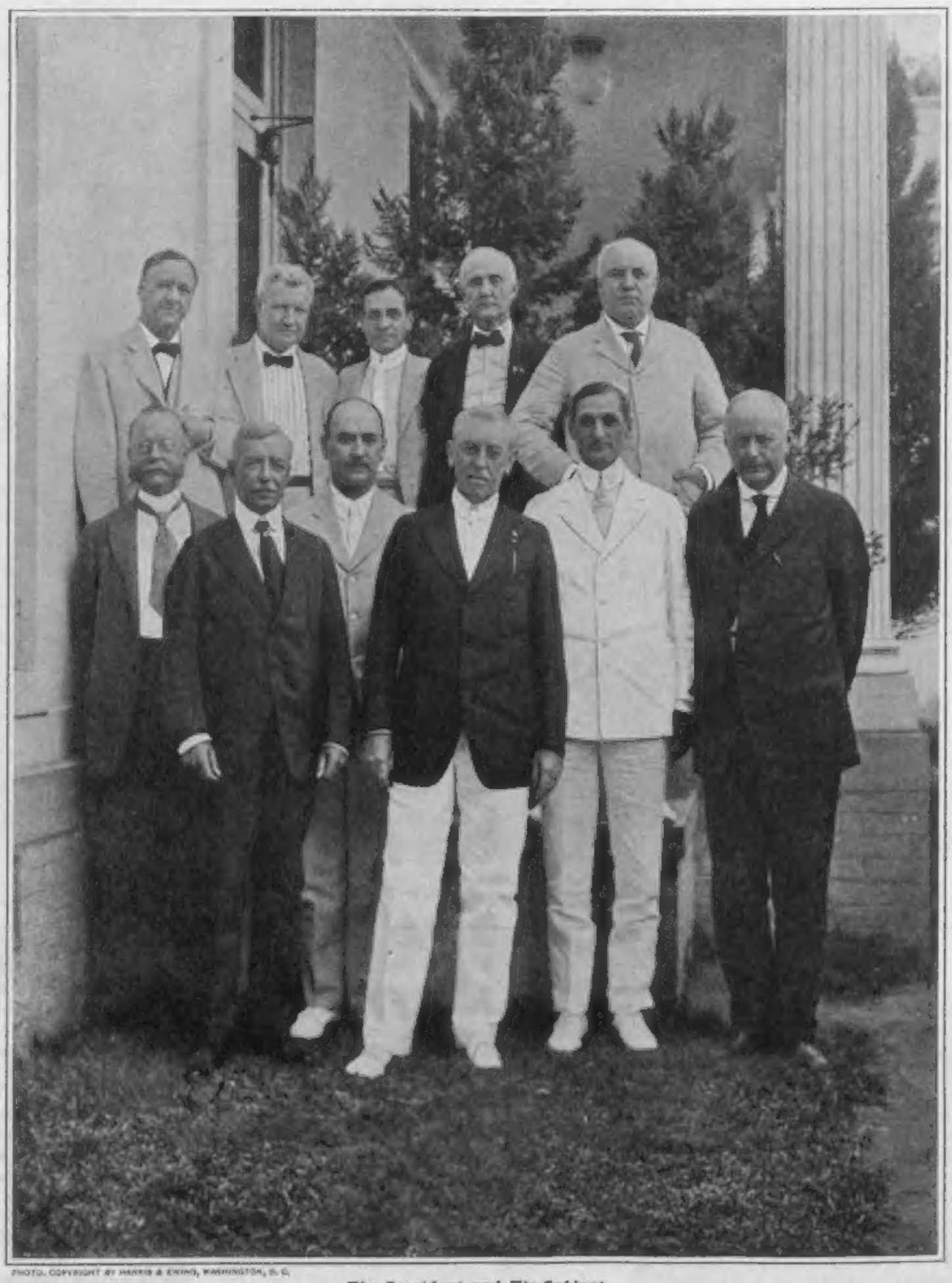
VICE PRESIDENT MARSHALL is authority for the statement that his native state, Indiana, produces more first-class second-rate men than any other section of the Union. If that is true the wonder is that a greater number of Indianians are not in the Cabinet, for the Cabinet is the habitat of first-class second-rate men—the home and haunt of them.

Occasionally, to be sure, a first-class first-rate man gets in by some odd freak of political chance or some straying away from precedent by the Cabinet compiler—there are about four in the present Cabinet, for example—but ordinarily there is where you find the first-class second-raters in all the full effulgence of their distinguished inferiority.

And, to go a bit further in the matter, it was a Cabinet first-rater who said, upon a time, when he was weary with fighting the crushing environment in which he was placed: "Even if a man is a first-rate man when he goes into the Cabinet, he will get to be a second-rate man before he arrives at the stage where they put an execrable oil portrait of him in the new secretary's anteroom for the gaze of the curious and the inevitable question: 'Who's that old guy?'"

A man of long and bitter experience said that. He knew. So does everybody else know who is familiar with Washington and the Washington circumstance. Speaking geographically—for all Cabinets are geographical in the first instance, just as all vice presidents are geographical—a Cabinet is a body of ten imposing men, entirely surrounded by a system and engulfed by it at periodic high-tide intervals.

Two mellowing thoughts always come when a Cabinet is considered: The first is the picture we had in Bulfinch of Sisyphus endlessly rolling his rock up the hill, only to have it roll back again; but, instead of one Sisyphus, there are ten of him—Cabineteers forever toiling, with the rocks of their hopes, ambitions, plans and initiatives, up the steep hill of red tape. And the second is of the old story of the sign in the mining-camp dance hall, which read: "Please don't shoot the piano player; for he's doing the best he can."



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The President and His Cabinet

Old Rules for Cabinet Making

A CABINET is entitled to charitable consideration; especially the present Cabinet, which was selected in times of peace, according to the old-time rule that certain geographical sections of the country must have representation in order that the Cabinet should be "representative"—a point democracy rigidly insists upon, you know—and the older-time rule that a Cabinet must contain no person politically offensive to any portion of the party in power; must be blandly innocuous, in order that the administration may begin operations with a united party in its wake. Now we observe this peace-apportioned body of ministers of state hurled headlong into a greater war than the world has ever known, and as the executive heads of various administrative branches of that war in a country that is at it on a scale so tremendous that the consideration of one-hundredth of its activities, a year ago, would have caused the aggregate intellect of the combination to bubble and squeak in entire dismay. Poor overwhelmed chaps, they are doing the best they can!

Had peace continued, these men would not have required or merited either criticism or charity; for, as Cabinets go, this is a peace Cabinet, about which there need be no complaint, except technical; good enough when considered in the light of its limitations and its opportunities. And, as it has been thrown into this crucible, it shall be covered with the broadest mantle of charity. These are trying times; and, as it is quite certain that to try most of the members of our present Cabinet would be to condemn them, they shall not be brought to dock.

Instead, they shall be explained, and the reasons set forth tolerantly for what appear to be their ineptitudes and for what really are their congenitalities, combined with their situations. No man is to be censured for what he has not or cannot obtain. Rather is he to be upheld for doing what he can with what he has. Destructive comment, without a remedy suggested, is not only futile but fatuous in days like these; and what remedy can be suggested for conditions anthropologically anterior? Rather, let us view the Cabinet as it exists in its environment, with full consideration that we shall have this Cabinet with us for some time, in all probability; but not always, as time will show; and excuse it instead of culpate it. Most of them need all the support they can obtain; for, whatever may be the general opinion of the difficulties of the Cabinet from those outside looking in, that opinion in no way exaggerates the judgment of the Cabinet inside and looking out.

To get at the root of the matter we must ask the question: Why is a Cabinet? The answer is that as the organization of the Government progressed various executive departments were formed by law, and that necessarily each of these needed a principal officer. The men who made the Constitution of the United States gave small concern to a Cabinet, not dignifying that institution by name or paragraph, but permitting its being under the broad general head of allowing the President to appoint "all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for," and allotting to the Congress the power to establish these various executive departments, or arms of the Government, in the list of powers vested in the Congress. The Constitution gives the Congress power to "provide and maintain a navy"; but it says nothing about a secretary of the navy, for example, or any other secretary, except inferentially in the paragraph that authorizes the President to "require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." From which it may be conjectured that the Fathers had prevision of the since-demonstrated tendency of most Cabineteers to talk—that "in writing" seems to indicate some such apprehension. The Fathers were not thinking of Cabinets, or much of Presidents, when they made the Constitution. They were looking out largely for Congress.

A Personal Affair

THUS it has come that the Congress takes the heads of the executive departments, the Cabinet members, as purely personal appointments by the President; and instances are rare when there is any delay in their confirmation after their names are sent in. The Senate promptly confirms them, considering them in about the same category as an appointment of a personal secretary by the President—his affair. This, of course, absolves the Cabinet of any representative faculty, so far as the legislative end of the Government is concerned. Ours is not a responsible Cabinet in the broad governmental sense. It is a personal and political collection made by the President of such specimens as seem suited to the time.

The time, in the present instance, was that between election day in 1912 and inauguration day in 1913—between the first week in November and the first week in March. There was no war in sight. So far as the mass of people in the world were concerned there was no war possible in a universal sense. There was no dream or anticipation of the present conflict, except, perhaps, in the minds of the German warlords, and dimly, it may be, in some of the chancelleries of Europe. Woodrow Wilson had no inkling or idea of it. And, as in the manner of every other President-elect, he selected his Cabinet.

The politicians of his party who had been active in his election early acquainted Mr. Wilson with the proprieties involved. The Cabinet must be representative—that is, geographical, so that the local pride of all sections might be conserved. And it must be harmless politically. It would not do to put in the Cabinet any man, no matter what his abilities, who was offensive to any faction of the then presumably united Democracy and the then notably triumphant Democracy. In addition to this, the South must get a heavy share; for the South, the basis of the President's

victory, deserved this recognition; also, New York, as the Empire State; also, the Pacific Coast, as a distinct and self-contained section; also, the Middle West, and so on.

The salary our generous legislators have provided for a Cabinet member is twelve thousand dollars a year, and that not so long ago. The theory of a Cabinet is that it should be made up of big men. The financing of the Cabinet precludes that, mostly. It is hard to get a hundred-thousand-dollar man for twelve thousand dollars, except in wartimes like these—when, as is now shown in Washington, it is perfectly easy and patriotically exalting to get scores of them for a dollar a year. However, those times and these were different. And most hundred-thousand-dollar men who might be available knew just what a peace Cabinet job amounts to.

This gave Mr. Wilson, as it gives any President-elect, a restricted choice. He had to select men who would work for twelve thousand dollars a year, and men who were representative geographically and not offensive politically. He deliberated until almost the last moment, and when he had finished his task he had this geographical result: Four from the South, two from New York, one from Pennsylvania, one from New Jersey, one from California, and one from Nebraska—an expert and necessitous geographical distribution, with only New England omitted—and New England deserved little Democratic consideration. Furthermore, he ran entirely true to form as to the professional employments of these men, for half of them were lawyers—most of our Washington officials and legislators are lawyers—one a professor, two editors, one a business man and one a labor man—that is, Mr. Bryan is a lawyer, albeit he hasn't worked at it for a long time.

Small-Town Men

POLITICALLY these men were unobjectionable, except possibly in the case of Mr. Bryan; and he was all right to the majority of the Democrats. Nobody could cavil at the remainder of them. They were Democrats and they had offended nobody, so far as known. They would work for twelve thousand dollars a year, and were glad of the chance. They could speak fluently at banquets and they had high hopes of deeds of great governmental emprise.

So the Administration started in, in March, 1913, with its Cabinet selected for the reasons set forth above. It did what all Cabinets do, not any better in most instances and considerably worse in some others. It was a fair average Cabinet, and it proceeded on its various ways until the war brought about a few changes. Mr. Bryan went out and Mr. Lansing was elevated to his place. Mr. Garrison departed and Mr. Baker, of Ohio, appeared. Mr. McReynolds was deposited in the Supreme Court of the United States and Mr. Gregory, of Texas, alighted in the Department of Justice. Thus it is at the present writing, with only three accessions since it was originally constructed by Mr. Wilson back yonder in the late days of 1912 and the early days of 1913.

The Government of the United States, being democratic, always smacks strongly of the demos in its outward aspects. It is representative from the people; but whether it is representative of the people is quite another matter, and not for discussion here. Being representative from the people it naturally contains many men from those smaller communities that go to make up our national fabric—small-town men.

Now there are several things to be said on the subject of small-town men. One is that the small-town men have built the big towns, because they became big-town men and didn't remain small-town men. Another is that not all the small-town men live in the small towns and not all the big-town men live in the big towns. The deadening thing is this: The small-town man who remains the small-town man when he is set in the big-town environment.

It is quite in accord with the circumstances and the requirements that men who are available for Cabinet material in ordinary times are mostly small-town men; and it is the lamentable fact that in recent years, even when put into big places, many of these have retained their smallness. To put it concretely, that is the sort of Cabinet Mr. Wilson has—a Cabinet that is largely composed of men who were, in their aspects toward affairs, small-towners, and who have not expanded in their new atmosphere. This does not mean that the small-town men are not the men who have built the United States into its present greatness, for they are; but not by remaining small-towners. Most of the present Cabinet, starting thus, have not progressed; but there must be no complaint over that, either—only commiseration that goes two ways, to them and to the people. What is, is; and it cannot be changed by comment to the contrary—not yet, at any rate.

The United States is a business organization that at present is doing a war business of some twenty billion dollars a year, and of late had about two billion dollars in use in its operations. Wherefore, before this war began we were doing this business with an executive board composed of six lawyers, one of experience in finance; an editor; a professor; a labor leader; and one business man, who once manufactured blowers and wears side whiskers. That was when we were on a two-billion-dollar basis. Now, with our business expanded to twenty billion dollars a year, we are doing this business with an executive board composed of six lawyers, one of experience in finance; an editor; a professor; a labor leader; and one business man, with side whiskers retained.

Mr. Lansing Ready for a Country Walk

How Cabinet Members Keep Fit

Secretary Lane on the Rifle Range at Winthrop, Md.

That, of course, cannot be helped—yet. Nobody—not a person—imagined that the United States would ever get into a war like this. Not even the wildest financial maniac ever conceived, in his most febrile moments, the expenditure of twenty billion dollars a year. There isn't a person in the world who can tell in understandable terms how much twenty billion dollars is.

If a Prophet Had Appeared

SUPPOSE some prophet had appeared before Woodrow Wilson in Trenton, in February, 1913, say, some prophet with credentials and proper regalia, and had said to Woodrow Wilson: "Sir, in the year 1917, on the sixth day of April, when you shall be President, the United States will enter into a world war that will entail the expenditure of twenty billion dollars in its first year—twenty thousand million dollars—to say nothing of many lives," suppose some prophet had appeared and impressed that on Woodrow Wilson, do you think the business affairs of the United States at the present time would be administered by the men who are administering them at the present time as the heads of the executive departments? Do you think that? Certainly not. You cannot, knowing the man.

Then, why are the business affairs of the United States administered by these men at the present time? Ah, that is another question, to be answered presently. One at a time, please; and do not crowd.

Statecraft is the art of maintaining a political party in power. World politics is ward politics enhanced. Legislation is the process of securing permanence in position for the legislators, and war is what you make it. But, on top of all this, business is business—that is, business should be business. It isn't with us—yet. Business, in its governmental aspects, is largely red tape.

We—that is to say, the President, who had the appointing power, or any of the rest of us—did not expect this war. Even after it came, some of us didn't expect it. We were a peaceful

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FIRST AID TO M'SIEU HICKS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

MY FRIEND, we had been at sea hardly an hour when M'sieu Joe Hicks approached me with an expression woebegone to a degree.

"Dadgum! Ain't there no Americans on board, Henree?" he exclaimed. "I've been all over this ol' boat from the cellar to the roof, and I can't find one."

From cellar to roof? Do you remark his ignorance of nautical terms?

"You refer," I replied, "to the hold and the hurricane deck doubtless; *n'est-ce pas?* But be at ease, my dear sir. There are Americans all round you. The gentleman leaning on the rail is a fellow countryman."

"Uh-huh! No; he ain't. He's English, Henree—I been listenin' to him. Talks like he had a hot potato in his mouth."

"Nevertheless, m'sieu, his home town is Melrose, Massachusetts. I distinctly heard him mention the fact to an acquaintance."

My partner received this information with the liveliest astonishment.

"What!" he cried. "Him and these others belong to the ol' U. S.? Then what ails 'em? Most everybody aboard has a Lunnon accent—eh, what, ol' dear?"

"It is merely a harmless fashion. Certain of our countrymen, more especially the expatriated ones, consider that they are going through a process of refinement when they ape the English. But in my opinion, m'sieu, it is rather a process of devitalization."

He pondered a while, listening keenly to the conversation near us.

"I see," he said, a shrewd look in his twinkling gray eyes. "I got it, Henree! That Melrose guy's been down on the water front, maybe, when a Liverpool boat come in."

This matter of accent appeared to give him intense concern. He would walk round and round a group of passengers, eying them with the same curiosity he had displayed one afternoon in front of the monkey cage at the Zoo; and he grossly insulted a handsome lady of middle age by professing the utmost amazement over the discovery that she did not own a country place in Devonshire.

"What? You live in Brooklyn! But, for the love of Mike, ma'am, you must surely have visited over the week-end at the country place of Lord Forgivus? Now didn't you? Don't tell me you didn't," he added in imploring tones.

The lady, m'sieu, complained to her husband that a coarse person with a red neck had insulted her, which so enraged him that he invited my poor friend into the smoking room to have it out. Evidently his wrath was hard to appease, for they did not emerge until the steward ejected them at one o'clock; and then the injured husband had tight hold of M'sieu Joe's neck. But that they had come to some sort of understanding was evidenced by mutual assurances that it was high time men in their plight stood together.

"You tell the madame I was only spoofing, duke," said my partner. "Hey, ol' thing?"

"Forget it!" responded the duke. "I'm supposed to have made you crawl on your hands and knees and apologize—y' hear? So you're licked, remember—don't forget that. Naughty! Naughty!"

But M'sieu Joe was less successful in placating the lady herself. When he approached with the intention of explaining, she turned her back and told him over her shoulder that an apology forced by fear of chastisement meant less than nothing; and frequently afterward she was heard to observe that a fresh person from the steerage seemed to have intruded himself into their midst.

Doubtless you wonder what we were doing on board a ship, my friend? *Eh bien*, I will tell you: we were bound for France to make arrangements for the ambulance unit M'sieu Joe had offered to equip. With us was Madame Patsy, who had created a sensation at a Red Cross bazaar by her beauty in the costume of a nurse, and had, therefore, determined to aid the sufferers from this cruel war in that capacity.

The unit was not on board. No; it was not yet organized, but would follow later. As for my own family—Madame Giraud and my noble boys—I had left them at home.

"There's a dog-gone lot of water in this ol' Atlantic, ain't there, Henree?" remarked M'sieu Joe, swaying on his feet. I admitted it.

Soon They Were Calling Each Other Joe and Ol' Scout

"Never knowed there was that much in the whole world!" he went on. "The most I ever seen before was in 1908, when the Pecos riz eighteen feet. Say, the way this boat rolls makes me kind of dizzy—wow! I thought she was never comin' up that time. Don't it make you feel exactly like you was dropping from the twentieth story in an express elevator? Kind of like you'd left your stomach up above? How're you feelin', yourself?"

"Never better in my life, I assure you. But then, I never get seasick. It is foolish and wasteful."

"I sure wish I could be that stingy," he replied wistfully.

The vessel was crowded, m'sieu. We had among the first-cabin passengers a number of Americans going to the Front for hospital and field-service work, and they were brushing up their French. It proved a source of much embarrassment to my excellent friend, inasmuch as he knew not a syllable of the language.

"Sounds kind of foolish, don't it?" he ventured.

"The less you talk, the better you'll get along, Joe," interrupted Madame Hicks. "A man who can't speak English good—let alone French—had ought to keep quiet."

"Is that so? I never knowed you had anything on me in either English or French, Patsy."

"That's your ignorance. When I was in Paris with the show I got along fine with the waiters and policemen."

"Of course, you can pick your own friends—it's a free country; but we don't aim to herd all the time with waiters and policemen this trip! Besides, I got to learn the lingo for self-defense. Why, this mornin' when I come late to breakfast and couldn't find Henree, all I got was a chunk of bread, that happened to be on the plate, and a glass of water. The fool waiter didn't even know what aiggs was."

"Yes; and that reminds me," retorted his wife sharply: "You quit callin' him admiral. You call everybody that. I heard you say to the bathroom steward—'How about some hot water, admiral?'"

"Well, what'll I call him, then? Every mother's son on board seems to be named Garson - want me to try him with that?"

"Keep quiet! Those people're listening."

M'sieu Joe subsided; but later in the day he came up to me with wonder written large on his countenance.

"Say, Henree, come on out on the porch."

"You mean the promenade deck? Certainly. But what is it?"

"Why," he answered in much excitement, "there's a li'l' kid out here who ain't a day over six years old and she can talk French as good as you do English."

"*Eh bien*, what of that?"

"What of it? Here I'm forty-seven and can't say a word!"

"But possibly she is a French child."

"What's that got to do with it?" he retorted.

My friend's inability to understand or speak any language other than his own caused him acute distress. No matter where he strayed on shipboard, people were employing French; and, of course, on discovering that he knew not a word of that tongue, they found diversion in airing their superior knowledge.

"There's a bunch of ol' sisters who sit out on the porch, Henree," he told me, "and do nothing all day long but hear each other recite out of a book—'Where is the cat of my cousin's aunt?' or 'The wife of my uncle's brother has a big bun.' Every time I come along they stop me just to shoot some of that dope. Gee, it's got so I dassent walk on their side of the boat a-tall! I'm sure fed up on *parlez-vous*."

His complaint was well founded, m'sieu. They did torment him. To parade knowledge before another who has none is a frailty common to human nature; and it tickled the vanity of these ladies to hold M'sieu Joe helpless in front of them and watch him squirm while they aired their recently acquired accomplishment.

But he found a remedy. Yes; my partner unites great resourcefulness with excellent qualities of heart. He is never at a loss for long. As his charming wife has said—"Any time you think you can put one over on Joe, turn over! You're on your back!"

He fully justified Madame Patsy's opinion in this instance; for, as I came on deck after two days spent in my cabin, due to an attack of acute indigestion, I descried him in the center of a group, and he was holding them spellbound by his eloquence.

Needless to say, I was amazed and mystified. What could it mean? An altered opinion of him was plainly discernible in their attitude. They hung upon his words, leaning forward to listen. Judge of my intense astonishment to hear issuing from his lips a jumble of gibberish full of sound and fury, but signifying nothing, so far as I could detect. And as he talked my wonderful partner shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands in a way he fondly imagined to be French!

I was stupefied. His auditors maintained a breathless silence. Even after he had finished and started on a promenade of the deck with a pronounced swagger, and a cigar at an angle in the corner of his mouth, they gazed on him with awe.

"I got 'em, Henree!" he chuckled. "I got 'em right! Don't look round. Act careless. I sure showed up that bunch. Yes, sir; whenever they see me from now on they'll duck their heads and say 'Master!'"

"But what has happened? Why their altered demeanor? And what strange wild speech was that?"

"Choctaw; nothin' but good ol' Choctaw I picked up in the cow business. Did you see how cold it knocked 'em? They think I'm a regular French scholar."

Astounding as it sounds, my friend, he spoke no more than the truth. He had beaten them at their own game. Having observed that the persons who took most delight in prodding him with French were precisely those who were loath to employ it when a real Frenchman was about,

M'sieu Joe put two and two together and confounded them by jabbering in the Indian tongue. After that they warily left him alone.

But a lady from Chicago confided to me that M'sieu Hicks' accent more nearly approximated the real Parisian than any she had ever met with in an Anglo-Saxon—and wasn't he quaint?

"Feelin' better, Henree?" he inquired in the presence of a number of acquaintances.

"Quite recovered, I thank you."

"Henree never gets seasick," M'sieu Joe explained to them. "Never! But the other day something he eat disagreed with him—hey, Henree? It was when one of those guys named Garson was thumpin' a tin pan for lunch that this attack of indigestion hit ol' Hen. A bunch of us was goin' down the stairs to the dining room when here come Henree at a mile a minute, clawin' a way through to the rail. And he just did make it."

"I was merely going on deck, my friend."

"You sure did want to get there, then—knocked over two women and a helpless chee-ild doin' it; yes, sir. And tromped on 'em!"

This absurd exaggeration was quite in line with his hopeless penchant for twisting a circumstance in order to provoke merriment, and I did not trouble to contradict it. But you may well imagine how far from the truth he strayed; for I am never seasick. No; there may perhaps be one or two human weaknesses to which Henri Giraud is subject, but *mal de mer* is not one of them. And as for the others, they are of a trifling nature, invisible to any but a wife, and to which only a wife could take exception. You are a married man yourself, m'sieu, and will understand.

We had a notable assemblage on board. There was an American ambulance and hospital unit; also four multimillionaires, a French prince of the old régime, an English peer, some journalists bound for the Western Front, and several professional suffragettes.

But those who interested me most of all—and thrilled me, too, my friend—were the steerage passengers. They were nearly all men; and they were going home, not to sit comfortably at the family hearth and brag of their exploits in America but to fight for the lands that gave them birth. Yes; Armenians, Italians, Frenchmen, Greeks and Russian Jews—all were traveling thousands of miles to do their duty against the barbarian hordes.

They romped on the lower deck, playing at the game of leaping the frog, as it is called, and other crude folk pastimes. Also, m'sieu, they drilled. You are surprised? Nevertheless, it is a fact. During a certain number of hours each day, forty of these indomitable fellows practiced squad drill under the leadership of a youth who had served in the National Guard of New York.

And when they had progressed to the point of being able to march round the deck in columns of fours, a French soldier, absent on leave, played martial music on a bugle.

My partner never tired of watching them, and he applauded so vigorously that they grew to look up to the railing to catch his eye. But he did not stop at applause. Each morning he secured a basket of food and fruit and sent it down to the recruits. He also descended to converse with them.

"Henree," he said to me on returning from one of these expeditions—and his face was flushed and shining—"those guys make me plumb ashamed of myself. Yes, sir; I take off my hat to 'em. Here we've been all swelled up, thinkin' we were mighty patriotic because we signed a check or two for an ambulance unit—and we get our pictures in the papers, too, by Jiminee! But we're millionaires and won't scarcely miss the money—not even from a year's income.

"But these guys, Henree"—you should have heard his voice ring with admiration and pride of them, m'sieu—"these Armenians are actually paying their own way over for a chance to get shot! Cross my heart, that's what they're doing! Thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents each is what it costs 'em to travel to France just to be a target for the Germans. Can you beat it?"

"Admirable!" I cried. "They are heroes."

"They are that!" he agreed. "But I don't aim to stand by and see them poor boys out of pocket because they done their duty. Not me; that ain't Joe Hicks' way. So I've promised to make up their fares—there's only a hundred all told. I put you down for half, Henree. We're partners; and I done told 'em you'd stand for half."

Ma foi! Did you ever hear the like?

"But, m'sieu," I protested vehemently, "such generosity will cost us nearly four thousand dollars!"

"Nineteen hundred and seventy-five bones apiece—that's all! You can give me your check now, so's you won't forget it. It's cheap at the price."

There was nothing to be gained by protesting while he was in that mood, and, therefore, I paid over my share. But later, when he mentioned casually at dinner that a lady on deck had hung him for seven hundred dollars for certain relief work she was undertaking in the evacuated districts, and that he would not see me shut out of a chance to share this expense, I felt that the time had arrived to assert myself.

"I will not pay it," I assured him warmly. "You have no right to contract obligations for me in such fashion. *Ma foi!* If I am to stand responsible for every contribution you see fit to make in my name after you have spent an hour or two in the smoking room, I shall end up a wretched pauper. No, m'sieu! I am not parsimonious; but you go too far."

"Uh-huh! I don't, Henree. I ain't even begun yet. Since I come aboard I've been thinkin' this over, and I've decided that if me and you save our skins because we're over age, while the other guys do the fightin', it's up to us to go down into our jeans for all the money they need to carry it on. Get me? Then cheer up! What I done today ain't a fleabite to what I intend to do. So you may as well keep that ol' check book of yourn out of the trunk and have a fountain pen handy."

The obstinate fellow was even better than his word, my friend. Wherever I turned, it was only to discover that M'sieu Joe had made another donation; and I knew him well enough to feel assured that half of these were being charged up to me as his partner. In fact, it grew so terrible that I dreaded to see him approach, being convinced that his first words would consist of a casual announcement of another relief project.

In this extremity I consulted Madame Patsy, his wife. She merely shrugged her beautiful shoulders.

"You won't miss it. Don't be so tight, Henree! But if he gets going too strong, just tip the steward to cut off his drinks. Joe can be awful careful when he's short of gasoline."

That very day I had an opportunity to put her suggestion into effect, for M'sieu Joe set down my name on a subscription list for wounded soldiers to the amount of a thousand dollars. Now I had given already to this praiseworthy fund, my friend, and had no immediate intention of contributing further. Consequently I went forthwith to the captain and stated my grievance, earnestly urging upon him the advisability of placing M'sieu Hicks on the Indian list, or else ordering him under restraint. But the captain would not listen to me. No; he laughed and, when I pressed the matter, sternly requested me to refrain from worrying him, as he had weightier responsibilities on his mind.

I returned to my stateroom in despair. But there a bright idea struck me; and, going up to the writing room, I sat down and composed a notice to all whom it might concern:

"I, Henri Giraud, beg to announce that I will not be responsible for any further donations, contributions, subscriptions or cash gifts that a certain person may see fit to make in my name.—HENRI GIRAUD."

This I pinned to the bulletin board and then ascended for a game of bridge. Judge of my dismay when, on passing the notice later, I beheld a gleeful crowd in front of it, reading the same with every manifestation of delight!

M'sieu, I had a foreboding. Yes; a sudden sickening premonition assailed me. I thrust forward; I scanned the notice. Below what I had written was scrawled in pencil, in my partner's loose chirography:

"Don't pay him any mind! Another hundred to the Armenians!—CERTAIN PERSON."

Eh bien, I gave up. Of what use was it to struggle against such pig-headed obstinacy? I could not repudiate my friend without a stigma attaching to one of us, or possibly both. Therefore, I resigned myself to the worst, determined to wring compensation from M'sieu Joe in another direction when he should have recovered from his debauch of benefactions.

His generosity made him excessively popular with the ladies, more especially with those who had a project at heart; but all the thoughtful men on board would cheerfully have throttled him. For consider: M'sieu Joe's donations constituted a standard of giving for all—or so, at any rate, the ladies chose to regard them; and many an honest citizen was forced to part from a fat sum for a scheme that did not really appeal to either his reason or sympathies. He was virtually shamed into it by my partner's lead; and, of course, I came in for some of the opprobrium.

I was, in consequence, not a whit surprised that M'sieu Joe should receive the cold shoulder from quite a few of our fellow travelers. Especially was I gratified by his discomfiture at the hands of the English peer.

This gentleman was of an exceedingly fiery countenance, and a distant and stiff manner, which led me to entertain doubts that he had long enjoyed the rank his title conferred; for those who are sure of their social status are ever approachable and unaffected. My surmise proved correct. He had amassed a tremendous fortune out of patent medicines, m'sieu, and nine years before had been plain Dave Sikes. But few people aboard supposed other than that he was the scion of a proud and ancient English house; even though they had, it is probable

"Joe!" She Kept Crying. "Where's Joe? Oh, Monree, Please Find Him!"

that his title of earl would have commanded their deference. However that may be, they showed him extreme consideration. In numberless ways the passengers sought to force an acquaintance; but the earl doggedly repelled these advances by a frigidity of mien that would have been considered absurd in a member of another race. Nevertheless, they put up with these slights and persevered.

"Who is that fat stiff, anyhow?" inquired M'sieu Joe.

"He is a belted earl."

"Belted? Looks to me like he wore suspenders. But what if he is? A earl don't mean nothing in my life," retorted my partner truculently.

"But he is the third richest man in the British Empire."

On hearing which, M'sieu Joe's manner altered. He whistled; and I perceived that he regarded the Englishman in a new light.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" he demanded, and, straightening his vest, accosted the earl, who was in the act of starting on a promenade of the deck.

"How're you, lord?" cried my partner heartily. "How goes it? Have a cigar? I reckon this brand is a mite better'n the one you're smoking. Try one. By the way, I just heard your name; and I guess you're the same feller who holds a block of stock in one of my copper companies. Hey? The Copper Maid, you know. Hicks is my name—Joseph Hicks."

The earl flushed a deep purple and, forced to halt, surveyed my friend with a disconcerting stare. Then he murmured:

"Aw, really!"

And, calmly brushing past M'sieu Joe, he continued his interrupted walk.

M'sieu Joe also flushed. Yes; he turned a brick red.

"Just for that," he said, "I'll go skin your man playin' poker!" Which he later proceeded to do, winning eight pounds from his lordship's valet in the second cabin.

The trouble was, my friend, that neither he nor the others who attempted to get on speaking terms with the earl went about it in the proper manner. They were deferential to him; they courted him. Now I have observed that whenever anybody defers to an Englishman, or flatters his racial vanity by imitating his dress or mode of speech, the islander promptly puts him down as a toady and treats him accordingly. The only successful method of getting along with an Englishman is to snub him. He then concludes you are a superior person; which may well be the case.

Eh bien, if M'sieu Hicks met with rebuff in that direction he assuredly made amends for it in others. We had not been at sea three days before he was on comradely terms with a young lady belonging to the hospital unit. He told her stories as they sat smoking together, and she screamed with delight. That made M'sieu Joe beam. I could well understand his triumph, my friend; for what more natural than a feeling of elation on discovering appreciation of stories that Madame Patsy declared to be unfit for recital?

Yes, Madame Roberts—such was the name of the enchanting creature—Madame Roberts not only laughed at my friend's sallies but told some of her own, which were crisp to a degree. Soon they were calling each other Joe and Ol' Scout, a circumstance I was far from approving. However, I discreetly refrained from all mention of it to Madame Hicks, lest she take a narrow and prejudiced view, which wives are so prone to do.

This Madame Roberts was possessed of great beauty and a truly admirable taste in hosiery. She had streamlines and an undulating grace wholly devoid of the languor some of her sex affect. No; graceful though she was, madame was all fire too. She had magnificent red hair—*ma foi*, it formed an aureole about her lovely head—and skin of a soft whiteness, with just a suggestion of down upon her cheeks. Nature needed no assistance in her complexion, which was truly matchless. I have seen her change color without the necessity of going to her cabin; and after sitting with M'sieu Joe in the smoking room a while she would emerge a brilliant pink.

For the rest, she was a widow of about twenty-five and loved the good things of life. Her husband had not long been dead and she was taking up nursing so that she might the better forget her loss.

For some reason Madame Patsy took a dislike to her. She formed a poor opinion of Madame Roberts from the outset.

"Where you been all afternoon?" she demanded of her husband. "Up in the smoking room with that red-headed hussy again?"

"She ain't a hussy," maintained M'sieu Joe stoutly. "She's a right nice lady. And she don't give me Hail Columbia! all the time."

"No; I bet she don't! That's because you aren't her husband, you booby. Can't you see through her tricks? She's just crazy about men; I could tell that the minute I saw her."

"Uh-huh! She ain't, Patsy. It's just her big-heartedness. She's going over to nurse the wounded."

Madame gave vent to a loud snort.

"Aha! That's a good one. It's a fine start for smoothing fevered brows, ain't it—three cocktails before dinner! Yes; she did too. The girl in the chair next to mine was there and she saw her drink them. And you paid for all three, Joe Hicks. Don't sit there and deny it!"

"Well, what if I did, and she did?"

"You can ask me that to my face? Oh, I have no patience with you! The older you get, the worse you are. And as for that Miz Roberts, I tell you right now I don't think much of her. She does nothing but smoke cigarettes and sit swinging her foot so's you can't help but see."

"Well, you smoke too."

"Not up there where everybody can see me!"

"The difference is in her favor," declared M'sieu Joe; and on this point, my friend, I could not but agree with him.

Eh bien, the days passed much as they do during any ocean voyage, with the single exception that the majority kept a sharp lookout for periscopes. M'sieu Hicks was inclined to make light of these precautions; but, for myself, I felt there could not be too many eyes on the watch for the assassins of the sea; and being gifted, among other things, with remarkably keen vision, it was my hope that the honor of seeing the enemy first might fall to me.

"Are You the Gentleman Who Gave the Alarm?" He Inquired

Of course a lookout was maintained in the crow's nest, high up on the mast, and expert gunners stood constantly near the formidable guns mounted in the prow and at the stern; but it occurred to me that these professional men of the salt wave might grow careless from long experience of danger, and that the keen eyes and quick wit of Henri Giraud would be valuable allies in a crisis. Therefore I spent the greater part of every day leaning on the rail, or peering toward the horizon as I strolled the deck.

We had lifeboat drill also. The occupants of every cabin were assigned to certain boats, and the duty of running in an emergency to their specified positions without panic was strongly impressed upon them. They had, moreover, to don life belts made of cork; but emphasis was laid on the order that they should not attempt to carry any other belongings than the clothes they might be wearing when the peril arose.

The boat to which the Hickses and myself were assigned had a complement of fifty, and forty-nine names were called to go in her. *Ma foi*, I was dumfounded! Forty-nine persons in one small craft on an angry sea a thousand miles from land—and one of those persons a lady whose figure demanded triple seating accommodation! It was prodigious! That boat looked to me, m'sieu, as though it had been constructed to carry about eight comfortably; but an officer assured me it was all right and that in a pinch she might be obliged to take on more.

"Women and children will get in first," he announced, "when the boat is swung down on a level with this railing. Another officer and myself will stand here to call the number of the boat and see that everybody belonging to this one is on hand; also to prevent any rush. Then the boat will be lowered and the gentlemen will descend by the rope ladders over the side. Is that perfectly clear?"

It was indeed. Perhaps these preparations should have reassured us; but, for myself, they produced an indescribable uneasiness.

They brought so vividly to the imagination the whole terrible scene—frantic men and women; the blind rush through the dark; the overturned boat; the struggle in the hungry waves; the shrieks of the drowning; the beseeching hands going under!

However, everybody accepted the drill as a matter of course and many were the jests passed.

"Which of you gentlemen knows how to row?" asked the officer.

I pressed forward, along with several others.

"Let me see your hands," he said doubtfully.

I was crafty, m'sieu. *Oui*; I showed him my golf blisters and he nodded in approval.

"Mr. Giraud will take an oar to relieve one of the crew in case of necessity."

Instantly I became the cynosure of all eyes and an object of admiration to the ladies.

"Why can't I take an oar?" abruptly demanded one of the professional suffragettes.

"Do you wish to take one?"

"Well, I don't want to if I can; but if I can't I insist. There must be no discrimination in regard to sex. We demand equal rights."

Nobody answered her. Why should they? Every reasonable man admits the justice of equal rights, m'sieu; yet here were these militant bodies trying to start a dispute on every possible occasion. They even called a meeting one day in the smoking room, selecting that because they were entitled to go wherever a male went, and harangued a curious throng for hours.

All to no avail, however. None would agree with them and they were obliged to give it up, crestfallen. No; often a cause suffers more from its overzealous friends than from the hostility of its enemies.

"Remember," cautioned the officer in ending, "should you by any chance be separated from your boat, or be unable to gain it, make your way to one of the rafts, climb aboard, and wait until it is floated off. They are very safe—the rafts. Also bear in mind that women and children go first."

"That women-and-children-first rule hits me in the right spot," asserted one gentleman to Madame Patsy. "I always think of 'em first."

"Yes?"

"I surely do! That's the kind of guy I am; yes, ma'am!" And he swelled up proudly.

Then he excused himself and went off to the smoking room, where, I may remark, he was wont to spend most of the day and night. Hours later, long after madame had forgotten him and his words completely, he returned with a companion and, planting himself down in a chair beside her, remarked in an earnest, husky voice:

"Here's another guy who thinks the same as I do."

"Thinks what?" asked madame.

"Why, about women and children! Him and me are strong for it. They go first with us every time."

"Well, what's the answer?" inquired madame smilingly, which so flustered the gentlemen that they again retired to their lair.

Eh bien, m'sieu, we traveled steadily onward, with a smooth sea in our favor and morning mists to hide us from hostile eyes. At night every porthole was tightly covered. Not a light was permitted above-deck, and the electrics inside were so dimmed that when a door was opened to permit a passenger to step in or out scarcely a ray filtered through, and then only for an instant; in fact, the ship became a vast black blur, rolling onward with a rhythmic churning of the engines.

One could not see his hand in front of his nose. The passengers groped their way along the deck and found their chairs by the sense of touch; they barked their shins and swore; they bumped against others and apologized.

But the young men and the maidens, m'sieu! Picture to yourself what a time of bliss was theirs! No prying eyes to see; the usual conventions suspended for the nonce—and a shipload of delightful creatures, imbued with the ardor and divine zest of youth!

Though it is not for me, the father of twins, to regret my lot, I derived a melancholy pleasure from musing on what might have been under circumstances so propitious; for perhaps you have guessed, my friend, that I am not displeasing to the other sex. As for M'sieu Joe, he kept his wife in a constant fever of anxiety. She was forever sending me to search for him.

"Oh, let me be!" he complained. "I can't turn round without you setting up a yell."

"Then you leave that red-headed hussy alone!"

"Shucks!" he returned with an insufferable smirk. "We're nothing but friends. Just one of them platonic friendships, Patsy." (Continued on Page 109)

Russia's Substitute for Vodka

Russian Children's Plea for Free Public Education

The Russian Soldier is a Child in Mind and Experience

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

IN THE back of the beyond of Russia, far-stretched and imperial Siberia, I have discovered the nation's substitute for the vodka that was the main interest in life of millions of her men and women. Instead of vodka, Russia has betaken herself to a wild debauch of speech making. Public address has gone to her head. Concerning the hearing and making of orations it may be written: "Everybody's Doing It!" Spellbinding is the highest gift possessed by New Russia. Nothing is now done without violent and protracted confabulation. Comparatively the famous Japanese *sodan* is silence and celerity of action. All classes have gone in for it except those who were executives under the old régime.

All sorts of men are becoming public orators. The soldier-peasant, who a few months ago slunk away at the approach of a gendarme, now noisily orates about his rights. Farmers are deserting their ripening grain in order to go to town or the railroad station to help the government by making speeches—as if Russia's problems would not be well on the way to solution could a few thousand of the speech makers of the past six months be set at work in the harvest fields, where the yellow grain languishes for the sickle.

Harbin, Manchuria, which is probably more like the wide-open haven of adventurers the West knew a generation ago in its mining camps than any other city in the world, was where I first witnessed this new epidemic of speech intoxication on a large scale. It was midnight, which is but the shank of the evening in Harbin; and in driving round the city I saw a hall packed full of soldiers, the doors and windows being crowded as well as the seats.

Soldier Meetings

MY FRIEND, the Old Resident, had not noticed it; for, as he explained, it is a nightly occurrence since the Revolution. It is a carouse of democracy. The men have adopted it as their standard form of dissipation. There has been more talking than fighting in the Russian Army of late. Nor does the new excitement pall, for the speakers are from the ranks of the men themselves; and the Russian is a born orator. That crowded mass meeting of soldiers was symptomatic.

On the following night, after a day in which I had heard many tales of talkee-talkee as it worked out under revolutionary conditions, I saw a second Harbin meeting of soldiers; and it looked more like action. While waiting for the Trans-Siberian Express, which was several hours late, having run into an avalanche of talk farther down the line, there came marching to the station, with blaring bands and flaring red banners, a large body of soldiers. The central group, to whom the others acted as escort, consisted of a company of volunteers, distinguished by red-and-black badges. These were a "battalion of death," such as are now being formed all over Russia, bound for the Front. They were men who, moved by the stories of their comrades' desertion in the presence of the enemy, had volunteered to go to the Front for a finish fight, never to return until Russia had become victorious.

Apparently the whole town had turned out to see them off and the spectacle was a lively one. But there had to be speeches, and the International Express waited to hear them. It was my first lesson in a nine days' experience of the relation of oratory to transportation. A private soldier was the first speaker, and he expressed himself at length, with characteristic Russian fervor. This same private presided over the meeting, introducing subsequent speakers, who included an officer and a civilian; but it was noticeable that the older men, with rank, stood modestly behind the presiding officer and dropped an occasional word into his ear. The crowd, which not only jammed the platform but also decorated the pillars and the adjacent roofs and the steps and windows of the train, had a fine time. Every speaker wound up with a bang, and was cheered for so long as it took the band to play one stanza of the national hymn. Better audiences a speaker could not find anywhere in the world.

Traffic Trains Held Up by Talks

THE four hours we were delayed in Harbin, apparently by this meeting, was prophetic of the nine days to follow. Our progress from Harbin to Petrograd was a series of mass meetings—a protracted meeting, as the preachers used to say. We covered five thousand miles by the power of oratory. Soldiers—private soldiers—were in control. They looked with no special friendliness upon a train that presumably carried only rich men and officers. So, at almost every stop there had to be a mass meeting, whereat either the railroad officials or the passengers had to convince the waiting soldiers of our right to proceed. Imagine the Broadway Limited being held up at Altoona while a proportion of the local population—say, the Dunkards—held a meeting to consider whether it should be compelled to wait for the Huntingdon Local or whether it should be allowed to proceed at all!

Sometimes these soldier meetings—for there were soldiers at every station, some on a visit home, some waiting to go back to the Front, and some seeing the country—were in one large central group; and sometimes they were broken up into several smaller mass meetings to give opportunity to the diversity of elocutionary talent that desired expression. It all reminded an American of the noonday meetings at Madison Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York. Some of the contesting orators may have had their training at that very spot, for the outreach of New York City is one of the wonders of the world; the foreign side of the American metropolis' diversified alien population is a story yet to be told. Certainly our train was

Public Speakers Have Made the Russians Believe That Utopia May be Enacted by Mass Meeting

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NEVER AGAIN!—By A. Curtis Roth

FORMER UNITED STATES VICE CONSUL, PLAUEN, SAXONY

MODERN Germany has never been popular with the Germans. It has dazzled them, fascinated them, dominated them; but it has irked them. Strange as it may seem, Germany, up to the outbreak of the war, enjoyed a more wholehearted popularity abroad than it ever did at home. The simple German folk were wearied of their drillmasters and the petty tyranny of their bureaucrats. They were sore pressed by taxes. The gay pageantry of their military and courts did not reconcile them to their long hours of work, the monotonous routine of their lives, and the severe restriction of their outlook. They grumbled endlessly, but were easily kept in their places by the bewildering, fascinating majesty and success of the powerfully pushful state.

The spell of their bewitchment, however, is now broken. The failure of the great military enterprise has shattered their fascination; the irksomeness of militaristic peace has become the bitter harassment of militarism at bay, and the German Government is rapidly progressing from unpopularity to the unenviable status of being the object of sullen hatred. War has caused the steady gathering of the floods of popular disapproval; they are certain to wash away the old régime. Germany has not only been agonized, she has been humanized by this war.

The old leaders and their ideas retain small place in the hearts of the new people.

Brilliant, successful and logical as the great Hohenzollern experiment in statecraft undoubtedly was, it failed, oddly enough, even during its brightest years, to bring satisfaction to its beneficiaries. There was a fatal defect concealed in all its perfections, the defect, probably, of leaving all that was illogical, incalculable and human out of the precise organization. With its overregulation, its rule-of-thumb daily life, its impersonal justice and its mechanical ideals, it weighed as heavily upon its citizens as it did upon unacclimated visitors. True, there was a cold beauty about this scientific state that compelled admiration; but it awoke no affection. Bedraggled, tarnished, impoverished, the war has worked havoc with the bewildered admiration of the German masses for the Frankenstein creation of their rulers; and with the ebbing of their admiration their allegiance ebbs.

The German People's New Slogan

PRESIDENT WILSON, in his powerful answer to His Holiness the Pope, speaks for a vastly greater numerical element of this people than he speaks against; and it is of this element, unimportant as yet, that I shall tell in this article. For some months the superficial effect of the President's answer will appear as a greater unity of the Germans and as a rekindling of German ardor for the war. Behind these appearances, however, it will set the German people free. The German masses are already conscious that the interests of their leaders are not their interests, and America's lofty standpoint in its attitude toward the Vatican's plea for peace will give to them a direction and definition of purpose they have lacked heretofore.

To the old official or semiofficial slogan, *Der Tag*, the German people are to-day opposing a new unofficial slogan, *Nimmer wieder!*—Never again! There is a world of meaning in this new slogan; but, in the end, after the declaration of peace, it will be the *requiescat in pace* of the old régime. It is difficult to describe the psychological attitude of a people almost entirely without means for self-expression; of a people among whom every spokesman and every show piece is an integral part of the blood-and-iron ruling system that is repudiated in their hearts. To achieve this task one must draw one's material from the confidential words of plain people, from unheralded popular articulations, and from unimportant incidents. The correspondent, viewing things German from the imperial show window—Berlin—or through the glasses of official mentors and guides, has found few data by the use of which to measure the new German spirit.

The war was half a year old. The festival spirit had given way before the somber understanding of the dread realities of war. Military pageantry had given way before the drab business of war. The legend of an irresistible Germany had been destroyed, even in the hearts of its most humble admirers. The exultant expectance of the people had subsided and they were adjusting themselves to the grim monotonies of endurance. The hospitals in my district were crowded with wounded and the streets of its cities filled with brooding people in mourning. The civilian boards of strategy, which assembled nightly in the various beer halls, speculated endlessly upon peace and victory, and the newspapers began their bitter chiding of an enemy obdurate in maintaining the senseless war. It was this early in the war when I heard the first startling criticism of the government—startling because coming from an officer of the reserve who had been enthusiastic for service six months before.

Oberlieutenant M——, a brilliant young attorney and the son of a prominent manufacturer, by reason of his rank and wealth had always been properly disdainful of people and properly warm in his devotion to authorities. He was an ardent advocate of a bigger army, a bigger navy, a bigger Germany. He held a profound faith in Germany's mission, to which he often gave expression in terms of reckless intemperance. In brief, he was a typical German chauvinist. When summoned to the colors at the beginning of the war, leaving a charming bride and a splendid practice, he answered the call with passionate enthusiasm. After six months at the Front he revised his whole philosophy.

His hair about the temples whitened, his face seamed and dulled, his manner heavy and hesitant, I met Oberlieutenant M—— in a restaurant one evening in January, 1915, and listened to the story of his shaken faith. He was the officer in charge of the execution of civilians charged with surreptitious acts of war against the Germans in a small Belgian town. These civilians—men, women and young girls—were herded in the public square, and into this huddle of frightened, pleading, shrinking humanity he was forced to order his men to pour shot after shot. The impressions this brutal "justice" left with him destroyed his nerve, the memories of his part in this sacrifice terrorized him, and the observation and hearsay of many similar acts of "justice" finally shook to its foundation his faith in his country's mission.

"We have outworn ideals here in Europe," he said to me. "When the war is over I am going to South America; and I shall never again return to Germany."

Never again! Never again! I was to hear this phrase repeated innumerable times by all manner of people in all manner of situations before leaving Germany. It expressed every shade of regret and of suffering. It became a popular lamentation and refrain. It vocalized all the dissatisfactions of the German people with their leaders as these dissatisfactions had never been vocalized before. Finally it presaged the growth of an understanding and the beginning of a resolution that will free for all time the discipline-crushed people from their fetters of militarism, *junkerthum* and Imperial mastery. It meant a certain promise that the German people at last were gathering determination to subject princeling, lordling, land magnate, Kaiser and supercilious army officer to the needs and the laws of the citizens.

Medieval rule in Germany reached its zenith with the outbreak of the war. When Kaiser and noble and aristocratic officer loosed the wonderful German Army upon Europe the romantic glamour of the circumstance went to the heads of the German people and madly intoxicated them. As declarations of war flew thick and fast, the empire became electric with hysterical enthusiasm. The whole land became giddy with song and martial music. The wild wave of triumphant emotion with which Germany welcomed war stands out in sharpest contrast with the calm precision with which America is making ready for her task.

Some Homesick Americans

HIER werden alle Kriegserklärungen gern angenommen—All declarations of war are thankfully accepted here. This sign, in three-foot letters, was hung before the regiment barracks in Plauen. People congregated in great crowds daily before this lettering and cheered themselves hoarse. It typified the intoxication of the moment.

I was in a large café when the first war extra reached the streets. The place was filled with low-toned groups talking over the possibilities of a European war. Hardly had the newsboy sung out "*Krieg ist erklärt! Krieg ist erklärt!*" when the room became a frantic bedlam, people swirling in gay eddies about the boy and paying reckless prices for the bulletin. A gentleman at my table turned to me and said: "Well, at last we are going to try our army. There's no turning back. Thank God! Germany's hour has struck." This also typified the intoxication of the moment.

With the outbreak of war frantic Americans besieged the consulate to get home. Most of them were German-Americans. Some of them had taken their troubles to the German officials in the district and had been roughly and curtly pushed aside. They were one and all insistent that their escape to the good haven of the United States be immediately facilitated. Those who had been harshly treated by the native officials vowed they would never again set foot in Germany.

These war-bound Americans were very importunate, and for an odd medley of reasons. One woman, the wife of an American butcher, weepingly insisted that she must hasten home to aid her husband in tending shop. Another demanded that I telegraph the President for a warship, so that she could reach home in time to send her children to school. There were some thirty German-American women among the Americans in my district anxious to

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THE LAW OF AVERAGES

By FRED C. KELLY

ON THE morning of April 3, 1917, men smoked more cigars than usual. All that day they smoked more cigars than usual. Tuesday, April 3, was a big day for cigar sales all over the country. This was all the more surprising when we consider that Tuesday is ordinarily the dullest day of the week for selling cigars. Men stock up Saturday, to make sure of plenty of smokes over Sunday, and they replenish their stock again Monday morning. This supply usually carries them over Tuesday. But Tuesday, April 3, was different. In New York City, for example, there were vastly more cigars sold than on any other Tuesday in the city's history.

Why were men more inclined to consume cigars on Tuesday, April 3, than on any other day? Simply because, on the night previous, the President of the United States had appeared before a joint session of the two houses of Congress and delivered a message asking for a declaration of war against Germany. When people read the papers the next morning it made them extremely thoughtful. It was a day of tenseness. Men were rather unfitted for ordinary business, but were inclined to gather in groups and talk—and smoke. Those who were in the habit of smoking at all smoked that day more than was their custom.

Now the point to all this is that men, in the long run, react about alike. A situation that makes one smoker use up more cigars than usual makes practically all smokers do the same thing. On the other hand there are conditions that cut down the amount of smoking. A big parade or carnival on the main street of a town always reduces the cigar sales for that day. Men get interested in watching the goings-on about them and forget to smoke. Not every individual does exactly the same thing under the same circumstances, it is true, but the average man does. When you know the conditions and know what the average man has done in the past it is possible to tell with astonishing accuracy exactly what he will do again.

The Prophet of the Restaurant

WE ALL bow down each day to the law of averages. No matter how original or how peculiar we may be in certain particulars we average up so nearly alike that our individual differences are of scant consequence. Human nature is a positive quantity. Of every thousand women who walk down the street a certain number will pause to tie their shoes. Likewise a certain number will stop to buy soda water or candy or dotted veils. This number may vary according to weather, climate, season or the day of the week, but there will nevertheless be a definite relation between the conditions and the number who do a certain thing.

Army quartermasters know that two hundred and thirty men out of every thousand must have their hats size 6⅞, but only one man in a thousand wears size 6½. One man out of every three wears a 15 collar, but when you reduce the size to 14 you cannot fit even one man in ten.

Of every thousand barns insured against fire a definite number are sure, as the insurance companies have found out, to be struck by lightning. And in a given locality a certain number of men forty-five years old, out of each thousand insured, will probably die as a result of injuries received from falling on icy sidewalks. No other line of business has gone so far as the insurance companies have in utilizing the law of averages. Yet it is almost equally applicable to various other kinds of commercial or industrial enterprises.

It is accurate whether applied to mere physical items, beyond the control of any individual, or to a state of mind. One may find out how many men in a thousand wear Number 9 shoes, and it is equally possible to ascertain how many in a thousand like chocolate ice cream with their luncheon. The mere physical item will be constant, regardless of changes of surroundings; but the number who like chocolate ice cream will depend somewhat upon mode of life, kind of work and the season of the year. That, however, makes no difference if we take a large enough group to give the law of averages a chance to work.

In the restaurant of a famous department store in an Eastern city the manager knows exactly how much food of each kind to prepare, because he has figures at hand to show what the average man has ordered in the past. He knows from previous experience how many people are likely to eat luncheon in the store restaurant on a certain day of the week at a certain season of the year. And he knows that one person out of every hundred will order shellfish. A trifle more than one out of every five is reasonably sure to order some kind of salad. Here are the percentages of customers that order various other items:

Soups	6.7
Fish	5.2
Boiled Meats	2.1
Entrées [made dishes]	5.0
Vegetables	7.1
Sandwiches	4.2
Pies, Cakes and Puddings	14.4
Ice Cream	14.4
Cheese, Crackers and Beverages	8.5
Cooked to order	7.3
Club Luncheons [75c]	3.5
Fruit	2.4
Cold Dishes	2.9
Specials for the day	8.8

The list given is the average for both winter and summer. By keeping records of food eaten on different days under various conditions of weather and temperature and general business it would be possible to lay down figures so definite that the chef could look at the sky and the calendar and the thermometer and the newspaper, and cook exactly enough, but no more than enough. Waste is thus eliminated. The old way was to cook up things at random and trust to luck.

There would always be too much of one article and not enough of another.

Every year business men learn new ways to derive benefits from the law of averages. It is one of the most potent forces in the business world for the cutting out of lost motion. The trick is to learn just how and when it shall be used to best advantage.

In St. Louis is a hardware concern that probably makes more different uses of the law of averages than any other business enterprise in existence. This concern collects facts about various subjects that might seem to have only a scant relation to the hardware business. The reason is that their experience has taught them this great lesson: There is scarcely any fact that cannot be utilized in one's business if one only knows how.

For instance, this company lays great stress on getting all possible information in advance on the political situation. In every presidential campaign for many years back they have invariably known in advance what the result would be. They instruct their salesmen to take a straw vote of all the people they meet. As their salesmen go to the principal cities of every state in the union they are able to get in touch with a wide range of opinion. Moreover, the people they deal with—hardware merchants—because of the very nature of their business come in contact mostly with men. A hardware merchant usually can sense the political leaning of his immediate community. The salesman meeting the hardware merchants of a whole state, therefore, can arrive pretty definitely at the facts regarding what is going to happen politically in that state.

When It Rains in England

THESE reports from salesmen about political conditions are sent to the head office of the big company, where they are handled by only two men, who guard them with the strictest secrecy. While rival concerns are preparing by guesswork to meet after-election conditions this one acts with definite knowledge. In 1896, when Bryan ran against McKinley on the free-silver platform, there was uncertainty about what monetary values would be after election, and hardware merchants everywhere allowed their stocks to run down. They did not wish to invest a penny more than was actually necessary in merchandise until they knew whether a dollar was to be worth a dollar or only fifty cents. So effective had been the advertising of the Republican National Committee, however, in associating the election of McKinley with the return of prosperity that business men agreed on this point: A big buying wave to replenish stocks would sweep the country in the event of Republican success.

Everybody had his opinion, but the big hardware company had more than mere opinion. They knew. They were so certain of McKinley's election that they provided the biggest stock of goods in their history, ready to supply the demands of retailers when the buying wave got under way. Sure enough, after the election was over people began to buy. Prices of raw materials went up. Most wholesalers were unable to make prompt delivery. But the company that had found out about the election, even before it happened, was ready. They could promise immediate delivery, and they had bought their goods while the articles were still cheap. They had a big advantage over their competitors; and yet the nation-wide poll that gave them this information cost practically nothing, for their men would have been talking politics and learning the same facts anyhow.

This company is equally careful to have its men turn in daily reports of weather—temperature, rainfall and so on—and also information regarding conditions of crops. They even arrange to get information about the weather in England. And how does English weather enter into the situation? Here is the idea: An unusually warm rainy spring in England will mean a demand earlier than usual on English manufacturers for pruning shears, scythes and such articles. This will mean that the manufacturers will be less able than usual to make prompt shipments of such goods to America. Wholesalers in this country, therefore, must either get their orders in early or arrange to get the goods elsewhere.

Likewise a rainy March and April in any section of the United States means that there will be a big demand for haying scythes

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Reports About Political Conditions are Sent to the Head Office Where They are Guarded With the Strictest Secrecy

A Great Little Old Understander

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

As She Came Tongues Were Going; Sentences Were Bundled to and Fro—Furtive, Fearful Sentences

AFTER almost twenty-seven years of exposure in the large camera yclept Life, the blond, delicately contoured face of Irene Budds had taken on a few oldish lines, mostly at the corners of her cynical blue eyes, and had become capable of developing readily any of four kinds of smile.

The first—an indifferently friendly smile—was produced for such folks as green-eyed Jeanette Jinkins and the other saleswomen of the evening-gowns section; Gerritts, the chunky-jawed house detective; quiet, svelte Miss Greet, head of the gown-alteration department; Hatty, the newest, furtive, freckled cash girl; Irene's landladies—some of 'em—elevator boys and scrubwomen.

The second—a respectful but, of late years, mechanical smile—was produced for Banding, the tense, lean-jowled manager of the big State Street department store; for Hunt, the suave, sallow submanager; and for Culkins, the bulky, blustering supermanager; also for some few other folks—crossing policemen, for instance, and once for a judge of the Superior Court. Some thirteen years or so back—a furtive, freckled, frightened cash girl herself—Irene had hurriedly learned to develop that smile.

But her third was a potently deferential, carefully compelling, clever selling smile. It was worn for customers: Old bediamonded, bevelveted Mrs. Deweybilt, of the Lake Shore Drive; young bepearled, befrilled Miss Jones Jonesby, of Sheridan Road; Mrs. P. P. Pills, of Omaha, whose husband owned enough Farnam Street frontage to enable his double-chinned wife to rent the Louis-Quinziest suite in town when she came to Chicago for a shopping orgy. This third smile, too, had come to be somewhat mechanical; so many twelvemonths had elapsed since Irene, as a crass, blundering young salesgirl, had set herself concentratedly to become mistress of it.

Her fourth smile was a fainter affair. And cold. And cynical. Irene smiled it at cafeteria combination salad; at the few oldish lines round the corners of her eyes; at customers who wore beaded chiffon blouses over cotton camisoles; at the musical-comédienne airs sometimes assumed by Alenna Swanson, the bronze-coifed model of the décolleté-gown section; and—at life in general.

It was bronze-haired Alenna who was the first to catch a brand-new fifth expression on Irene's blond, oldish countenance; something that was neither smile nor cynicism nor good red-herring indifference, but a faint lighting of blue iris and delicately rouged face. Alenna had a pair of chastely perfect white shoulders, a little red snake of a tongue, and a small white nose that could sniff out any romance or intrigue in the big store better than a cat can sniff a catnip clump.

Alenna was no selfish feline. She enjoyed sharing her discoveries.

"Gee! Watch the merry sunshine chasin' itself over Buddsy's face!" she jeered, trailing languidly down the aisle in an old-rose-and-new-gold-lace dinner gown. "And all because someone said our new linen buyer had breezed back to town for a day or so."

"Hear! Hear!" yawned Jeanette, interested, but weary from late fox trotting the night before.

A slight color that was not rouge drifted across Miss Budds' delicately rouged cheeks as she finished replacing a lacy armful of dinner gowns in their respective glass-case quarters.

"It ain't true!" commented Alenna in mock horror. "It ain't true that at her time of life and experience Irene Budds can actually scrape up a blush over a man!"

Freckled little Hatty, passing with a handful of charge checks, paused to giggle and stare.

"Do it again, Buddsy!" pleaded Jeanette with a grin. "I wasn't looking and missed it."

Irene nodded to Hatty to run along with the checks; smiled indifferently at Jeanette, between whom and herself existed a mild friendship, and said sweetly to Alenna, between whom and herself existed a mild disfriendship: "Miss Jones Jonesby wouldn't take one of those gold-and-rose gowns after seeing it on you."

"Well!" Alenna shrugged uncaring perfect white shoulders at the absent Miss Jones Jonesby, whose hair was merely brown—not bronze. "She's wise. What suits my style"—drawling—"would hardly suit her." And she trailed languidly on to display her shoulders and gold-lace overskirts before a gaping just-arrived group of out-of-town matrons.

"Alenna certainly don't hate herself!" yawningly grinned Jeanette—then cut grin and yawn in two to glide speedily across the floor to meet and greet a double-chinned lady in tailored brown satin who was sailing glass-caseward with greedy celerity.

Irene, too, had started swiftly toward the lady. A shadow of disappointment and acute regret flickered in her astute blue eyes as the astuter Jeanette first reached Mrs. P. P. Pills.

"Fall back, dearie," grinningly murmured Jeanette. "I beat you to her." And she proceeded triumphantly and dexterously to haul forth an armful of gorgeous and gaudy importations.

"I'll certainly keep my eyes wider open next time," retorted Irene with frank envy. "Believe me, my sales book needs her. I'm two hundred dollars behind last week."

But suddenly envy, disappointment and regret whisked themselves out of Miss Budds' blue eyes, like rubbish before a brisk broom, and a gleam that was as luminous as a summer day, or the yellow taffeta blouse Jeanette was ecstatically proffering Mrs. P. P. Pills, came instead.

Down the aisle breezed a young-middle-aged man, whose smile was bright, whose shoulders were large, and whose tweed suit was quite the lightest thing shown that year by swagger, radical tailors. Coming close to Miss Budds he grabbed both her hands and squeezed them.

"Well, little one, I'm back again in this darned old windy town. Glad to see me? Or has someone taken advantage of my absence to shove me out of your heart?"

The gleam in Miss Budds' blue eyes took on intensity; but she remarked coolly:

"Did I ever mention that you happened to be in my heart?"

"Not in words," cheerfully admitted the gentleman. "But in my youth I learned to read clearly the language of the eyes, dear girl!"

"I certainly like your nerve," said Irene. "Any time the women have any corner on the vanity floating round, Mr. Smith Tinsley ——"

Mr. Smith Tinsley, grinning hard, soothingly patted one trim black-silk shoulder that had twitched an eloquent ending to Miss Budds' sentence.

"Now! Now! Don't get excited. Better read up Orison Swett What's-his-name! Going to have on your best togs and meet me at nine-thirty to-night for a few hilarious hours in the hilarious Loop? I'd make it earlier"—blithely—"but I've got a date with a representative of a firm that's got more Irish linen towels hid away in its factory than is decent for a firm to have these wartimes; and I've always made it my practice to put pleasure before business."

Miss Irene Budds' blue eyes became very cool and bright.

"You don't say so!"

"Certainly!" Smith Tinsley assured her with vigor. "And it'll be a great pleasure to talk the gent down to three-fourths of what he thinks he's going to get for his towels. But you, Miss Budds, are my chief business in life."

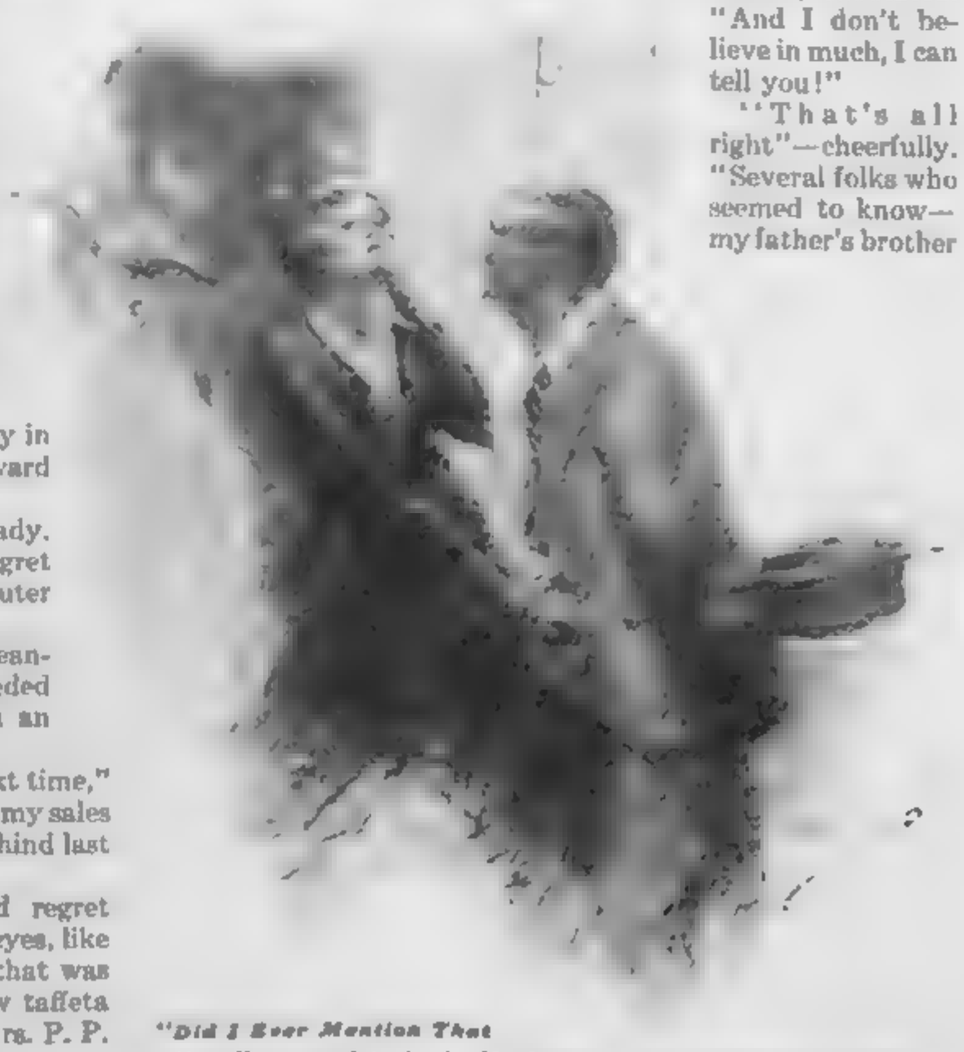
Some of the coolness melted out of Miss Budds' blue eyes. But she said coolly enough:

"I dare say!"

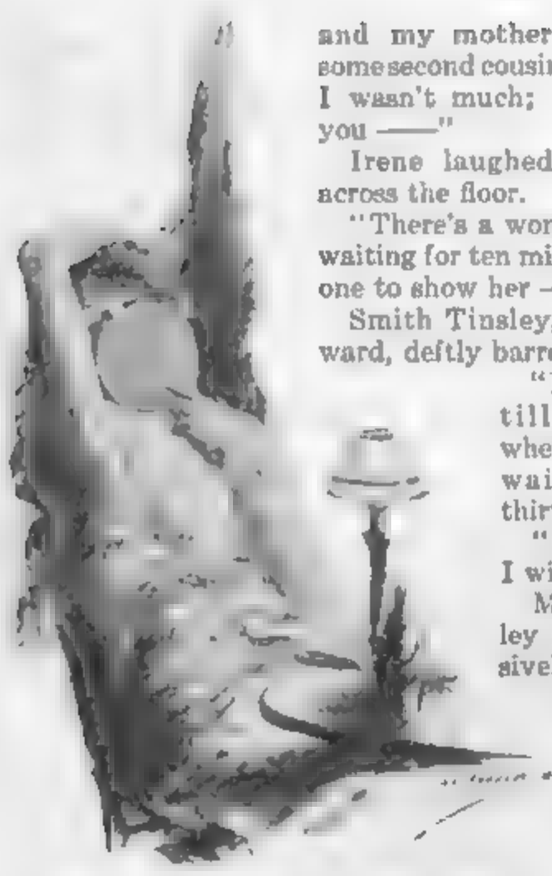
"Doncha believe me?"—earnestly.

Her slim oldish shoulders shrugged cynically in their black silk blouse. "It's some years since I was old enough to vote," she stated. "And I don't believe in much, I can tell you!"

"That's all right"—cheerfully. "Several folks who seemed to know—my father's brother



"Did I Ever Mention That You Happened to be in My Heart?" She Remarked Coolly



Irene Smiled at the Few Oldish Lines Round the Corners of Her Eyes

and my mother's sisters and some second cousins—always said I wasn't much; so as long as you ——"

Irene laughed, but started across the floor.

"There's a woman who's been waiting for ten minutes for someone to show her ——"

Smith Tinsley, stepping forward, deftly barred her progress.

"Let her wait—till I find out whether you'll be waiting at nine-thirty for me."

"Oh—of course I will."

Mr. Smith Tinsley grinned expansively and remarked gently: "Ah! I wasn't much worried for fear you'd refuse."

"Oh!" A red that was brighter than good taste would ever cull from enameled box or cochineal jar ran up and over Irene Budds' delicately contoured face. "Of all the nerve! You certainly must feel yourself welcome ——"

"Certainly!"—assuredly. "And that's one of the reasons I like your company. You always let me feel that I'm welcome round you"—with a more expansive smile. "I'd just as soon admit that I don't care frightfully for coy proud ladies."

Irene flashed, though with an amused little laugh:

"Maybe you're mistaken! Maybe I don't ——"

"Maybe," cheerfully conceded Mr. Tinsley. "But I'm telling you, dear girl: It's darned few times I'm mistaken! A long time ago"—airily—"I set right in to train myself not to make mistakes. Otherwise I'd likely still be standing first on one flat foot and then on the other behind a linen counter at fourteen dollars a week, instead of hanging my fourteen-dollar hat round nice eight-dollar-a-day hotels while I'm incidentally collecting about fourteen thousand dollars a year to meet the ever encroaching H. C. of L. with."

"You don't hate yourself hardly at all, do you?" softly demanded Irene, firmly making her way past him to the waiting lady, who was fast losing a patient I-am-waiting expression and acquiring instead, as she eyed a rack of lovely maroon silk garments, an I-demand-attention glare.

"I don't hate myself a single bit," stoutly declared Mr. Tinsley. "Why should I? Most folks like me"—blithely. "Far be it from me to run counter to the general trend of feeling. Nine-thirty, then? Or maybe nine-forty's the earliest I can make it"—moving briskly toward the elevator leading nearest to the supermanager's office.

"Of—of course!"

Grinning expansively Mr. Smith Tinsley waved a blithe, large hand as he shot into the ascending elevator. With the precision born of long and mechanical habit, Irene Budds instantly assumed, as the elevator shot up, her clever selling smile, which was so potent that instantly the I-demand-attention glare melted away like ice before a warm stove.

As it was a busy week on the big store's advertising calendar she discarded it during the remainder of the day only at two brief cynical occasions. One was when Alenna, sauntering gracefully past, bronze head held haughtily high above the rolling bronze-and-silver collar of an imported mandarin-tapestry theater coat, paused to remark suavely:

"My hair certainly sets off this garment swell! You girls oughta have big sale slips to-night, lemme tell you!" Irene grinned cynically at Alenna's calm vanity, but eyed wishfully the coat. Alenna, sharp-eyed, jeered at the wishful glance! "I s'pose you're thinkin' it'd look darned scrumptious alongside a certain linen buyer's swagger new tweed!"

The other occasion was two hours later. Jeanette's sudden grim smile and little freckled Hatty the cash girl's look of sudden horror caused Irene to turn her blond head in time to see Gerritts, his chunky jaws ominously protuberant and his narrow gray eyes slatily glazed with suppressed triumph, as always at such occasion, deftly and steelily piloting into the elevator leading nearest to the submanager's office a large, well-dressed, hard-visaged woman.

In the house detective's hand was a creamy lace blouse; in the woman's large, bold blue eyes was a sickish sort of terror—and also brazenness.

"'Nother fool!" grimly commented Jeanette, speedily turning back to her customer.

"They always think they can turn the trick and get away with it," yawned Alenna, sauntering on her way. "Gerritts'll relish his supper."

Hatty, trembling, stolidly stood stock-still till Jeanette crisply ordered her on. Hatty was new and had seen only three persons so taken by the triumphant, chunky-jawed, slaty-eyed store detective. Irene, who had seen Gerritts take so many that the sight had long since lost novelty to her, shrugged her trim, black-clad shoulders contemptuously in agreement with Jeanette's terse comment and, with hardly a break in her clever compelling argument, went on convincing a brace of hesitant matrons that it was far, far wiser, shrewder, better, cleverer and nobler to pay sixty-five dollars for a citron crêpe gown than a mere forty-five for a plum crêpe frock.

Half an hour later her potent clever smile dropped off her face like a dancer's mask when the clock strikes twelve. The big store's clock was striking six.

"Gee! Watch Buddsy beat it in double-quick time for the time clock!" jeered Alenna. "We certainly are in a hurry to get to our top bureau drawer and get out the cold cream and make ourselves beautiful to-night!"

Irene flung back a careless grin and hurried on, down and out into the pushing mob of homers that fluttered out of State Street's double row of big stores like swarms of sullen, tired bees out of prison combs.

At the corner of State and Monroe she collided with one of the pushing mob—a tall thin fellow, sallow and sullen, gray-eyed, who had paused to light a cigarette. Hardly noticing, for collisions at that jammed, jamming corner are many and inevitable any time of a State Street day, she was hurrying on.

But the hand holding the match, a lean sallow hand, reached after her and caught her by the arm.

"Just because we were once married to each other isn't any reason why we shouldn't say 'Howdy-do?' Irene!"

Irene jerked to a surprised halt.

"You—Lat! Honest, I didn't recognize you!"

For a moment Irene Budds and Latimer Budds stared at each other awkwardly—curiously too. At their last meeting—which, three years before, had been also a parting—each had refused even to glance each other's way. But the years have their own wearing-away power. There was no rancor in Irene's voice when she finally said, with the polite calm tone that perhaps only divorced folks so unconsciously use: "How's everything with you? I heard you'd gone to St. Louis?"

He flipped away the match and put the cigarette in the corner of a rather thin, discontented mouth. "Oh, I was down there for a year or two. But I drifted back here to the same old kennel"—with a short laugh. "Linen counter in Wendelcooper's basement, down the street here. And you?"

She, too, laughed shortly.

"Oh, I'm still in gowns and coats—where you first saw me."

Again, this time more furtively, they scrutinized each other. Finally he hesitatingly suggested:

"If you've nothing better on hand, how about supper together? I guess there's no law against eating with an ex-husband." Her narrow sleek brown eyebrows raised. "Aw, come on!" he urged with a faint smile in which might have been read reminders, regrets and reminiscences.

"Oh—all right!" she finally conceded. "But—let's not quarrel."

"What have we got to quarrel about—now that we're divorced?" he retorted pertly, slipping his hand under her arm.

She laughed shortly. Together they walked over to Wabash Avenue to a big cleanly cafeteria. Budds shrugged his shoulders as he escorted her in.

"Oh, I'm not on my uppers! I'd treat you to lobster; but, you know, fourteen a week ——"

"Oh, this is all right!" she said hastily.

They entered, collected plates, knives, forks, spoons and food from a long white row of trays; and then, over a small secluded table, they again furtively scrutinized each other.

"Won't you be twenty-eight your next birthday, Irene?"

"I was twenty, Lat, when I married you, nearly eight years ago. Add it up yourself."

"You look fagged."

He was looking at the few but perceptible lines at the corners of her eyes.

"Yes"—calmly. "Many saleswomen do at the end of a day. Ten hours on your feet, even in a velvet-carpeted section, don't give you a curled-up cream-fed kitten look."

He sighed moodily as he stirred his coffee. "Oh, I know! I'm on my feet too."

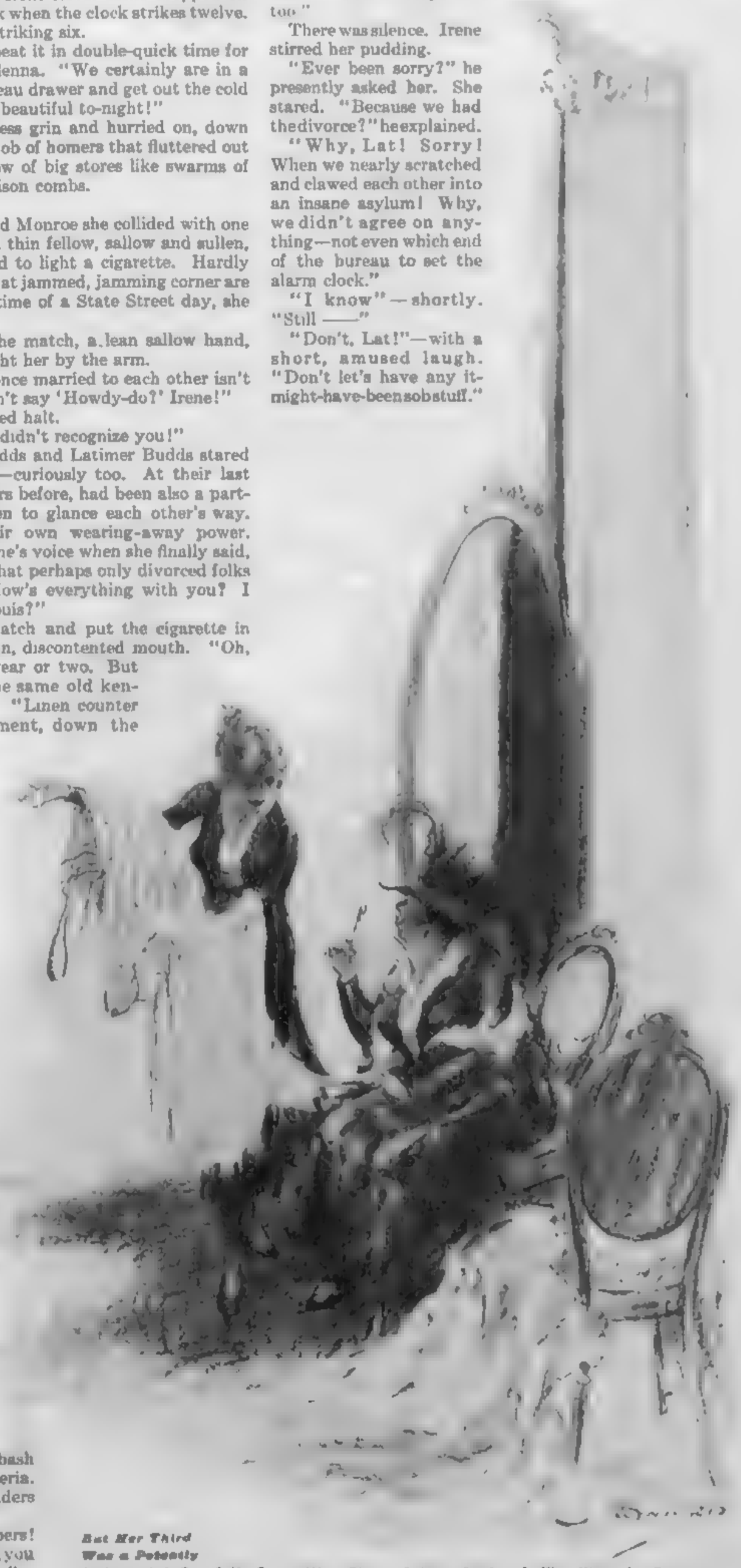
There was silence. Irene stirred her pudding.

"Ever been sorry?" he presently asked her. She stared. "Because we had the divorce?" he explained.

"Why, Lat! Sorry! When we nearly scratched and clawed each other into an insane asylum! Why, we didn't agree on anything—not even which end of the bureau to set the alarm clock."

"I know"—shortly. "Still ——"

"Don't, Lat!"—with a short, amused laugh. "Don't let's have any it-might-have-been sob stuff."



But Her Third Was a Potently Deferential, Carefully Compelling, Clever Selling Smile. It Was Worn for Customers

He regarded her moodily and let his coffee grow cool and stale. "If we'd had more money we might have pulled together better!"

"We certainly disagreed horribly on what we had."

Lat grinned suddenly.

"Didn't we! Remember the time old Mother Suthers, out on La Salle Avenue, threatened to throw us both out that minute, baggage and all, if we didn't quit railing at each other and let her other roomers go to sleep?"

She smiled reminiscently.

"I remember." And added presently: "I'm rooming there now."

"Are you?"—interestedly. "Same little ratty room we used to have?"

"No—the one just across the hall."

Again there was silence. A curious thoughtfulness took possession of Latimer Budds' thin face. Suddenly he leaned toward her, across the small table, and laid a hand over one of hers.

"Reny!"—eagerly.

Long contact with old Mrs. Deweybilt, Mrs. P. P. Pills, Alenna and others had made Irene Budds, if not psychic, at least quick of perception. Into her rather blasé blue eyes came a quizzical gleam of comprehension.

"Well, Lat?"

"Let's try it again!"—persuasively.

Calmly, without rancor, she shook her blond head.

"Oh, no, Lat!"

"Let's, Reny!"—appealingly. "Say, I've been darned lonesome lots of times these three years without you! And darned blue lots of times, knocking round from one department-store counter to another and from one ratty rooming house to another, with nothing to hang to, nothing to tie me down."

"You used to tell me that you were darned tired of being tied down to me!" remarked Irene lightly, though without rancor, eating her pudding with relish.

"Oh—I know! When I was out of sorts or temper, or my nerves were on edge."

"I know," she conceded with a sort of reminiscent sympathy. "But—I don't feel like trying it again, Lat."

Leaning his elbows moodily on the table he accused her:

"You don't care anything at all for me!"

"Oh—Lat!"—with impatience. "I'm nearly twenty-eight years old—and I'm fagged, body and soul. I've sold gowns for ten years—ten hours a day. And by the time each day is done and it's night I'm usually so stale that I don't care for anything—or anybody." Then she calmly finished her pudding.

Her former husband's mouth curled; not with sympathy, but with skepticism.

"That so? I've heard that you'd been seen several evenings at the Blue Gill Gardens with a linen buyer named Tinsley; and you weren't reported to be looking particularly unhappy!"

Displeasure snapped into his former wife's blue eyes.

"Well, what of it? Whose business is it but mine?"

"No one's," he acknowledged readily, though moodily, drumming thin, restless fingers on the tablecloth. "But—of course he isn't expecting to marry you?"—glancing pointedly at the faint oldish lines her eyecorners had come to own.

"I don't know as I'm expecting to marry him"—shortly. "But I don't know as that has anything to do with my spending a pleasant evening occasionally in his company."

Latimer Budds' lips went into a decided sneer:

"There is such a thing as morals."

Irene's lips parted angrily:

"Just remember, please, that you've got no string on my morals, Lat! I've got a folded paper, signed three years ago by Judge Brown, of the Superior Court, that says so."

He became glumly apologetic.

"Oh—I know! And I didn't mean any reflection on you, Reny. Only—I—well, of course I don't enjoy the idea of you running round with other men."

"I'm not asking whether you're running round with other women."

He laughed aloud and bitterly—so that a few cafeteria diners turned their heads.

"You don't have to! On fourteen dollars a week a fellow don't shower riotous attentions on the other sex."

A flicker of sympathy went over her delicate oldish face.

"I don't suppose so," she agreed, and rose. "I've got to be on my way, Lat."

"Got a date, I s'pose?"—resentfully. Her eyes warned him. "Oh—I admit it's none of my biz!"—brusquely. "But I —— Reny! Won't you? Please! Think it over! I've a feeling that with you I could get hold of more pep, more punch at life."

She shook her blond, marcelled head.

"Pipe dreams, Lat! We didn't trot in each other's gait at all, at all! And there's no more reason now ——"

"We're older, Reny!"

"So are our nerves!"—cynically.

"Oh, we'd make more allowance for each other ——"

"Maybe! Maybe not!"—dryly.

"Reny, you don't know how darned tired I am of kicking round alone!" he cried. "Why, last year, when I was sick in St. Louis, in a hole of a rooming house, not a soul came near! I haven't got many friends," he interjected bitterly into his plea. "On fourteen dollars a week you can't afford friends, y' know. And I don't fancy you have many, either."

"No," she agreed; "just a few of the girls at the store."

"Same with me"—with a shrug. "A few of the fellows! Reny, I need you—we need each other! I want someone to listen to my troubles and I want to hear someone's troubles" coaxingly

"No, Lat. It wouldn't do."

Lat became wroth.

"I suppose you prefer that fel——"

"My preferences are my own."

"If you expect him to marry you ——"

"Did I say I was expecting anything?"—coolly. "I learned a long time ago, Lat, not to expect anything but a—time clock."

"I suppose"—bitterly—"that's a dig because I let you keep on working after we got married. But you knew, at the time, I was getting only twelve dollars a week."

"No, no, Lat!"—hastily. "Honestly, I didn't mean it as a dig. I didn't blame you much for anything when I'd cooled down after the divorce."

"Then will you meet me some evening for a ride out to a park when you've nothing better on hand?"—with irrepressible sarcasm.

After some hesitation she agreed. For a moment she stood still to watch curiously her former husband as he swung down the street. He was round-shouldered and shabby. A vague uncomfortable feeling came over her; it was partly pity for him and for herself and partly a certain regret that she had met him again.

But there was neither pity nor regret in her face when, two hours later, on the swagger, light-tweed-clad arm of Mr. Smith Tinsley, she entered the Blue Gill Gardens; nothing but cool, insouciant decision to be merry while the merriness was good. In the Blue Gill Gardens the lights were bright, the floor was slick, and the orchestra piped as gayly as though, over on the other side of the world, Pan did not lie quite drowned in trenches of blood.

"Gee! Watch the Merry Sunshine Chasin' Itself Over Buddsy's Face!" She Jeered, Trailing Languidly Down the Aisle

And at the close of the evening a pink like unto that of a healthy apple blossom surged up over Irene's delicate oldish face. But it had not come from her small glazed jar lettered Apple-blossom Blush. In a homing taxi the light-tweed-clad arm had comfortably curled itself about her waist.

"Believe me," murmured Mr. Smith Tinsley, "I've known a few girls in my time; but you've made me forget every darned one of 'em."

"I dare say!"

"Never say 'dare say'"—rebukingly. "It's a word I don't like."

"Tell me what to say instead," she mocked.

Instead of telling her he murmured sympathetically:

"Saw you spend two hours this afternoon hauling out mauve gowns for some old bat-eyed-from-luxury dame. How many did you have to haul out for her, you poor girl? Believe me, honey, I don't enjoy it a little bit to see you on your feet slaving all day. It sure hurts my feelings."

Irene's amused laugh rippled to the top of the taxi.

"Do you know, I've heard that before! When I was fifteen and running cash a fat old blond gentleman stopped and told me my toil hurt him—and wouldn't I meet him for luncheon?"

"That's all right," said Mr. Tinsley. "G'wan and guy me!"

"And when I was about eighteen a stout man in checked suit and diamond stud said he choked over his midnight suppers thinking of me—and wouldn't I share one?"

"Keep on!"—blithely. "Hand it to me!"

"And when I was about twenty 'most every day a man or two used to lean pitying elbows on my counter and murmur that it broke their hearts to see my young charms wasted on plain cruel toil."

"Yep. Keep the good work up!"

"They pitied me so often that finally a floorwalker peevishly told me to entertain my friends outside the store or hunt another store to work in."

"Yep"—with a grin. "I getcha!"

"And even Lat —— But I'm still on my feet"—lightly. "And I'm still in gowns and coats."

"Who's Lat?"

"Oh—my husband" briefly.

"Was he a poor stick?" carelessly.

"Oh, Lat did his best"—tolerantly. "I guess I was as much of a drag to him—as he said. You know the life—rooming house in the morning, department store for both of us all day, rooming house at night. That routine doesn't make what you'd term perfect days."

"No," he agreed, "it doesn't."

"I guess life threw the same brickbats and old shoes at each of us," she explained lightly; "and we tried to get revenge by yowling and mewing at each other like two alley cats."

"Sure! I understand"—lighting a cigarette.

"Ah! Do you?" Irene Budds' voice was dryly inflectioned.

"Yep!"—with emphasis. "I'm the greatest little old understander in captivity—and don't you forget it!"

For the second time that day Irene Budds jeered lightly

"You certainly don't hate yourself—do you?"

And for the second time he grinned back:

"Why should I? Neither do you. Betcha a new pale-blue Georgette crêpe blouse—I see the one you're wearing won't stand another cleaning—that you can't look me in the eye and say you hate me!"

"Of all the nerve!" snapped Miss Budds, guiltily drawing a frayed blue fold under her fichu. But she did not look him in the eye and make the statement. Instead she quite docilely allowed his two smiling lips, from which he had jerked the cigarette, to press themselves lingeringly to hers.

Two weeks later Alenna paused in an indolent parade of a primrose-and-purple dream for a fair woman and murmured inquisitively: "Say, Buddsy, ain't I seen you twice-runnin' comin' out of a food place in the company of old friend husband? Whatcha doin'? Tryin' to unscramble love's scrambled young dream?"

"Now what d'ye think of that!" yawned Jeanette. "Tell us, Buddsy."

"Oh, there's nothing to tell!" returned Irene, rather petulantly, as she rummaged through a glass case for a blue-and-beige dream for a mottled and unfair woman. "Can't a person be on friendly terms with a former husband without veering toward a second ceremony?"

"Oh, it can be done; but it's peculiar," grinned Jeanette.

"Maybe Buddsy believes that a second ceremony with old friend husband is better than no ceremony at all with—another party!" jeered Alenna, languidly spreading her primrose train to wider iridescence for the benefit of a passing stodgy matron.

"You are some cat, Alenna!" yawningly rebuked Jeanette.

(Continued on Page 85)

THE FALSE FACES

A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE LONE WOLF

By Louis Joseph Vance

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IV

FOLLOWING this abrupt introduction to his interesting neighbor, Lanyard went back to his deck chair and, bundling himself up against the cold, settled down to ponder the affair and await developments in a spirit of chastened resignation. That a dénouement would duly unfold he was quite satisfied; that he himself must willy-nilly play some part therein he was too well persuaded.

Not that he wished to meddle. If this Miss Cecelia Brooke, as she named herself, fostered any sort of intrigue he wanted nothing so fervently as to be left altogether out of it. But already he had been dragged in without wish or consent of his; whoever coveted her secret—whatever that was, more precious to her than jewels—harbored designs upon his own as well. It was his duty henceforth to go warily, overlooking no circumstance, however trifling and inconsiderable it might appear. The slenderest thread may lead to the heart of the most intricate maze; and the heart of this was become Lanyard's immediate goal, for there his enemy lay *perdu*.

"Then You Have One Minute—No, Forty Seconds—in Which to Pledge Yourself to the Prussian Secret Service"

It was never this man's fault to underrate an enemy, least of all an unknown; and he entertained wholesome respect for secret-service operators—picked men, as a rule, the meanest no mean antagonist. And this business, he fancied, had all the flavor of secret-service work—one of those blind duels, desperate and grim affairs of masked combatants feinting, thrusting, guarding in the dark, each with the other's sword ever feeling for his throat, fighting for life itself and making his own rules as the contest swayed.

But what was this Brooke girl doing in that galley? What conceivable motive induced her to dabble those slender hands in the muck and blood of secret-service work?

Lanyard was fain to let that question rest. After all it was no concern of his. There she was, up to her pretty eyebrows in some dark bad business; and it was not for him to play the gratuitous ass, rush in unasked and seek to extricate her.

Through endless hours he sat brooding, vision blindly focused upon the misty, shimmering mystery of that night.

Ekstrom! Slowly in his understanding intuition shaped the conviction that it was Ekstrom whom he was fighting now—Ekstrom in the guise of one of his creatures, some agent of the Prussian spy system who had contrived to smuggle himself aboard this British steamship.

Out of those nine in the smoking room the previous night, then, he must beware of one primarily, perhaps of more. Four he was disposed, with reservations, to reckon negligible: Baron von Harden, head of a Netherlands banking house, a silent body whose acute mental processes went on behind a pallid screen of flabby features; Julius Becker, a theatrical manager of New York, whose right name ended in -ski; Bartlett Putnam, late *chargé d'affaires* of the American embassy in Madrid; Edmund O'Reilly, naturalized citizen of the United States, interested in the manufacture of motor tractors somewhere in Michigan.

Of the other five two were English: Lieutenant Thackeray, a civilly reticent gentleman whose right arm rested in a black silk sling, making a flying trip to visit a married sister in New York; Archer Bartholomew, Esq., solicitor, a red-cheeked, bright-eyed, white-haired, brisk little cockney, beyond the military age.

There remained Dressler, the stout, self-satisfied Swiss, whose fawning manner was possibly accounted for by his statement that he journeyed to New York to engage in the trade of *restaurateur* in partnership with his brother; Crane, long and awkward and homely, of saturnine cast, slow of gesture and negligent as to dress, his humorous sense clouding a power of shrewd intelligence; and Señor Arturo Velasco, of Buenos Aires, middle-aged, apparently extremely well-to-do, a thoughtful type, more self-contained than most of his countrymen.

One of these probably. But which?

Nor must he permit himself to forget that the Assyrian carried fifty-nine other male passengers in addition to her complement of officers, crew and stewards; any one of these might prove to be Potsdam's cat's-paw.

Awesome pallor tinged the eastern horizon, gained strength, spread in imperceptible yet rapid gradations toward the zenith. Stars faded, winked out, vanished. Silver and purple in the sea gave place to livid gray. Almost visibly the routed night rolled back over the western rim of the world. Shafts of supernal radiance lanced the formless void between sky and sea. Swollen and angry the sun lifted up, an enormous ensanguined portent. And the discountenanced moon withdrew hastily into the immeasurable fastnesses of a cloudless firmament, yet failed therein to find complete concealment. Keen sweet airs of dawn raked the decks, now to port, now to starboard, as the Assyrian twisted and writhed on her corkscrew way.

Passengers whose fears had become sufficiently numb to permit them to drowse, stirred in their chairs, roused, blinking and blear-eyed, rose and stretched cramped, cold bodies. Others lay listless, enervated by the sleepless misery of that night. Crane found Lanyard awake and marched him off for coffee and cigarettes in the smoking room.

Later, starting out for a turn round the decks, they passed a deck chair, sheltered in a jog where the engine-room ventilating shaft joined the forward deckhouse, in which Miss Brooke lay cocooned in wraps and furs, her profile, turned aside from the sea, exquisitely etched against the rich blackness of a fox stole. She slept as quietly as the most carefree, a shadowy smile touching her lips.

Crane's stride faltered. He whistled low.

"In the name of all things wonderful, how did that get on board?"

Lanyard mentioned the girl's name. "She has the stateroom next to mine—came off that tender night before last."

"And me sore on that darn li'l' boat because it brought aboard all those nosey Johnnies! Ain't it the truth, you never know your luck?" The American ruminated in silence till another lap of their walk took them past the girl again.

"Funny," he mused; "if that's why they held us up——"

"*Comment, monsieur?*"

"Oh, I was just wondering if it was on that young lady's account they kept us kicking our heels back there so long."

"I am still stupid," Lanyard confessed.

"Why, she might be a special messenger, you know—something like that—the British Government wanted to smuggle out of the country without anybody suspecting."

"Monsieur is a romantic."

"You can't trust me," Crane averred unblushingly. When they passed the chair again it was empty.

At breakfast Lanyard saw the girl from a distance. Their places were separated by the width of the saloon. She had no neighbors at her table, did not look up when Lanyard entered, finished her meal some time before he did, and retired immediately to her stateroom, in the seclusion of which she remained for the rest of the day.

That second day was altogether innocent of untoward incident. At least superficially the life of the ship settled into the groove of business as usual. Only the company of the Assyrian's faithful convoys was an ever-present reminder of peril.

And in the middle of the afternoon she passed close by a derelict, a torpedoed tramp, deep down by the stern, her bows, helplessly high in air and crimson with rust, the melancholy haunt of a great multitude of gulls.

More than slightly to Lanyard's surprise he received no quiet invitation to the captain's quarters to be interrogated concerning the burglary in Stateroom Twenty-seven. Apparently the young woman had contented herself with reporting merely that the communicating door had carelessly been left unfastened.

For his own part, neither seeking nor avoiding individual members of the smoking-room group, Lanyard permitted himself to be drawn into their company, and sat among them, amiably receptive. But this profited him scantily; there was no further talk of the Lone Wolf; he was not again aware of that covert surveillance.

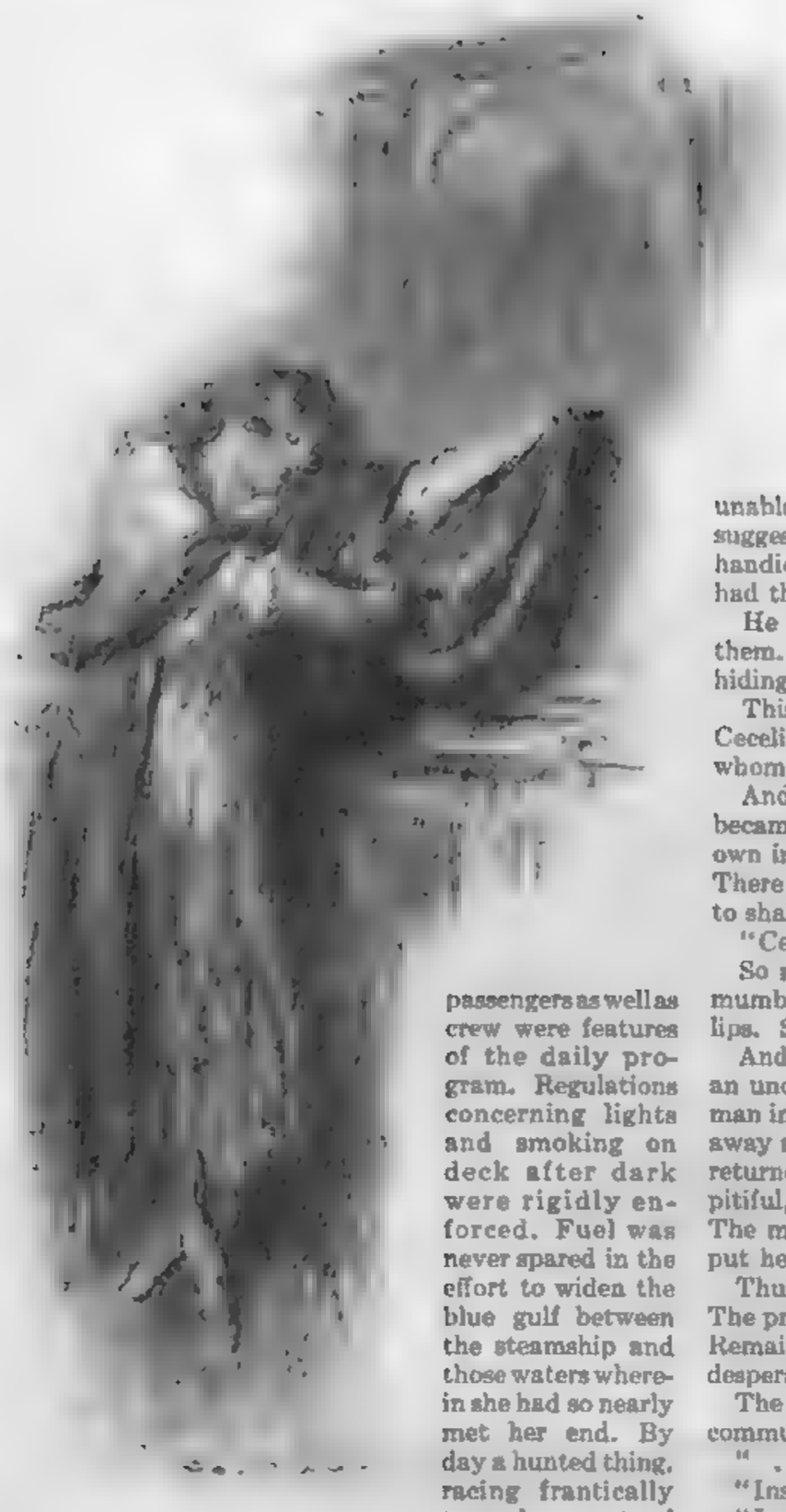
But when, the evening chill driving him below to don a fur-lined topcoat, the Brooke girl, coming up the companionway, acknowledged his look of recognition with the most distant of nods, he accepted the apparent rebuff without resentment. He understood. She was playing the game.

The enemy was watching, listening.

After that he was studious to refrain from seeming either to avoid or to seek her neighborhood; and if he did keep a sharp eye on her it was so circumspectly as to mock detection. To the best of his observation she found no friends on board, contracted no new acquaintances, kept herself to herself within walls of inexorable reserve.

Dawn, ending the second night at sea, found the Assyrian pursuing a course still devious, and now alone; the destroyers had turned back during the night. The western boundary of the barred zone lay astern. Ahead, at the end of a brief interval of time, the ivory towers of New York loomed, ashimmer with endless sunlight, glorious in golden promise. Accordingly the spirits of the passengers were exalted. The very ship seemed to grin in self-complacence; she had won safely through.

Unremitting vigilance was none the less maintained. No hour of the twenty-four found either gun, forward or aft, wanting a full working crew on the keen *qui vive*. The lifeboats remained on outswung davits; boat drills for



She Stood in Profile to the Partition, Tugging Strongly at Something Embedded in the Woodwork

passengers as well as crew were features of the daily program. Regulations concerning lights and smoking on deck after dark were rigidly enforced. Fuel was never spared in the effort to widen the blue gulf between the steamship and those waters wherein she had so nearly met her end. By day a hunted thing, racing frantically toward a port of refuge in the west, all her stout fabric laboring with titanic pulsations, shying in panic from the faintest suspicion of smoke upon the horizon, the Assyrian slipped into the grateful obscurity of night like a snake into a thicket, made herself akin to its densest shadows, strained hopelessly not to be outdistanced by its fugitive mantle.

And the benison of unseasonably clement weather was hers; day after shining day, night after placid night, the Atlantic revealed a singularly gracious humor, mirrored the changeful panorama of the heavens in a surface seldom flawed. The most squeamish voyagers, as well as those most beset with fears, slept sweetly in the comfort of their berths.

Lanyard, however, never went to bed without first securing his door so that it might be opened by force alone; never slept without a pistol beneath his pillow.

But the truth is, he slept little. For the first time in his history he learned what it meant to will sleep to come and have his will defied. He lay for hours staring wide-eyed into darkness, hearkening to the steady throbbing of the engines, unable to dismiss the thought that their every revolution brought him so much the nearer to America, so much the nearer to his hour with Ekstrom. In vain he sought to fatigue his senses by overindulgence in his weakness for gambling. Day-long sessions at poker and auction in the smoking room—where he found formidable antagonists, principally in the persons of Crane, Bartlett Putnam, Velasco, Bartholomew, Julius Becker and Baron von Harden—served only to forward his financial fortunes. His luck was phenomenal; he multiplied many times that slender store of English bank notes with which he had embarked upon this adventure. But he left each exhausting sitting only to toss upon a wakeful pillow or to roam uneasily the dark and desolate decks, a man haunted by ghosts of his own raising, hag-ridden by passions of his own nurturing.

About two o'clock on the third night—the first outside the danger zone, when every other passenger might reasonably be expected to be in his berth—Lanyard lay in a deck chair deep in shadows, wondering whether it were worth while to go below and woo sleep in his stateroom. By way of experiment he shut his eyes. When after a moment he opened them again he was no longer alone.

Some distance away, at the rail, the woman of Stateroom Twenty-seven was standing with her back to Lanyard, looking intently forward, unquestionably ignorant of his presence. Without moving he watched in listless incuriosity until he saw her straighten and stand away from the rail, as if bracing herself against some impending crisis.

A man was coming aft from the entrance to the main companionway, impatience in his stride—a tall man, of good carriage, cloaked almost to the heels in a heavy ulster, a steamer cap well forward over his eyes. But the light was poor, the pale shine of the aged moon blending trickily with the swaying shadows; Lanyard was unable to place him among the passengers. There was a suggestion of Lieutenant Thackeray—but that one was handicapped by one shell-shattered arm, whereas this man had the use of both.

He demonstrated that promptly, taking the girl into them. She yielded herself gladly, with a hushed little cry, hiding her face in the bosom of his ulster, clinging to him.

This, then, was an assignation prearranged! Miss Cecelia Brooke had a lover aboard the Assyrian, a lover whom she denied by day but met in stealth by night!

And yet, after that first swift embrace, their conduct became oddly unloverlike. The man released her of his own initiative, held her by the shoulders at arms' length. There was irritation in his manner. He seemed tempted to shake the young woman.

"Celia! What madness!"

So much, at least, Lanyard overheard; the rest was a mumble into the hand that the girl placed over the man's lips. She cried breathlessly: "Hush! Not so loud!"

And then she remembered to guard her own voice. In an undertone she spoke passionately for a moment. The man interrupted in a tone of profound vexation. She drew away as if hurt, caught him up as he hesitated for a word, returned, clung to the lapels of his coat, her accents rapid, pitiful, eloquent of explanation, entreaty, determination. The man lifted his hands to her wrists, broke her grasp, put her forcibly from him. She sobbed softly.

Thus swiftly the scene suffered disillusioning transition. The pretty fiction of lovers meeting in secret was no more. Remained a man annoyed to the verge of anger, a woman desperately importunate.

The wind, sweeping aft, carried broken snatches of their communications:

" . . . all I have . . . could not let you go . . . "

"Insanity!"

"I was desperate . . . "

" . . . drive me mad with your nonsense . . . "

Lanyard sat up, scraping his chair harshly on the deck. Stricken mute, the pair at the rail moved only to turn his way the pallid ovals of their faces.

Heedless of the prohibition, he struck a match, cupped its flame in his hands, bending his face close and deliberately lighting a cigarette. Appreciably longer than necessary he permitted the flare to reveal his features. Then he blew it out, rose, sauntered to the rail, cast the cigarette into the sea, went aft and so below, satisfied that the girl must have recognized him and knew that her secret was safe.

But it was in an oddly disgruntled humor that he turned in—he who had been so ready to twit Crane with his fantastic speculations concerning the English girl, who had himself been the readiest to indue her with the romantic attributes becoming a heroine of her country's secret service! What if he must now esteem her in the merciless light of to-night's exposure as the most pitiable of all human spectacles—a poor lovesick thing sans dignity, sans pride, sans heed for the world's respect, a woman pursuing a man weary of her?

He resented unreasonably the unreasonable resentment that the affair inspired in him. What was it to him? He who had struck off all fettering bonds of common human interests, who had renounced all common human emotions, who had set his hand against all mankind that stood between him and that vengeful purpose to which he had dedicated his life! He, the Lone Wolf, heartless, soulless, pitiless beast of prey!

God in heaven! What was any woman to him?

UNACCOUNTABLY enough in his esteem, and more and more to Lanyard's exasperation, the evil flavor of that overnight incident lasted; it tinctured distastefully his first waking thoughts; and through all that fourth day at sea his mood was dark with irrational depression.

And the fifth day and the sixth were like unto the fourth. Constantly he caught himself on watch for the young woman, wondering how she would comport herself toward him, unwilling witness though he had been to that shabby scene. But, save at meal times, he saw nothing of her.

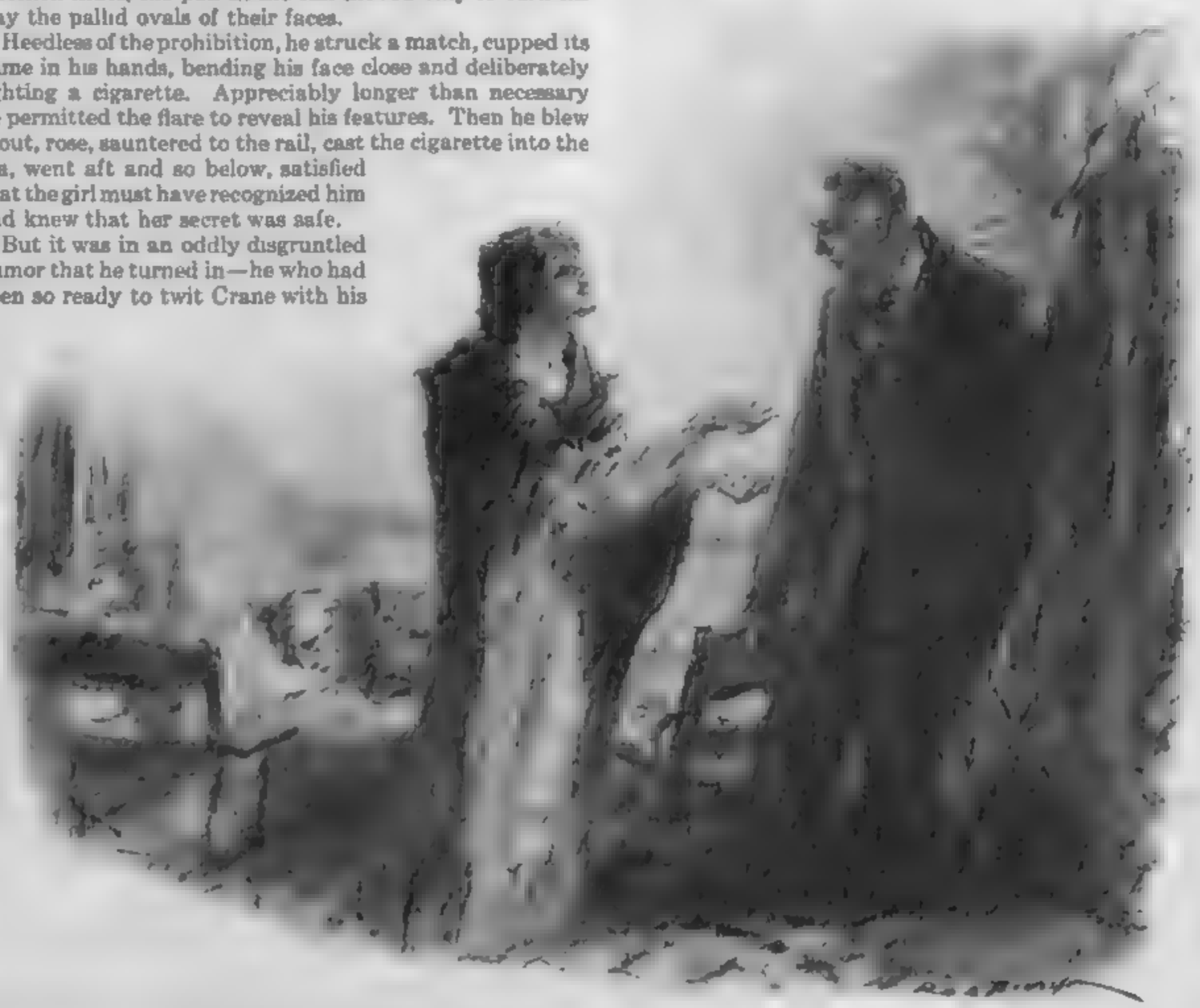
And though he knew that she was much on deck after midnight, he was studious to keep out of her way. The tedium of stopping in a stuffy stateroom, when the spell of restlessness was on him, waiting for the sounds of his neighbor's return before he might venture forth, was nothing; anything were preferable to figuring as the innocent bystander at another encounter between the Brooke girl and her reluctant lover.

Then that happened which lent the business another complexion altogether. Its second phase, of close development, drew toward an end. Subtle underlying forces began to stir in their portentous latency.

The rapiers, which thus far had merely touched, shivering lightly against each other, measuring each its opponent's strength, feeling out his skill, fell apart, then reëngaged in sharp and deadly play. Steel met steel and, clashing, struck off sparks whose fugitive glimmerings lightened measurably the murk.

On the sixth night out, at eleven o'clock, as a matter of routine the smoking room was closed for the night, terminating an uncommonly protracted and, in Lanyard's esteem, irksome sitting at cards. Well tired, he went immediately to his quarters, undressed, stretched out in his berth and switched off the light.

Incontinently he found himself bedeviled by thoughts that would not rest. For upward of an hour he lay moveless, seeking oblivion in that very effort to preserve



She Extended a Hand on Whose Palm Rested a Small and Slender White Cylinder

immobility, while the Assyrian, lunging heavily on her way, moaned and muttered tedious accompaniment to the chant of the working engines.

Despairing at length, and fretted by the closeness of his quarters, he got up, dressed sketchily, and was shrugging into his fur-lined coat when he heard the door to the adjoining stateroom open and close, stealth in the sound of it.

At that he hung up his overcoat and threw himself down with a book on the lounge seat beneath the port.

The novel was dull enough in all conscience; for that matter no tale within the compass of the cunningest weaver of words could have enthralled his temper at that time. He read and read again page after page, but without intelligence. Between his eyes and the type-blackened paper mirages of the past trembled and wavered; old faces, old scenes, old illusions took unsubstantial form, dissolved, blended, faded away—a saddening show of shadows.

His heavy eyelids drooped; slumber's drowsy vestments trailed lazily athwart the sea of consciousness. A slight noise startled him, either the shutting of the door to Stateroom Twenty-seven or the sound of the book dropping from his relaxed grasp. He sat up and consulted his watch. The hour was half after twelve.

The ship's bell sounded remotely, a single doleful stroke.

He might have dozed five minutes or fifteen—long enough at least to leave its tantalizing effect of sleep desperately desirable, mockingly elusive, almost grasped, whisked beyond grasping. And with this he was aware of something even less tangible, a sense of something amiss, of something vaguely wrong, as of evil stalking furtively through the darkened labyrinth of the ship—as impalpable and ineluctable as the miasmic exhalations of a morass.

Lanyard passed a hand across his forehead. Had he been dreaming then? Was this merely the reaction from some bitter nightmare? He could not remember.

On sheer impulse he stood up, extinguished the light, opened the door. As he did this he noted that a light burned in Stateroom Twenty-seven, visible through the ventilating grille. So the girl must have returned while he slept. Or had she neglected to turn the switch when she went out? He could not be certain.

On the threshold he paused a little, attentive to the familiar rumor of the ship by night: the prolonged soughing of riven waters down the side, gnashing of swells hurled back by the bows; sibilance of drafts in alleyways; groaning of frames; a thin metallic rattle of indeterminate origin; the crunching grind of the steering gear; the everlasting, deep-throated diapason of engines; somewhere aft in that tier of staterooms a persistent human snore—nothing unusual, no alarming discordance.

Yet the feeling that mischief was afoot would not be denied.

Lanyard moved down to the junction of the thwartship passage with the fore-and-aft alleyway.

Here he commanded a view of the promenade-deck landing and the main companionway, all in darkness but for a feeble glimmer of reflected starlight through the open deck port on the far side of the vessel. Beyond this the rail was stenciled against the dull face of the sea with its far lifting and falling horizon; within, no more was visible than the dimmed whiteness of the forward partition, a dense indefinite mass of balusters winding up to the boat deck, and the flat plane of the tiled landing.

On this last, near the mouth of the port alleyway, half obscured by the intervening balusters, something moved, something huge, black and formless swayed and writhed strangely, and in the strangest silence, like a dumb, tormented, misshapen brute transfixed to one spot, from which its most anguished efforts might not avail to budge it.

Lanyard ran forward, rounded the well of the companionway and pulled up.

Now the nature of the thing was revealed. Blackly silhouetted against the square of the doorway, two human figures were close-locked and struggling desperately, straining, resisting, thrusting, giving, recovering—and all with never a sound more than the deadened thump of a shifting foot or the rasp of hard-won breathing.

For several seconds the spectator could not distinguish one contestant from the other. Then a change in the fortunes of war enabled him to make out that one was a woman; the other, and momentarily more successful, a man.

Slender and youthful and strong, she fought with the indomitable fury of a pantheress. He on his part had won this much temporary advantage—had broken the woman's clutch upon his throat and was bending her back over his hip, one hand fumbling at her windpipe, the other imprisoning her two wrists.

Two Human Figures Were Close-Locked and Struggling Desperately, Straining, Resisting, Thrusting

Yet she was far from being vanquished. Even as Lanyard moved toward the pair she drove a savage knee into the man's middle and, as he checked instantaneously with a grunt of pained surprise, regained her footing and planted both elbows against his chest, striving frantically to free her hands.

Simultaneously Lanyard took the fellow from behind, wound an arm round his neck, jerked his head sharply back, twisted his forearm till he released the woman's wrists, and threw him with a force that must have jarred his every bone.

The woman staggered back against the partition, panting and sobbing beneath her breath. The man rebounded up from his fall with astonishing agility and flew back at Lanyard. An object in his right hand gave off a dull gleam of polished steel.

Lanyard, his automatic in his stateroom, in the pocket of the overcoat, where he had deposited it when meaning to go out on deck, lacked any means of defense other than his two hands; but one time his fame as an amateur pugilist had been second only to his fame as a *connaisseur d'art*; and to one whose youth had been passed in association with the Apaches of Paris some mastery of *la savate* was an inevitable accomplishment.

A lightning *coup de pied* planted a heel against one of the man's shins, and his onslaught faltered in a gust of curses. Then the point of his jaw received the full force of Lanyard's right fist with all the ill-will imaginable behind it. The man reared back, reeled into the black mouth of the alleyway, fell heavily.

Even so, he demonstrated extraordinary vitality and appetite for punishment. He had no sooner gone down than the adventurer, peering into the gloom, saw him struggle up on his knees. Instantly Lanyard made toward him, intent on finishing this work so well begun, but in his second stride tripped over a heavy body hidden in the shadows and pitched headlong. Falling, he was conscious that a flashing thing sped past his cheek, immediately above his shoulder, followed by an echoing thud against the forward partition.

Picking himself up smartly, Lanyard crept several paces down the alleyway, flattening against the wall, straining his vision, listening intensely, rewarded by neither sign nor sound of his antagonist.

That one must have been swift to advantage himself of Lanyard's tumble. If he had not vanished into thin air or gone to earth in some untenanted stateroom thereabouts he found in the close blackness of that narrow passage a cloak of positive invisibility to cover his escape. And there is little wisdom in stalking an armed man whom one cannot see, with what little light there is at one's own back.

So Lanyard went back to the landing, stepping carefully over the obstacle that had both thrown him and saved his life, the supine body of a third man, motionless—whether dead or merely insensible he did not stop to investigate. His immediate concern was for the woman.

As he came upon her now she stood in profile to the partition, tugging strongly at something embedded in the woodwork close by her side, between her waist and armpit. At the sound of his approach she looked up with a tremor of apprehension, quickly calmed

"Monsieur Duchemin! If you please ——" Lanyard, in no way surprised to recognize the voice of Miss Cecelia Brooke, stepped closer

"What is it?" he inquired; and then, bending over to look, found that her cloak was pinned to the partition by the blade of a heavy knife, buried a full half of its considerable length.

"He threw it as you fell," the girl explained. "I was in the direct line."

"Permit me, mademoiselle."

He laid hold of the haft of the weapon and with some difficulty withdrew it.

"Who was it?" he asked, weighing the knife in his palm and examining it as closely as he could without the aid of light.

There was no reply. Directly her cloak was freed, the girl had moved hastily away to the body over which Lanyard had stumbled.

He heard an imploring whisper—"Please!"—and looked up to see her on her knees.

"Who, then, is this?" he demanded, joining her.

"Lionel—Lieutenant Thackeray. Please—oh, please!—tell me he is not dead."

Her voice broke; he saw her slender body convulsed with racking emotions. Kneeling, Lanyard made a hasty and superficial examination—necessarily no more under the conditions.

"His heart beats," he announced; "he breathes. I do not think him seriously injured."

Lanyard made as if to get up. "I will get a light—a flash lamp from my stateroom—or, better still, the ship's surgeon ——"

Her hand fell upon his arm. "Please, no! Not that—not now. Later, if necessary; but now, surely, you can help me carry him to his stateroom."

"You know the number?"

"It's close by—Thirty."

"Find it, and light up. No—leave this to me; I can carry him without assistance."

The girl rose and disappeared. Lanyard passed his arms beneath the Englishman's body, gathered him into them and struggled to his feet—no inconsiderable task.

Light gushed from an open doorway, the third aft from the landing. Staggering, the adventurer entered and deposited the body upon the berth. Immediately the girl closed and bolted the door, then passed between him and the berth to bend over the unconscious man. He lay in deep coma, limbs asprawl, unpleasant glints of white between his half-closed eyelids, his breathing stertorous through parted lips. Free of its sling, his wounded arm dangled over the edge of the berth. In putting him down Lanyard had remarked that its sleeve had been slit to the shoulder and that its bandages were undone. Now, in amazement, he saw the arm was firm and muscular, with an unbroken skin—never a sign of any injury in all its length.

Gently the girl lifted the lieutenant's head to the light, discovering a hideously bruised swelling at the base of the skull, blood darkly matting the close-clipped hair.

She requested, without looking round: "Water, please—and a towel."

Obediently Lanyard ran hot and cold water into the hand basin in equal proportions.

"Would it not be well to call the ship's surgeon?" he suggested diffidently.

"Is that necessary? I am something of a nurse. This is simply a bad contusion—no worse, I believe. He was struck down from behind, a cowardly blow in the dark, as he started to go up on deck. I had been waiting for him. When he didn't come I suspected something was wrong. I came down, found him lying there, that brute kneeling over him."

She spoke coolly enough, in contrast with the high excitement that informed her eyes as she turned away from the berth.

"Monsieur Duchemin, are you armed?"

"I have this," he said, exhibiting the knife thrown by the would-be murderer, a simple trench dagger without distinguishing marks of any sort.

"Then take this, please." Extracting an automatic pistol from a holster belted beneath Thackeray's coat she proffered it. "You won't mind staying here a moment, standing guard, while I fetch a dressing from my room?"

Before he could utter a word of protest she had slipped out into the alleyway, shutting the door behind her.

When several minutes had passed the adventurer found himself beset by increasing concern. This long delay seemed not only inconsistent with her solicitude, but indicated a possibility that the girl had braved unwisely the chance of a resumption of hostilities on the part of her late and as yet anonymous assailant.

Darkening the room as a matter of common-sense precaution, Lanyard, pistol in hand, stepped out into the alleyway in time to see the girl in the act of rising from her knees on the landing, near the spot where Thackeray had fallen. The light of a flash lamp was blotted out as she came hurriedly aft.

Perplexed, he turned back and switched on the light as she entered.

Her eyes challenged his almost defiantly.

"Was I long?" she asked, breathless. "I dropped something."

Lanyard bowed without speaking. Instinctively he knew that she was lying; and divining this in his attitude, she colored and, disconcerted, turned away. For a moment while she busied herself arranging in a convenient chair an assortment of first-aid accessories he fancied that her half-averted face wore a look of sullen chagrin—with its compressed lips, downcast eyes and faintly gathered brows. But directly she needed assistance, and requested it of him in a subdued and impersonal manner, showing a countenance devoid of any incongruous emotion.

Lanyard, lifting the lieutenant's head and heavy torso, helped turn him face downward on the berth, then stood aside, watching the girl's deft fingers sop absorbent cotton in an antiseptic wash and apply it to the injury.

After a little he said: "If mademoiselle has no more immediate use for me ——"

"Thank you, monsieur. You have already done so very much!"

"Then if mademoiselle can supply the name of this assassin ——"

"I know it no more than you, monsieur!" She glanced up at him, startled. "What do you mean to do?"

"Why, naturally, lodge an information with the captain concerning this outrage ——"

"Oh, please, no!"

At a loss, Lanyard shrugged eloquently.

"Not yet, at all events," she hastened to amend. "Let Lionel judge what is best to be done when he comes to."

"But, mademoiselle, who can say when that will be?" He pointed out the ugly ragged abrasion in the young Englishman's scalp, exposed by the cleansing away of the clotted blood. "No ordinary blow," he commented; "something very like a slung shot or a loaded cane did that work. If I may venture again to advise—unless mademoiselle is herself a surgeon ——"

Her color faded, and she caught her breath sharply. "You think it as serious as all that?"

(Continued on Page 89)

The World and Thomas Kelly

XXVII

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

TOM KELLY continued to regard the check doubtfully. It was the largest sum of money he had ever had in his possession—a stupendous amount—more, probably, than his father had ever earned in a single year; far more than the present total of his mother's annual income. And he had got it by doing nothing at all! Yet Wertheim had handed it to him as a matter of course. Old Man Selby had indeed a pull! His words were golden words, or rather golden keys to unlock the doors of fortune.

Tom did not, in fact, have a very clear idea of what had happened. He knew that in some way or other he had purchased stock and made a profit on it. He had not meant to buy it, but then if Wertheim had taken it that way —— It was not until later that he fully realized that had the stock gone down instead of up he could not have covered the resultant loss that the firm would thus have been obliged to bear. But as it was, he saw only a smiling broker and a large check.

"Glad to do business with you any time," said Wertheim, laying a hand on Tom's shoulder and producing a box of cigars. "Have a smoke?"

"No, thanks," replied the youthful financier. He was thinking as rapidly as he could. "Suppose I got you a lot of business—would you pay me a salary?"

"Would we?" ejaculated Wertheim. "Just watch us!"

"I guess I could swing quite a lot of Mr. Selby's trading your way," ventured Tom.

"Fine!" returned his companion.

"All right," answered Tom. "I'll see what I can do. I'll drop round in the morning."

Wertheim and he shook hands, and Tom sauntered out with his check. It was only a quarter of three—the whole affair having occupied less than half an hour. How easy to make a lot of money—if you only knew how! He crossed the street, deposited his voucher, secured a check book and returned to the hotel writing room. He could now pay off Allyn and relieve his mind of an anxiety that had of late grown constantly greater.

Yet as he drew the check to his friend's order for the eight hundred dollars that he owed him he was not altogether easy in his mind. It did not seem, somehow, as if the check could really represent eight hundred dollars. He thought of the petty economies with which his mother's existence had always been filled—the inevitable turning off of the gas when not in use, the saving of odd half sheets of writing paper, the substitution of newspaper spills for matches—the thousand and one ways in which she had managed to eke out her income in order to send him to college and at the same time keep a home open for him to go to.

Only he hadn't gone! Really he must take a run up to Boston soon and see her. How would it do to send her a check for a thousand dollars? Something told him that she would not take it if she knew the source of its origin. She had always referred to the stock exchange as if it had been the portico of the infernal regions. Narrow-minded, of course! But curiously enough Tom felt something of the same superstition. He could not send her a check for so large a sum without explanation—and any truthful explanation would, he knew instinctively, render the gift unacceptable. However, he mailed a check to his tailor in Cambridge for his long-overdue account, and paid whatever other bills he could think of. They were not numerous, though they aggregated nearly thirteen hundred dollars, and he still had over two thousand dollars left when he had finished.

Two thousand dollars! He kept repeating the words in a sort of singsong—"Two-thous-and*dol*-lars—two-thous-and*dol*-lars!" Two thousand dollars? Why he could spend a thousand and still have another thousand dollars left. In a few days, when he'd amassed forty or fifty, or maybe a hundred thousand, he'd take a special train and go up to Boston to see his mother. That would be after he'd made all his arrangements. Then he would come back a full-fledged business man, and his mother would be satisfied so long as it was his regular occupation.

He leaned back in a leather lounge chair and planned what he would do when he returned home. Well, first his mother should go right over to Boylston Street, to that swell Parisian modiste, and order a couple of dresses. There had been enough seamstresses in the house, cluttering up everything, leaving their chalk and wax round, and eating their meals at the table! Imagine! Huh! Eating with a seamstress—even if she was called Miss. Yes, his mother should have a wonderful black-silk dress with real lace—and some decent shoes.

He remembered with a shudder the stubby little kid shoes, rubbed almost white on the toes and sides, that his mother had always insisted on wearing. New shoes for mother! Made to order!

A glow of benevolence possessed him. He'd give her a surprise—a diamond pin in the shape of a cross; he had once heard her express the preposterous wish for one, with an embarrassed laugh at the absurdity of the mere idea. Probably she had prayed the same night to be forgiven for coveting her neighbors' goods! He laughed. Well, by thunder, she should have the pin—two pins!

And then there was Bridget. She would have to give up wearing her hair in that ridiculous knob on the back of her head. It made her look too much like a Biddy. She was a Biddy, of course, but she was a good Biddy—a sort of aristocratic Biddy. Now that they could have a butler if they wanted one, to keep on with Bridget would be a gracious sort of thing to do—*noblesse oblige*, *ancien régime*, and so on. Old family servant. But she must fix up her head and wear a cap—a nice white cap. And learn to mix drinks—temperance drinks.

Tom cracked his fingers and beckoned to a waiter.

"Here, bring me a brandy and soda!"

He scratched off a check for a hundred dollars and handing it to the man, who received it with obeisance, ordered him to cash it.

Then the front door needed to be sandpapered down and varnished. He'd have that attended to. Also the carpet in the hall before the door was worn threadbare. New carpet! Gosh, it was fun to spend two thousand dollars! Upstairs he'd rip everything out—chuck away all the old junk—hair sofas, and so on. Hair sofas! Oh, Lord! Imagine him sitting on a hair sofa! They might do for Aunt Eliza or Uncle Ebenezer. He would take out the gas—his mother was always smelling round for leaks—and install electricity. "Install" was a good word. He liked the sound of it and repeated it several times.

And—of course! Why hadn't he thought of it before?—the bathroom! His mother should have a tiled bathroom with all the most modern fixtures, instead of sitting on a rotten old wooden seat with her feet in a spotted tin tub! But there would have to be somebody to take care of the bathroom—a maid! A neat, rosy, pretty maid in a black dress, a white cap and a dinky little apron like a doily. No more doilies! And there would be finger bowls at every meal, no matter what his mother said! He returned rather fondly to the idea of the maid. He'd pick her out himself or else his mother would get an old scrawny one. There was lots of style in a maid.

At this point the waiter returned with the brandy and soda, the glass being flanked with a pile of yellow and green bills. Tom handed him one off the top of the pile with a grand wave of his hand. It wasn't even a case of keep the change. He was way beyond just little old "keep the change"—he gave bills! He stuffed the mass of paper into his pocket without counting it.

He reverted again to the maid. She must be trim, slender, dark, with big eyes and a lot of wavy hair. She would answer the bell, wake him up in the morning and lay out his pyjamas in the evening. He began to have slight doubts as to his mother's approval. Their waitresses—when they had any—had always been huge, broad-backed, hairy peasants—Swedes, Finns, Lithuanians—Croats even! He wondered if there had been any *arrière-pensée* in this selection of female Brobdingnagians on the part of his mother. Shy old mater! He remembered now a black, fiery little Irish girl from Kenmare that his mother had kept only

overnight. Yes, the maid must be more like that—slender and dark, with big eyes and lots of hair.

He found himself engaged in conjuring up a very vivid picture—a picture that resembled someone strongly.

His thoughts having now turned to Lulie he ordered another brandy and soda. What a wonderful, soft, alluring creature she was! Beside her Pauline was a clodhopper—a stout clodhopper! He recalled that night in the hallway of the bachelor wing at Beausejour—and the next night in the rose garden. How reluctant yet how pliant she had been! He must have quite a way with him. He projected other nights in the rose garden—and elsewhere.

Tom dressed and hastened from the hotel without asking for either Mr. Selby or the ladies, and, having purchased two dozen American Beauties at a florist's on Fifth Avenue, called for Lulie in a hansom. He had never ridden in one before and felt rather rakish in consequence. There was something unusually intimate in being jiggled up and down that way on the seat, and when the horse stopped unexpectedly you were tossed backward in delicious confusion.

They dined expensively at a rather poor restaurant in the Park, talking in innuendoes, and reached the theater at the end of the first act. He wondered several times whether what Wingate had said about his wife was true—that she was only playing with him? He thought about it a good deal in the theater, and it worried his pride somewhat. One thing he was sure of—he wasn't just going to hang round Lulie for the sake of spending his money on her. He felt confident that Wingate was flattering himself—whistling to keep his courage up.

He had warned Tom not to compromise her! How could he compromise her if she were only trifling with him? He had no intention of compromising her anyway, but he refused to believe that she was not serious with him. What did Wingate know about it? He had claimed that she made him a confidant regarding her affairs! Well, she might talk over her affairs with her husband simply for the purpose of putting him off the track. Besides, at the time of the famous marital conference in the Welfleets' garden Lulie had known him only an hour or so. She couldn't have talked him over much, that was sure! There was nothing in it. During the last act he pressed his arm against hers and received an answering pressure that filled him with ecstasy.

On the way home in the hansom he kissed her twice before they reached her apartment. In spite of his violence she promised to drive with him again the following evening, and he stood for several minutes on the sidewalk in front of her apartment house holding her hand. But she did not ask him to come in.

XXVIII

TOM slept late the next morning, and after a hearty breakfast in his sitting room dressed in a leisurely fashion and then strolled over to the Selby apartment in search of his patron, whom he found as usual smoking contemplatively before the window.

"Well," said Selby slyly, after the first salutations were over, "I see Chicle got a move on!"

"It came up nobly to the scratch," answered Tom. "What shall I tell 'em to-day? They expect the very latest information, you know."

"So-ho!" exclaimed Selby. "Got a job already?"

"A sort of one."

"Where?"

"Downstairs. There's a firm of brokers right in the hotel. They say they'll pay me a good salary based on any business I bring in. Of course I didn't have any orders for them, but I passed along your tip on Chicle. Are you doing anything in the market this morning?"

Selby seemed amused.

"You might buy me a couple of thousand shares round 46," he agreed carelessly. "But let it go if it touches 48."

Tom noted the figures carefully upon the back of an envelope, thanked him, and rose to go.

Pauline's name had not been mentioned. In fact, he had not thought of her for over twenty-four hours. With two thousand dollars in bills in his pockets she did not appear necessary.

Wertheim greeted him warmly, his warmth becoming effusion when Tom gave him Mr. Selby's order. It appeared that Chicle had dropped back a little, and they secured the two thousand shares without difficulty at 45½, but almost immediately an upward movement set in, just as it had the afternoon before. Everybody seemed to be buying Chicle, at least everybody in Wertheim & Wertheim's, and most of the customers evinced an undisguised interest in Tom, whose self-esteem rose as Chicle bounded upward.

"Love Me, Tom! I Can't Live Without You!"

Other stocks were neglected, and the bystanders at the ticker indulged in all sorts of speculations as to what was going on in the company. It was the loudly expressed general opinion that the stock had recently been neglected and that there was real, basic value in the property. Tom encouraged this belief by dropping dark hints as to developments in the near future. Somebody promptly organized a small pool and the stock was pushed up beyond 49. As instructed, Tom sold out at 48 and had the satisfaction of knowing that at any rate Mr. Selby had not lost money on him.

He hung round the office until the close of business, then partook of a light lunch in the café, and thereafter amused himself by strolling up and down Fifth Avenue and Broadway until it should be time to dress for dinner and call for Lulie again. His second evening with her passed off much as had the first. Again they dined to music—this time at a Fifth Avenue restaurant—and again sought amusement at the theater; after which she submitted as before to being kissed in the cab and bade him farewell upon the sidewalk. Tom began to feel somehow that Lulie was not playing the game. He couldn't have explained why exactly—or what he expected; but there was a sort of anticlimax about it all.

She was more tantalizing than ever—especially as she had now adopted a quasi-Platonic attitude toward him. It was quite quasi, considering what went on in the cab; but she acted as if whatever passed between them was of a merely friendly character—a boy-and-girl relationship that had no significance. All her hints about the darkness of her future had abruptly stopped. She was apparently quite satisfied to have Tom calling for her in a cab every evening, taking her out to dinner and the theater, and then kissing her good night at the end in what she chose to regard as a brotherly fashion.

The effect on Tom was probably exactly what Lulie had anticipated, and he returned to the hotel each night after leaving her, to toss sleepless on his bed for hours. This went on for four days, during which time Tom each morning dropped in on Mr. Selby, receiving an order to buy or sell usually several thousand shares of stock, secured from him a trifle of information regarding Chicle, visited Wertheim & Wertheim's, whose customers now hung on his every word, and spent the rest of the day in idleness, awaiting the moment when he could feel the soft pressure of Lulie's arm against his and drink in the odor of the violets that she wore upon her bosom.

And meantime Chicle went soaring, and the ticker world at large became convinced that something mysterious was doing in it. Strange customers, emissaries in disguise from other stock-brokerage firms, appeared at Wertheim & Wertheim's to hear what the new prophet had to say about the future of this and other securities, and hung upon his words as upon those of an oracle, demanding to be told what to do. Wertheim admitted nervously that he had gone in again for Chicle rather heavily—was, in fact, the chief holder in the pool—and dogged Tom's footsteps for the very latest news from Selby. It was a bit embarrassing—this enforced attribute of omniscience—and when Chicle went down, as it often did momentarily, he felt almost responsible for its eccentricity. On these occasions he was accustomed to seek Dutch courage in a tall glass of brandy and soda. Cigarettes, of course, were the instruments of his profession.

He had nearly forgotten the existence of Pauline and her mother. The face of Lulie, with the languorous droop of her eyelids, the smell of her hair, the touch of her body, the murmur of her voice, filled his veins with liquid fire and drove every other thought out of his mind, so that he acted as a mere automaton. Selby had seemed rather cool toward him the last day or two, but he had come to have a feeling akin to contempt for the old codger. The days were something merely to be endured until he could see Lulie—his Lulie!

It was on the Friday after they had returned to New York that his infatuation reached its climax. Things could not go on this way, he told himself, any longer. There had got to be a show-down between them. Her indifference was driving him frantic. She must get rid of Wingate—or something. He had passed a sleepless night and risen red-eyed, jumping, almost hysterical. He could eat nothing for breakfast, but drank a large cup of black coffee and a bracer before dressing.

Selby had gone out when as usual Tom called at the apartment. He lit cigarette after cigarette in a vain attempt to steady his nerves. Wertheim & Wertheim would be, he knew, anxious for something about Chicle, which had now climbed to 61. Well, it was still good, he guessed. He had made up his mind about Lulie. He wasn't going to be put off any longer. He'd take her out to dinner, but he wouldn't take her to the theater. He would insist on going back

with her to her apartment. She would have to fish or cut bait. He wasn't going to be made a fool of any longer. He'd find out—know where he stood.

Muttering these and similar expressions he entered Wertheim & Wertheim's and was immediately surrounded by a crowd of anxious investors who demanded to be told anything that Mr. Selby had let drop that morning about Chicle. Tom assured them that it was all right—still good, adding a few imaginary trimmings of the same general pattern out of his own head. The stock, however, did not display its customary firmness and backed and filled up to the time the market closed, the last quotation being two points below the highest for the day. At five minutes after three Wertheim excitedly dragged him into the inner office.

"Look here," he ejaculated, "I don't like the way Chicle is acting. We've got close onto nineteen thousand shares in this office, and most of it is on five points margin. Are you sure it's all right? Nobody's been unloading on us?"

"Of course not!" returned Tom with impatience. "It's as good as gold. I didn't tell you to load up with it, anyway. You bought at your own risk. I merely repeated what Mr. Selby told me about it."

Wertheim was chewing the end of his cigar in great agitation. All his usual *savoir-faire* had disappeared. "It's true Mr. Selby has been buying—but, then, he's been selling too," he said. "He probably has other brokers. He may be running a pool of his own. It means ruin to me and my brother if he is. Why, we may have been buying Selby's own stock all the time!"

"Nonsense!" retorted Tom. "He is giving me all his business just now. You needn't worry."

Wertheim's little gimlet eyes were fastened on Tom's face.

"I know you think so!" he answered soberly. "But you might be mistaken. And if you were, Wertheim & Wertheim would be busted—that's all. I'd get out to-morrow morning—sell in London before the opening, in fact—if I thought there was any chance of your being wrong."

"There's no use being so excited about it!" tartly answered Tom. "Everything's all right. The stock will probably keep on going up all the way to par. But if you'd feel any better about it I'll ask Selby when he comes in this evening what he thinks."

"The trouble is," explained Wertheim anxiously, "I'm going to Schenectady at four o'clock. If we're going to get out of Chicle I'll have to cable London to-night."

"Couldn't I telephone to you in Schenectady?" inquired Tom.

"I don't know where I shall be staying," replied Wertheim dejectedly. "Shan't know until I get there. But I could telegraph you as soon as I arrive when and where to call me up. Will that inconvenience you?"

"No—not at all!" said Tom generously, realizing that after all he was in a measure responsible for the rise in Chicle and for Wertheim's embarrassment. "I'll call you up before midnight and let you know what Mr. Selby says. I'll be glad to do that for you."

Wertheim looked relieved.

"Thanks—awfully!" he ejaculated.

It was all rather a bore to Tom, but he felt under obligations to Wertheim—they were partners in a way. He'd taken nearly four thousand dollars out of the firm. It wouldn't be much trouble, after all, to call the broker up on the long-distance telephone. He could do it right from Lulie's apartment. Lulie! How could he wait until eight o'clock to see her?

He ordered a drink for himself in the café, and then called Lulie's number on the telephone, only to be told by her maid that her mistress was out and not expected back until six o'clock. It was raining, and the hotel air was heavy and depressing. Disconsolately he threw himself into one of the leather chairs in the foyer. Yes, it was time to know where he stood with Lulie! He'd ask her to go away with him that very night. He had money enough for the present. This suspense was insupportable. He could fix things up with Wingate somehow. He wouldn't make a row if he was satisfied that Lulie really loved someone else. There was nothing in it any other way. It was all or nothing. They couldn't stay as they were. His cigarette case became exhausted and he refilled it at the cigar counter. At five o'clock he went upstairs, bathed and began to dress for the evening.

His preparations completed, he rang for the evening papers and a gardenia, which he placed in the buttonhole of his dress coat. He had still an hour to wait before it should be time to call for Lulie. The valet had pulled down the curtains of his sitting room and turned on the lights, and now Tom put a match to the fire and sat down before it in an armchair. Outside, the rain drove in heavy gusts against the windows. He was very tired, and his right eye and temple ached fiercely. Now and then the muscles of his legs gave spasmodic jerks. He leaned back his head and closed his eyes, listening to the soft snapping of the coal in the grate. The warmth was comforting to his soul. Soon he became drowsy. Just as he was on the point of falling asleep there came an unexpected knock upon the door behind him.

"Come in!" he answered automatically, thinking it might be a boy with a letter or the perennial pitcher of ice water. Then to his surprise and embarrassment he discovered that it was Pauline, and he staggered shamefacedly to his feet. "Why, Pauline!" he stammered.

What a Wonderful, Soft, Alluring Creature She Was!

She was in a low-cut evening gown; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes unnaturally bright; and he noticed that she was twisting her fingers nervously as she came toward him.

"Tom!" she besought him, almost pathetically. "Where have you been all this time?"

He muttered something about having been very busy—looking down like a schoolboy before her frank gaze. Something told him that just as he had intended to have it out with Lulie, Pauline had come to have it out with him. She was close beside him now, looking at him with intent, pleading eyes.

"How badly you look!" she exclaimed. "Is anything the matter?"

"I don't feel very fit," he replied awkwardly. It occurred to him that it wasn't exactly the thing for a girl to drift into a fellow's room like that. Suppose her mother should come along!

"Don't you want to come into the drawing-room?" he asked in a weak voice. He would have given all the money in his pocket to have been there.

"No," she said, and her voice sounded curiously flat. "I wanted to see you alone." She paused. "Haven't you anything to say to me? We haven't seen each other for nearly a week, and we've been right across the hall from each other all the time."

Again Tom tried to stammer out some sort of explanation. It was beastly rude, he admitted—rotten, in fact—but there had been so much to do—business and all that, for her father—he hoped now he'd got started it would be different—they'd have to go to the theater or something soon; he stopped, realizing that he was talking into the air. Pauline was watching him anxiously. Already her instinct told her that the situation was hopeless. Indeed, she had suspected it to be so from the first night upon the yacht, and the suspicion had been strengthened by what had occurred upon the mountain. But she was unwilling to let Tom go without a struggle. He was standing before the fire, his head upon his breast, unwilling or afraid to meet her eyes.

"Tom!" she cried, and in her voice there was a note of agonized yearning.

He looked up—he could not do less—and his lips quivered. After all, he was only twenty-two. He hadn't meant to hurt Pauline—didn't want to hurt her. Her face was close to his now, and he could see big tears in her eyes.

"I—Pauline!" he choked. "I guess I've been a brute!"

"No! No!" she protested, holding out her arms to him. "You've been a perfect dear—always! Tom! Oh, Tom!" She pressed one arm to her eyes and, before he could draw away, threw the other round his neck. "Love me!" she sobbed with her head on his shoulder. "Love me, Tom! I can't live without you!"

Tom, wretched with self-reproach, put both arms round her.

"Don't, Pauline!" he ordered. "You mustn't. You're all upset. You're not yourself!"

She shook her head, weeping convulsively.

"I love you! I love you! You *must* love me! I shall die without you! Say you love me! Tom! Say you love me!" She clung to him like a frenzied child.

"Pauline!" he answered sharply. "You must stop! Do you hear? Stop! This—this won't do at all! I'm very fond of you, of course. You know that. But I don't love you—the way you mean!"

"Oh!" she sobbed, letting her arms fall away from him. "Oh!"

She drew back slowly, almost reluctantly, her face burning with a deep crimson, in spite of her wet cheeks.

"Oh!" she cried, her voice vibrating with shame and anger. "Oh! I hate you! I hate you!"

And turning on her heel she rushed out of the room.

Tom stood there, shocked and humiliated, appreciating fully that he and no one else was responsible for this unpleasant scene, yet endeavoring to convince himself that he had not at any time intentionally deceived Pauline as to his feelings toward her. His attempt at self-justification, however, was far from satisfactory. He had really played fast and loose with her—even if it was equally true that she had taken rather more for granted than the circumstances warranted. Poor Pauline!

A stout figure blocked the threshold, and Tom suddenly found himself confronted by poor Pauline's father. The little man was glaring at him aggressively, a large cigar blazing fiercely in front of his bellicose features. Slamming the door behind him without turning round, he advanced toward the rug on which Tom was standing, removed the cigar with his left hand and clenched his right a short distance away from Tom's nose.

"You young whippersnapper!" he shouted. "What you mean by treatin' my Pauline this way? I thought—everybody thought—it was all fixed up 'tween her and you! Now she's gone in there to her room cryin' her eyes out! What d'you say to her, eh? You tell me—see!"

He made a rather ridiculous figure—suggesting an old hen trying to turn gamecock in defense of her offspring. Tom's feeling of self-abasement instantly turned to irritation.

"I didn't say anything to her!" he retorted. "She did all the talking herself!"

Pa Selby glowered at him indignantly.

"I guess she wouldn't take on so unless you was partly to blame!" he returned in heat. "Anyhow, I won't have my little girl talked to so's to make her cry. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I tell you I said nothing to her at all!" answered Tom stubbornly. "If you ask her she'll tell you so herself."

Selby rubbed his chin and returned the cigar to his mouth. He had not intended to precipitate a quarrel with Tom.

"What was the trouble about?" he demanded.

"Ask her," answered Tom, feeling that the least he could do was to be loyal to a lady who had made him an avowal.

Selby twisted the cigar round in his mouth.

"Look here," he said finally. "Perhaps it's none of my business. Only a lovers' quarrel, maybe?"

Tom shook his head.

Selby turned color.

"Say, you don't mean you ain't in love with Pauline, do you?"

"That is the fact," answered Tom shortly.

"My God!" exclaimed the manufacturer. He sank helplessly into the armchair. "What on earth you been hangin' round her all summer for? I thought you were as good as engaged."

"I like your daughter very much," said Tom with dignity. "But that's entirely different from getting married to her."

"You must have thought I was dead stuck on you!" declared Mr. Selby with a shade of disgust. "Look at the business I offered to give you. Did you suppose I'd do that for any young feller that just came along? Dear me! This is awful!"

He smoked dejectedly during an embarrassed interval of several minutes. Then he looked up at Tom with an effort at geniality.

"Look here!" he began good-naturedly. "I imagine things ain't so bad that they can't be mended. I guess Pauline was a little too much in a hurry. You mustn't mind that! Of course you like her! Everybody likes her. She's a sweet, fine, noble girl—and she's all her mother

and me has got. We couldn't be happy a minute without she was happy. She sets a store by you—I know that. You got to get married sometime. Now, why not Pauline? She'll be a rich girl some day."

He looked eagerly at Tom's face.

"I don't want to marry for money," replied Tom, with a sharp prick of his almost dormant conscience.

"It ain't marryin' for money!" Mr. Selby assured him. "I wouldn't suggest your marryin' Pauline without you loved her. But nobody could help lovin' Pauline. Come now! Think it over! There ain't a smarter, prettier girl to be found anywheres than my little Pauline!"

Tom shook his head.

"It's no use, Mr. Selby," he answered. "I don't love your daughter. I can't marry her."

There was a long silence. At length Mr. Selby said very slowly:

"Listen here, Mr. Kelly! I'll give you a million dollars in cash if you'll marry my daughter."

Tom turned half sick. It had been one thing to play with the idea of marrying for money; it was another to discover that he was the kind of person who others believed would deliberately sell himself for money. It was a refined distinction, but it was nevertheless true that for the first time he saw the degrading position in which his conduct had placed him. He was dizzy, faint, nauseated almost.

"No!" he groaned. "No!"

His coat and tall hat were lying upon the sofa, and he put them on hurriedly.

"Well, I didn't mean to say anything ——" began Mr. Selby apologetically—but Tom had fled. The old man shook his head several times with a puzzled air. "Well, what do you think of that!" he remarked to his cigar. "Well!" he shrugged his shoulders. "Poor Pauline!" And he sighed deeply.

Tom made his way down the marble staircase to the hotel office like one who walks in his sleep. He hardly knew where he was going—his only idea being to escape from the tentacles of the Selbys. He was half blind from headache, and in addition he was almost ill with disgust and shame. Automatically he walked to the bar and drank a glass of whisky. It still lacked three quarters of an hour to seven and he sat down in a corner and ordered another whisky and a siphon of carbonic. The Selby situation had blown wide open—no more tips on Chicle, no more orders.

He now clearly perceived his actual relationship to these people, whose guest he still was. Luckily he could terminate his dependence upon the Selby hospitality. He could and would at once call for his bill at the office and pay it himself. To-morrow he would take rooms somewhere else—unless something happened with Lulie. He would tell her about his experiences, and it might incline her to be more acquiescent in his wishes. He did not ask himself what those wishes were exactly; he merely knew that their relationship couldn't go on as it was. He was all alone in the great city except for Lulie, and he was solitary and miserable. She was the only person who meant anything to him.

A new element crept unexpectedly into his feelings toward her—a longing to be with her simply because she was friendly and interested in his welfare—a desire to be somewhere where he belonged, or at least was understood. Unconscious of the fact, Tom suddenly began to be homesick for the first time in his life. He filled his tall glass from the siphon and drank half of it, and for some reason it made the ache over his eye seem less acute, though his whole head buzzed and throbbed. He began to pity himself. The Selbys had treated him badly, had willfully misconstrued a frank and disinterested friendship. Pauline was a man hunter cheated of her prey. Her father had deliberately kicked him out into the street because he refused to be bought. A million dollars! He ground his teeth impotently, refusing now to admit that he had laid himself open to the accusation of being a fortune hunter. They were a cold-blooded lot, these rich parvenus! A rotten bunch, that Newport crowd!

He rose uncertainly and making his way to the office demanded his bill. He was amazed to find that it amounted to over a hundred dollars. While paying it he recalled his promise to telephone to Wertheim at Schenectady. Well, he couldn't get any more tips from Selby. Wertheim would have to decide for himself what to do. Under the circumstances the broker had better sell in London next morning before the opening. He would call him up from Lulie's and suggest his doing so. With this in mind he requested the mail clerk to forward by messenger any telegram that might come for him to Mrs. Wingate's, whose address he wrote down upon a card.

As he drove in the heavy rain up Fifth Avenue to Fifty-seventh Street he felt that only to be near Lulie again would make him infinitely happy. At the door of her apartment the butler helped him off with his coat and took his hat and overshoes.

"Mrs. Wingate wished me to tell you, sir," said the man, "that on account of the bad weather she has ordered dinner in the apartment."

Tom endeavored to show no concern on receiving this announcement, but that Lulie should of her own accord have anticipated his desires filled him with excitement and trepidation. Had something come over her? Was she really afraid of the wet or was the rain merely an eagerly seized upon excuse? At least he was to have the opportunity of forcing the issue with her without having to manufacture or insist upon an occasion. His heart pumped disquietingly as he followed the butler down the hallway and across the threshold of her drawing-room.

"Mr. Kelly," announced the avant-courier, with a crisp English accent, and stepped back and out.

A fire of sea coal was glowing upon the hearth, the soft light from a couple of shaded lamps fell upon the gilded bindings of books and silver frames, and the atmosphere of the room was warm and heavy with the fragrance of the roses he had sent her that afternoon. To come thus out of the drab, rain-swept avenue into the mellow comfort of this feminine boudoir in itself went far toward satisfying the physical yearning Tom had been feeling for some place to which he belonged—for something more personal than the foyer or bar of a great hotel, and he interpreted this merely physical catlike satisfaction as an evidence of the necessity he felt for having Lulie near him. Indeed, the transition from storm to lamplight, from loneliness to the sense of companionship, from emotional discomfiture to the feeling of instinctive sympathy, brought the hot tears welling to his tired red eyes and set his chin to quivering as Lulie turned to him with a smile from where she was lying on a chaise longue before the fire.

"Well, Tom!" she said, and her voice seemed to wreathe itself about him in an embrace. "I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind staying here with me ——" She paused inquiringly. "Why, you poor boy! What is the matter?"

Her tone was so kind and sympathetic that it tore away the last barrier of his self-control. By her very gentleness

(Continued on Page 101)

Giving Way Utterly to Fatigue, Loneliness and Spiritual Dejection Tom Threw Himself on His Knees Before Her

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Copperheads

NOBODY, except possibly in carefully selected company and behind carefully closed doors, says the enemy ought to conquer. Copperheads in the Civil War did not say that.

They said simply that the war was a failure; that the cause for which it was waged was a bad or dubious cause to begin with; and even if it had been a good cause, to win it by force of arms was manifestly impossible.

They cited its frightful cost in life and wealth, and pointed out that all the dire sacrifice could be stopped immediately by the very simple expedient of letting the seceding states alone.

They criticized every means by which the war was carried on and were great champions of freedom of speech. They held that the war, while speciously purporting to extend liberty to the blacks, was really enslaving the North to Lincoln's odious tyranny, and they anticipated some suffragettes by more than half a century in dubbing the President a czar.

They wanted peace and evolved various schemes by which it might be achieved—surrender being the basic condition of all of them. Such men are acting with our people's enemy as much as though they were in physical fact dampening the powder of our soldiers and sharpening the swords of the foe. They are trying to defeat us, for to take away a people's sense of justification and hope of victory is to defeat them. They are mocking sacrifices while they weep over them, for they are saying the sacrifices were patently silly and futile.

Stop Thief!

AMONG all the pests that beset rural life none is more vexatious and elusive than the automobile thief. This species of mucker usually lives in the city and preys upon farmers and owners of large places anywhere within forty miles of home. His depredations vary all the way from simple trespass to thefts of fruit and vegetables and to malicious mischief of all sorts.

Saturdays and Sundays are the special field days of this petty criminal, though any pleasant day between April and December will do as well. At this season of the year he likes to make a day of it and take his lunch with him. It is characteristic of his tribe to strew paper lunch boxes, oiled papers, eggshells and uneaten sandwiches in every handy piece of woodland or on well-kept lawns.

After a luncheon eaten on private grounds the lawless picnickers go foraging, and if they are lucky, as they too often are, they fill the tonneau of their car with melons, grapes and other fruit and with vegetables and return to town with considerable loot. Usually the damage they do amounts to more than their stealings.

They have a special fondness for building fires. To owners of woodland they are a dangerous menace, for many forest fires have been traced to members of this lawless breed, who are as indifferent to the dangers of fire as they are to the rights of others.

Some of these offenders are of the hoodlum type, but quite as many drive their own high-priced cars and have a certain appearance of respectability. When warned off private property they become indignant and insulting and can scarcely be ousted by anything short of force. It is needless to add that people of this stripe would be the first to howl for the police if anyone should invade their own premises.

During the past season farmers have suffered from raids of automobile thieves more severely than ever before. It is high time for motorists' associations to take the matter in hand and endeavor to put an end to the nuisance; for if it continues farmers and local police authorities must combine and take drastic measures for their own protection.

The Gamble

HAVING borrowed twenty billion dollars in a strictly moral manner, the British Government is considering a lottery—to the extent, at least, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer recently told the House of Commons he was inclined to appoint a committee to study the subject.

They do not call it a lottery, for that word has a disreputable sound to Anglo-Saxon ears. They call it an issue of premium bonds. The idea—indorsed by distinguished economists—is to issue bonds bearing two and a half or three per cent interest instead of five per cent, and to put the difference between five per cent and whatever rate of interest the bonds bear into a fund to redeem, at a premium, bonds drawn by lot. Every bondholder would get his principal and two and a half or three per cent interest; certain lucky holders would get a handsome premium in addition.

It proposes, of course, an appeal to the ineradicable gambling instinct in men. Its advocates argue, no doubt correctly, that a good many people whom the certainty of five per cent left cold would quite warm up to a one-in-ten chance of ten per cent or a one-in-twenty chance of twenty per cent.

The French, who are not only past masters in the science of investment but have a candid—and disconcerting—habit of looking human nature in the face without blushing, have always tacked a lottery feature to bond issues of the highest respectability. Among gay Latins it has always been popular.

We doubt that England will do it, and are quite certain the United States will not. We say we are devoted to a scheme of things under which every man shall be treated alike and have an equal chance. How, then, could our Government deliberately set up a scheme under which the many would get but a small return while the lucky few got a large return?

That difficulty does not bother a Frenchman, because he knows there is a large measure of buncombe in our professions of strict equality; and in our hearts we like a scheme under which there is a big element of chance, because we are all hoping to draw one of the lucky numbers. But we are not French. We like the gamble, but would not admit it officially.

Using Credit

A BIG banker points out that great care should be used in offering securities to the public now. A state, city or business corporation that floats an issue of bonds when the Government is from time to time applying for immense amounts of credit necessarily competes with the Government and makes its task harder.

Unless it is a refunding operation, the state, city or corporation, having borrowed the money, will spend it for materials and labor; and there again it competes with the Government, which is requiring vast quantities of materials and labor for war purposes.

Therefore, the banker argues, every proposed bond issue should be considered very carefully to see whether it is really necessary at this time; and it should be postponed, unless it can really justify itself, in view of the nation's war needs.

But the same argument applies with equal force to every private use of credit. Your hundred-dollar operation draws upon the available stock of credit, labor and materials just as much relatively as the corporation's million-dollar operation.

The public need of your hundred dollars is the same relatively as of the corporation's million dollars. It is a bad time to go needlessly into debt.

The Enemies at Home

IN THIS great national crisis conservatism has been much more conspicuously serviceable than radicalism. It is not Penrose or Lodge who has been using the power of a great public office to dampen the powder, but La Follette. No party of Wall Street plutocrats has sought to make the cause for which the nation is offering its blood and faith look contemptible; but the Socialist Party has. When the times call with a fateful voice for the highest coördination of energy and the greatest production, the Steel Trust cheerfully accepts Government prices, which are about half those prevailing in the markets; while the most radical labor organization pretty openly devotes itself to throwing the machinery out of gear, so far as it is able. Instances might be multiplied.

Already one meets daily with good citizens who are drawing the easiest deduction from Russia. Socialists are in the saddle there.

Radicalism took complete possession of the country—it being perhaps the second time in history when radicalism ever had complete possession of a big country. And you see what they are doing with it!

At a rare time, when a great majority of the people have a public cause to which they are really devoted and which engages their emotions, when they are sacrificing life to that cause and every sacrifice will undoubtedly give it a higher sanction in their hearts, they look at the more conspicuous happenings; and it seems that radicalism is pretty largely disserviceable to their cause.

Now ordinarily radicalism is serviceable; but a good deal of it—and that, often, the more conspicuous portion—is but lightly anchored to fact. Much of it is simply a nonconforming temperament—inveterately pugnacious, as in La Follette's case, or inveterately critical. War, presenting a vast, unavoidable fact and supremely demanding conformity, tends to make it disserviceable. In this country, at any rate, it is by way of acquiring a popular disrepute.

Food Education

THE Food Administration's program for reducing home use of the foodstuffs most available for export is perfectly simple and easy.

Any family, with no hardship, expense, or even inconvenience, can eat corn, rye or Graham bread in place of white bread at least one day a week; can substitute vegetables, fish and fowl for beef and pork to the small extent the administration suggests; can use somewhat less animal fats by resorting to vegetable oils.

It is perfectly easy now, when a great motive for saving certain foods appeals to every patriotic mind.

In ordinary times, when no great object that roused popular enthusiasm was at stake, it would have been impossible; for experience shows that only by a mighty jolt can people be shaken out of their customary dietary habits.

That is why this program promises to develop a value which will far outlast the war. It will amount to a great, practical, popular education in the use of food. Hereafter, we believe, American dietary habits will be more flexible and we shall nourish ourselves more economically. If there is a scant wheat crop and white bread is dear, this war experience will have taught us to meet the situation by shifting to corn and rye. We shall have learned to use wholesome substitutes for butter and lard when those articles are scarce. We shall always be much readier to adjust our diet to our actual food resources, because war experience will have shown us how easily it may be done.

Incidentally the whole business of distributing foodstuffs is getting surveyed with an earnestness that promises enduring improvements.

We need now hearty and universal coöperation all along the line, but especially in every kitchen. Hereafter we shall feed ourselves more scientifically, which may easily amount to a national benefit of incalculable proportions.

The Obstructionists

THE first-class and second-class mail that comes to our desk contains much complaint. And there is much ground for complaint.

Plenty of people are putting profits before patriotism. Some leaders and organizations of labor are as ready to fight out a little private war for their private gain as though the nation were at peace. Some representatives of capital are unwilling to abate a jot of their old stiff-necked, stupid hostility to all labor organization. As bad as either of them are those distinguished statesmen who wished to enrage Northwestern farmers against the Government and against the war.

War-obstructing enemy helpers in Congress naturally raise the temperature of patriotic blood. Notorious faults of that body are especially irritating at this time. Among those, out of Congress, who placed themselves in violent opposition to the President and his Cabinet in the two years preceding our declaration of war, there are a few who cannot resist the temptation to heave a brick now.

The ancient battle between haves and have-nots finds abundant opportunity to rage; and there is plenty of demagoguery on one side of it and plenty of selfishness on the other.

Whether it is your habit to view public affairs from the conservative right or the radical left or the center, you can find much to complain about.

But the great mass movement has the right direction and velocity. We have caught the stroke. In Wall Street and in the corner grocery, in shops and on farms, scores of millions are in the attitude of hearty, vigorous coöperation with the Government. Broadly, we are going right—and we are going to win.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Rob Wagner—Himself

By Himself

WHAT could be more exquisitely delicious than to have two hundred words with which to tell two million people what a hellufa fella you are! This egofest has been vouchsafed me and I'm so excited over the chance to talk about myself that I am shaking like an aspen leaf.

There is a curious perquisite that goes with writing in the first person singular. No end of people think that the fellow who is writing the piece is the hero of the tale. So first let me expose who I am not. I am not a film queen,

(Concluded on Page 126)

Madame Howard

NOT many women, however brave they may be, have the opportunity to visit and minister to the soldiers while they are actually in the trenches. Madame Houard, the lady in black in the central picture on this page, has done so repeatedly, and the snapshot shows her and one of her fearless fellow workers. She has won a *Croix de Guerre*, but she has won something besides that she no doubt prizes even more than that—the devotion of the French soldiers with whom she has worked.

Rachel Crothers

TO THE left is an excellent snapshot of "Cobb," the great Dane who is Miss Crothers' chief friend and companion during the summer months. The lady herself, who on this occasion hid so completely beneath her hat, is not usually quite so successful in keeping out of the public eye. She is the author of the play Old Lady Thirty-One which ran in New York last winter. Ever since the outbreak of the war she has spent much of her time in organizing the women of the stage as a unit for war relief work.

William Thaw

WHEN a French air pilot has accounted for five Boches he is mentioned by name in the official reports of the day, and is spoken of as an "ace," which in French slang means super-pilot. Lieutenant Thaw got into the ace class while flying in the American squadron with the French Army, with which he has been connected since March 17, 1916. Previous to that he was in the Foreign Legion. He is senior member of the Lafayette Esquadrille and one of the originators of the idea of organizing an American unit in the French flying service. He is said to be a cool flier, who takes no unnecessary chances and gets his man by superior maneuvering. He has been decorated with the Legion of Honor and the *Croix de Guerre*, and is known as the American Eagle.

Simon Lake—Himself

By Himself

MY HOME and my private experimental shops are situated in Milford, Connecticut; a great part of my business interests, however, are centered in the city of Bridgeport.

My life from early youth has been spent in the development and construction of submarine appliances for military and industrial purposes, both in this country and abroad. I have seen the time when my ideas, and those of John P. Holland as well, were laughed to scorn; when we were dubbed cranks, nareprained and sometimes crazy. Later, however, our devices were adopted in the navies of every nation of the world.

In spite of that fact, the naval authorities themselves had little faith in the submarine as an effective weapon; their interest in it was mainly experimental. It was

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DEEP SEA SCOUTING

Life on an American Destroyer in the Danger Zone

IT IS something—or nothing—to be a foretop lookout on an American destroyer in this submarine war. A word down the voice tube to the foreshortened figures huddled in sheepskins on the bridge, and a splinter of history may be launched. But—"Periscope—two points on the port bow!" A sure one spikes the blank and furtive sea too seldom. Rather it is a barrel, or cotton bails, a deckhouse, butter tub, an empty whaleboat torn by shells. One raft held a dead Chinaman. Aboard we have come to sing:

We joined the "Limie" gobs, also,
To battle with the Hun,
And we are 'waiting patiently
A Fritz who will not run.

One hour on, three off, throughout the twenty-four of such a watch allows, with other duties, sleep in two-hour spells. But a single hour in the foretop is all that any vision and a right tension of mind for the duty can endure. You end a patrol period feeling like having been squeezed to the base ashore through a knothole. Eyes hint of a prolonged bat. And yet, in port again, the hunger comes to be back at the treacherous gamble.

Aloft a rope is slung within a tiny cylinder. You sit on it and become a fatalist in a white cap that just tops two steel hoops stretched with canvas. This may wave through seventy degrees, in an icy drizzle that shoots needles into eye sockets—a cage that, torpedoes aside, gives better thrills than anything high up at Coney. A destroyer is but an armed knife blade, a warren of clutching men in gray life preservers, a roar of burning oil.

The Rusty Elephant's Troubles

SEASICK? It is to laugh, or die. You shin below to grab submarine turkey—canned salmon—in one hand, since no galley cooks on the bounce; from a thick mug in the other, to spill coffee down your locker. You want a tail to wrap monkeywise round a stanchion. It's enough just to get away with it—as the navy says of so much—and keep your temper. Any minute the Hun Nemesis may rise alongside, guns thunder, blood spurt, a fish—that is, a torpedo—flip into your bunk; and your thoughts be as far from anything heroic as from steak and onions. But you do get a new angle on this freedom of the seas.

Yet there are fairer moments; and a June morning off the blear coast of Ireland brought them. Two men on watch, wedged between the sights of Number Four gun, were sneaking a smoke. Black tiny birds fretted the calm sea; olive porpoises corkscrewed their swift snouts fathoms deep; and gulls, with chinchilla wings and canary eyes, played their game of dangerously shaving past the bow. To think, up in the top there, was to consider wildly of wars and gentler eras, as one does in listening to good music. Navigator and sextant stumped up the bridge ladder for their eight-o'clock sight. A tern relaxed his wings to splash upon a prey. Straight under, the galley activities wafted forth delicious odors.

We had on our hands, as usual, the rusty elephant of a tramp ship, escorting her. She was the Ara-something—memorable by her odd cargo of copper ore and oranges. At twilight her S O S had sought us. Not that she was strafed and helpless, but nervous skippers nearing the war zone know we are about, and naturally value speed and guns for company. Aboard this one, as we stood by, a Falstaff, with a square red beard, quaked atop the deckhouse. Two gunners at their after four-point-seven kept it trained on us until all secret challenges were answered. A brisk signal boy wagged his red-and-yellow flags, and below a terrier ran in circles. A listless crew, in soiled white shirts and dungarees, sagged the life lines. Our quartermaster helped to achieve this dialogue:

ARA. We took you for a submarine at first and destroyed all our confidential documents.

WE. Can we be of any assistance?

ARA. Thank you. No assistance required. At midnight we change course for the —

WE. We are very sorry about those papers.

ARA. Pray do not mention it. We shall report the matter on reaching port.

Whence it seemed that we were fighting no less for the chivalry of the seas than to maintain their etiquette.

This morning my relief was late. Below at last, I headed for the wash room to soak my face in salt water and boil eggs at the steam vent. Returning forward, the hum of our forced draft was mounting like a siren. We began to smoke; amidships a gunner's mate of the torpedo watch stamped on the thin steel over Number Two fireroom to stop it. The whistle spoke hoarsely twice as I reached the break of the fo'castle. From the bridge annunciators came a voice ordering twenty-five knots, the shout to man that Number Four—bow—gun; and our lean tireless captain kited out of the wardroom passage and up the ladder. Then, from all about, the throbbing tocsin of the General Quarters alarm, which ushers a ship into action.

My station was to learn from the executive which waist gun would be manned, shift its voice tube down in the forward compartment, then to stick on the bridge. The word was "No. —— gun!" The tube switch was kept set for it. Small chance to get below, anyway. The gun crew round the hatch pressed upward; the whole deck force off watch swarmed acrobatically up the lower ladder. "No.—— gun!" I passed the word. Plugmen and pointers clustered about and swung her. The sight setter clamped on his leather headgear. The cover was torn from an ammunition box and a loader caught a shell in his arms as one holds a baby. From the figures hanging over the mattress windshield, binoculars at eyes that strained straight ahead, a bit to starboard, words grew clear and stirring in the sudden ordered quiet:

"Submarine!"—"Sure—this time!"—"Eight thousand yards!"—"Trip your safety on that gadget!"—"Stand by to fire!"—"Are you on, down there—on . . . ?"

Like a Bottle on Its Side

ALL movement crept, or appeared to merely—because I had prefigured excitement for this swift instant. The crew of that fo'castle gun seemed made of lead—to have all their fingers thumbs. Now was when everyone but you appeared lifeless, while he should have raced like a cinema. And I had nothing to hurry about! The gray boson's mate at the port tube raised an ear, blankly shook his head, as though hearing nothing from his hail to the sight setters. Our exec., with the habit of upthrusting his chin as he spoke, gave the deflection and ranges impersonally into the upper air:

"Seven thousand five hundred! . . . Knots five-ty one!"

The sub lay ahead, a clear, dark shape, queerly like a bottle lying on its side, and little different, in the three-mile distance, from any trawler a-harvesting mines. Yet, as we roared forward, my memory flew back to actions faced before. The forward gun crew, too, falsely looked blind and spiritless; the youngster fumbling at the sights, the toll of child labor in a New Jersey glass factory—which he was—"burnt out inside," his shipmates always said. But this, too, stressed a reflex of overeagerness, had touched even the captain also.

"Ready?—Fire!" he called. Continually the range and deflection came repeated. "Aren't you ready? Ready? . . ."

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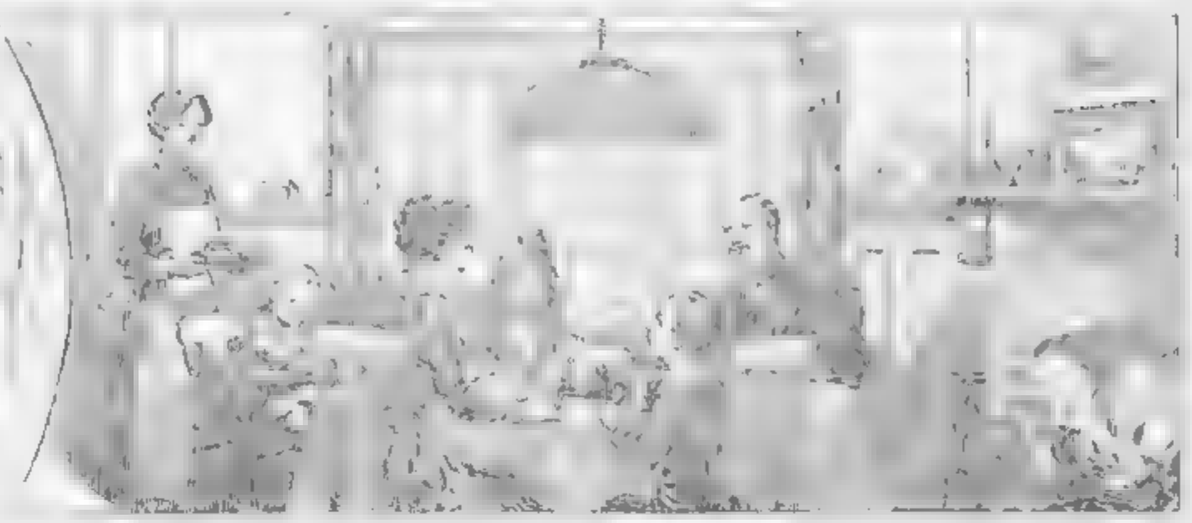
United States Torpedo-Boat Destroyer Sterrett

"With *Campbell's* good cheer
All ready and near,
I carry the summer time
Right through the year."



Right through the winter!

All the tempting flavor of juicy sun-ripened tomatoes fresh from the vines is brought to your table any day in the year by *Campbell's Tomato Soup*. And all their invigorating qualities too.

In the fresh red-ripe field-grown tomato Nature has provided one of her finest digestive stimulants. And this becomes doubly valuable, doubly delicious, when blended in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

You could not have a food-product on your table more wholesome or more appetizing.

The tomatoes are brought to us fresh from the fields—selected vine-ripened fruit. And we make them into soup the same day.

Every tomato passes under the careful inspection of at least six pairs of eyes. It goes through five washings and four strainings. This eliminates all skins, seeds and core-fibre.

The cooking is timed to the minute, regulated by thermometer, supervised by skillful experts. There is no over-cooking; no stewing. By the Campbell process the bright natural color and fragrant aroma are completely retained.

We combine the pure juice with other choice materials, delicately seasoned, in a soup as nourishing as it is delightful.

What a satisfaction to feel that this nutritious soup is always at hand—ready for your table without a minute's delay! Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case now, and be sure of your winter supply.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28

He bent and snapped upright his long legs. Five minutes or more the sub had been in sight, but the forward gun muzzle was still nosing low to the deck. It should have lifted high for the trajectory needed by one of its small size at that distance. Point-blank shots could have no better than luck in landing. But this was the last thing for us to grasp. Here was our first sub, remember.

"Foretop! . . . What's the matter up there? Why doesn't he report?"

"He did report it, sir," said the executive, "as a spar afloat. Nothing since."

"Spar! . . . A submarine plain as my nose. Get aloft there yourself!" The skipper chafed his hands like cymbals. "Why—aren't—those sights set?" He leaned over the shield. "You've been getting that range ten minutes. What d'you want—me to fire it for you?"

You conceived the pirates yonder disturbed at their rare *frühstück*, with sunlight shining down the conning-tower hatch, and muttering "*Amerikaner! Amerikaner! Schwein!*"

"Ready, sir," said our noisy young quartermaster, now so you hardly heard him. His carrot-haired, weathered chief at the wheel slightly raised a shoulder. The skipper muttered "Sweetbreads for brains aloft there!" as the exec. swung up the ladder toward them.

The Hun showed clearer. We boiled on southeast; the sub was headed, moving slowly, northwest—at right angles to us. Suddenly a white wave licked out along her bow. Two seconds, and another, larger wash showed. The bottle was settling forward; it rose aft, then was gone beneath, like nothing so much as a turtle surprised on a rock and slipping off to bottom.

"Gone!"—"Submerged!"—"Missed our chance!" "—— —— ——" "Now what d'ye think of that?" "What are we all out here for?" So the strain relaxed, slowly, through degrees of anger, chagrin, to the naked spirit of a zest born foiled.

The officer returned from the foretop.

"Lookout says he saw her periscopes and two deck guns ten minutes ago," said he disgustedly. "Never reported them."

"That's it—that sums us!" The captain flung off his glass. "We didn't shoot."

"A shot would have gone through the capstan, down into our eyes," reported the tall gun captain from the fo'castle. "That boot at our sights ——" And the Number Two gun crew, unable to have pointed sufficiently abeam, leveled mute glances upward.

Periscope—Close a-Starboard

LIFE fell again to its routine plane. Orders were for standard speed again, to secure from quarters, find what revolutions we had been making. And quietly the skipper dictated down the wardroom tube his radio report, for the admiral ashore to broadcast, of our position, course, and of the sub's. It had been the average of a destroyer's feints with our Fritz, who always runs. He had submerged too far away for us to drop a depth charge. So we swung back to our elephant of the ore and oranges, since to lose a convoy is the black double zero of the game, finding balm in the chance that the sub might have been exuding mines for us. Only my eggs, when I went for them, were cold.

"Firing would have been of about as much use," laughed our chief engineer, coming up from aft and his rifle team of the black gang off watch, "as wasting Number Six shot on ducks on a sandbar two miles off. . . . Moral effect—of course; but it would have been on us."

The while below, forward, cramped among our bunks and the wreck of breakfast, arose explanations, excuses, charges, the keen nonchalance of enlisted men repeating all that had passed in vivid dialogue.

Nothing is so tantalizing as failure to score against the impossible. As a fact, except for that poor sight setter, we had been alert and effective beyond expectation for an initial try. If only Fritz's daring in the many days to come had stiffened, John Conyngham!

At twenty knots we sped back to the Ara-something, which had zigzagged on, five miles away. Vessels catching our alarm on their antennæ hove into sight from all directions: A two-stacked sloop, a "Limie" destroyer with high stiff bow, funnels set at odd spaces apart, waist guns properly on the center line; and, last, a tramp-looking hulk. She came close, signaling that she was under sealed orders from London—and would we take aboard survivors from the torpedoed ship Clan Murray, which had been sunk at daylight?

Another phase of the day's work on patrol, that. We lowered the whaleboat, a young ensign and our boson's mate from Saratoga, who also is a man of letters, in charge. Black figures in white fluttering cottons were climbing down the ship's grimed sides when that same quartermaster offered a diversion. "Periscope—close a-starboard!" he shouted, right in that nest of vessels. Again we came to quarters, veering in circles like a cat after her tail, until the 'scope proved variously, according to one's eyesight, a table leg or a swab handle.

The whaleboat came alongside, jammed by moist Cingalese with straight, matted hair. Though six hours in the water before the Pargus had combed them in, two still offered a true touch of the East in the cigarettes stowed behind their ears. Either a blanket or a night shirt wrapped each. Legs and arms crushed by wreckage had been bandaged by their saviors, and were yellow and smelly from iodine. They limped across our deck, muttering with upcast irises, "Ameri-kan. . . . Allah! Allah!"

We told them to sit under an after torpedo tube. They were too dazed to understand. I had to squat to make them sit through dumb show, until a bowlegged little gnome with yellow tusks under his lips came to life and spoke up in English. He had the most apocryphal name—Eya Kub Ali Jameson, it was logged; and as we led them to the porcelain tiles of the wash room, to fresh bandages and iodine, before our gaping crew, he bowed deeply and muttered something like "Met ken ——"

Three were white men—a ruddy old Scotch gunner of the Royal Marine Artillery, a pale little cockney, and a north-country man who was calm and talkative, with extraordinary blue and steady eyes. He sat under the huge hood of a blower and told the tale of the Clan Murray—out of Sierra Leone with Australian wheat—that many like it since have made so stereotyped. Hit in the engine room by an unseen torpedo at four in the morning, she had sunk in five minutes. The Pargus had picked up sixteen from the crew of sixty; four had died, twelve were aboard us. The mate stared at our bulging life preservers, which are filled with stuff like milkweed flax, and are navy uniform. "If we'd only been made to wear things like those," he said, "there'd be more of us here now." He had plunged into the fireroom for his, and climbing the hatch had slid off sheer into the ocean. The radio man had been lost. Had we heard his S O S? Probably there was no time to send it. We shook our heads.

The Mohammedans adopted our compartment forward, eating in the starboard mess, and quite uncritical whether canned Bill's throat had been cut in Chicago by one of the faithful, properly. There they sprawled and dozed, as they might have been upon an Oriental bund or before a temple, listening to phonograph ragtime—exotic children jerked by the Tartars of the West into our benighted ocean.

That evening we landed them at the nearest port to a railway. The blear heights of the Irish Wild West crinkled behind the drizzle, as though seen through isinglass. We dropped our hook among meager quilts of cultivated green spread on the slate scarps—that congested land of Sinn Fein, racial drama, and cattle so temperamental that the British daylight saving has upset their regimen, according to report. I had forgotten the venerable Scot. He had slept long down in the petty officers' quarters. Now he staggered above, speechless, hectic with fever—pneumonia. They lowered him into the whaleboat on a litter. I had not known that we possessed one.

At midnight we put to sea again from that open roadstead. Radio warnings filled the air; plainly we had struck a nest of submarines.

"To-night's the night, I guess," said our merry chief as I came on watch. "Either we get one of them, or one of their 'moldies'"—Limie slang for torpedo—"finishes us."

But all night—nothing. Each five minutes on the bridge the Morse C sounded on the wardroom bell, and a messenger called down the degrees of our course, ever shifting according to our zigzag plan. The mess cook on watch passes sweet weak coffee from mouth to mouth, mummied under black sou'westers. The pelorus—dumb compass—gives a muffled gleam, getting a fix on some coast light. A patrol blinkers madly to keep away from her. The sole sharp lookout one can keep is to tally when the Old Man might fall out of the moon.

Fo'castle Pastimes

TWO decks under, in the tiny forwardest compartment—closed whenever we skirt a mine field—half crowns are chinking in the crap game by the barred battle lantern close to the deck. The gun crew on top the hatch chants one of those Yo-ho catches that, in times of stress, spread through a ship like chicken pox:

In days of old
When knights were bold,
And ships had wooden decks—
The sailors bold
Fell down the hold
And broke their bloody necks.
Yo-ho!—and—broke—their—bloody—necks.

while Smitty—GM 3c—gives an Oriental dance on the coco matting of Number Two gun, cleated there to keep you from slipping in blood.

The game can have an improbable monotony. A week alone out there in the zone, and a destroyer may marvel at the vacancy of the ocean; it is too big for any of us, and Fritz plays so exasperatingly safe. From your small angle of the foretop next week it may seem to swarm with subs and derelicts. Either *schrecklichkeit* is a bluff of sleight-of-hand tricks on a stage whereat civilization looks through footlights of distorting horror and romance, or a gamble of desperation against forces too vividly close and vile for science or the soul to cope with. Is really ten per cent of the shipping that passes our way strafed? Or is the whole submarine war more like two men blindfolded, jabbing the air of the ring? Only there is no audience to laugh—or riot when they want their money back.

Back at the base it is easy, in the gobs' way, to boast, belittle, yap, among other crews ashore. But you are safe "behind the net," sir! Just so it is with an explorer's tales at home, round the club table; neither you, hearing, nor he, speaking, can re-create the blood sweat of endurance quite as it was. And to-day our edge of the Western Ocean is just as savage and remote from all civilization that was as, say, is Ellesmere Land.

Day and night in the wardroom the decoding watch holds the pulse of romance, though only by the wrist. It engaged our medical department, sitting at the mess table under the salt-and-vinegar caster, suspended swinging overhead; with the O. O. D's relief snoozing in sheepskins on the transom, by that most secret chart, divided into lettered squares, with a colored pin marking the beat of every ship except the pirate ones you ache to flush. It is hard to tell, so close to it still, whether a place like Broadway would shudder at the intercepted messages caught by our aërial and poked through a trapdoor in the wall from the radio shack. The medico runs a pencil over letters and digits in the tomes bound in leaden plates, and turns out successive gasps like these—abridged, of course:

Broadcast Submarine reported eleven miles S W Steamers keep off

H M S —— escorting Auronia request H M S —— relieve and return patrol

Schooner afire to water's edge Lat —— Long ——

S O S from EMY please do hurry submarine chasing course E N E Lat —— Long —— has got range shells falling alongside

To all British men-o'-war we are hit one of holds on fire

Look out for three boatloads survivors drifting 085 Lat —— Long ——

Can you reach us in fifteen minutes

Are there any survivors Any women Any children

Fresh-laid mine with eight horns drifting ten miles W S W —— trawler notified

Broadway might laugh, for a pharmacist's mate, with a neatly trimmed beard—since we were last in France—engages in this, at intervals between the "Mark—261°" called down from the bridge, of time and course, to be entered in a ledger.

Blind Fighting Blind

THUS day after day stories spell themselves out with the repression of the French school, the quick fire of a ten-cent film. You plunge, with roaring blowers, "kettles all lit off for thirty"—all boilers steaming at thirty knots—to the position of a ship sinking too fast to sign her name; search a day, perhaps five hundred miles off the coast, and have to limp back, short of oil, at eight knots, unable even to zigzag; so the wildest "moldy" could get you. Memory is ineffaceable of blank acres where all must have drowned or drifted in boats beyond help. You overtake four little trawlers who have left their buoyed mines, and come upon a huge tramp, well down by the stern, a jury sail rigged, men in a lifeboat lashed alongside. One of the Limie horticultural fleet stands by to tow her at two knots, till the breakers reach her well deck, which begins to vomit wheat sacks; and she plunges down, with a final wiggle of the maintop.

Sometimes you think that Fritz doesn't want to get us. We are landmarks, lighthouses for his prey; where destroyers are, there also will be merchantmen. His purpose is single—for them; torpedoes are costly, and straffing us at the rare times when he could would be but cutting a head off the collective naval Gorgon—a defensive measure that he rightly scorns.

Yet we, being the blinder of the two, cannot risk being utterly certain of him before we open fire. The wonder is that more "busts" are not made. One of us, tearing at midnight through a yeasty sea, once let fly at a mine sweeper, slow in answering the challenge. "Not hit," the sweeper lightly signaled. "Now take a good look at us!"

It is something to prance, as we did, before the largest transport in the world, decks lined with waving, cheering sons of Canada, while professional bouquets were wig-wagged at us; and in answer we signed "Johnson" quite as laconically as the "Balfour" of his greeting. Then to lead him up a certain river lined with stone docks, with yards and funnels innumerable in the lock basins behind—stone stalks standing on globes that top the great town hall—and be forbidden to mention in a letter home the name of that famous city! If that is not Romance, then this bloody world has killed her long ago.

At a minor base we received Operation Order Number Two; sealed, naturally. But at quarters the captain said that, after a day in port beyond our schedule, we would leave for "special and distant" duty, to last for seven days at least. The scuttle butt spouted rumor. We guessed

(Continued on Page 33)

This is Styleplus Week from Maine to California!

Styleplus Clothes $17

Styleplus Clothes $21

The Big Buy

Always the greatest possible value at the price

Progressive merchants from coast to coast are this week making a special display feature, in store and window, of Styleplus suits and overcoats.

The Styleplus Idea: Styleplus are the only clothes in America sold on a known price basis. Style plus guaranteed quality at a known price the country over.

This policy has made a great hit with the men of America. It means that wherever and whenever they buy Styleplus they *know* the quality and the price.

For three years we have maintained Styleplus at $17 in the face of war conditions. We bought in advance, operated on an increasingly larger scale and thus kept our costs down.

When the United States entered the war the fabric market underwent violent changes. To meet these new conditions we added a $21 grade, thus insuring you an even wider selection in fabrics and models.

If you are the kind of man who insists on making his money go farthest—on getting style and through and through quality at a reasonable price—visit your Styleplus Store and note the attractive patterns, shades and models.

Styleplus Clothes $17 (black label) always excel at that price.
Styleplus Clothes $21 (green label) always excel at that price.

Style plus all-wool fabrics + perfect fit + expert workmanship + guaranteed wear

One of the [illegible] stores in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus window display. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there is not a Styleplus store in your town, ask your dealer to order a Styleplus suit or overcoat for you.

Write us for free copy of "The Styleplus Book."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., INC.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

The Quartet from Rigoletto

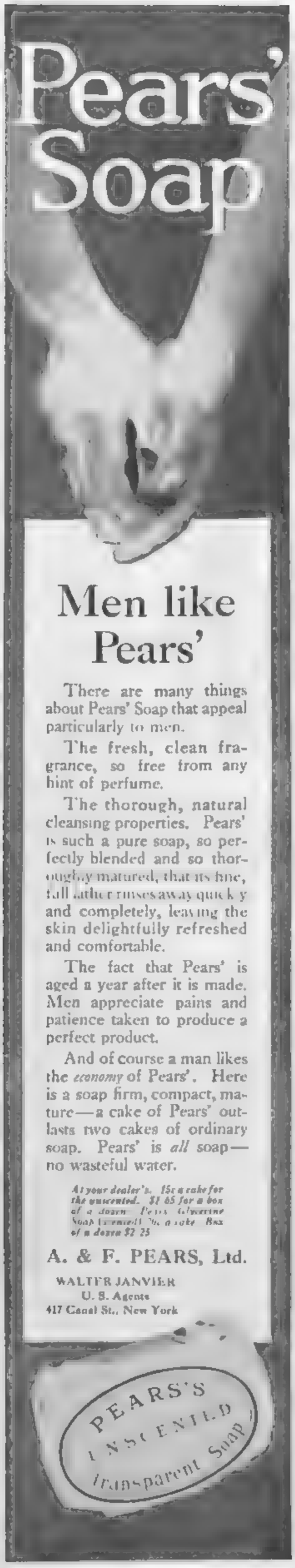
Ciccolini, Alcock, Verlet and Middleton have sung this world-famed number for the New Edison in a way that will stir your emotions to the uttermost depths. The New Edison Re-Creates their performance with absolute realism. The acid test of direct comparison between their living voices and their Re-Created voices has proved this to be true. The illustration is from an actual photograph of this test. Only the New Edison can sustain such a test.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Visit the Edison Dealer in your vicinity and ask him to let you hear the Quartet from Rigoletto. Write us for the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and a complimentary copy of the new musical magazine, "Along Broadway," which will interest every music lover.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.



Men like Pears'

There are many things about Pears' Soap that appeal particularly to men.

The fresh, clean fragrance, so free from any hint of perfume.

The thorough, natural cleansing properties. Pears' is such a pure soap, so perfectly blended and so thoroughly matured, that its fine, full lather rinses away quickly and completely, leaving the skin delightfully refreshed and comfortable.

The fact that Pears' is aged a year after it is made. Men appreciate pains and patience taken to produce a perfect product.

And of course a man likes the *economy* of Pears'. Here is a soap firm, compact, mature—a cake of Pears' outlasts two cakes of ordinary soap. Pears' is *all* soap—no wasteful water.

At your dealer's. 15c a cake for the unscented. $1.65 for a box of a dozen. Pears' Glycerine Soap (scented) 10c a cake. Box of a dozen $2.25

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

WALTER JANVIER
U. S. Agents
417 Canal St., New York

PEARS'S TRANSPARENT Transparent Soap

(Continued from Page 30)

an attack on Zeebrugge; return to Pier 9, Boston; Brest, that mind's-eye paradise of every gob. There was a certain rough liberty at a hotel in a tourist region, where now the Red Cross remembers Cook rather as a sort of Silurian deposit; and then, one twilight, we upped hooks and stood out, six of us—as I logged—"in column of two sections, course psc., standard speed fourteen knots," and began to move forward "according to Plan Number Four."

Three duller nights never beset the American Fleet Operating in European Waters—save that a sister boat's sides were painted so invisibly white, her decks so black, she looked just like a submarine awash; and, crossing her bows at two G. M., we shaved by a hair letting fly at her. Next morning the pith of our orders was posted on the bulletin board:

"The first group of American forces to operate in France will probably be met by this ship to-morrow. We shall proceed to —— and then return —— The second group," and so on.

The same night was that of the famous attack on the transports, given out publicly July third; so we were not in it. That probably is the reason why we say we could not have been farther from it had we been on the spot. Dogs running to a dog fight, and arriving after the red pepper has been doused, would be skeptical of much of a row at all. It worried me whether we'd have enough ammunition left to take us into port. Salt need not be pounded to make grains, and to us veterans the difference between torpedoes and phosphorescent torpedo fish of midnights in the zone would have been far clearer than to the newcomers of that epochal convoy. Nowadays the truth will out, no matter how well Napoleon labeled history.

At the meeting I had no luck at all, not being aloft; I never was when the foretop got out an extra. All night we scampered about on the scouting line at twenty-one knots, and at four in the morning of June twenty-third I went below for a wink. The transports then had reached the rendezvous. At eight again I climbed to the gulls and drizzle and fog to hear up the tube from the bridge the usual nudge to keep a very sharp lookout—as if one in his soul could tolerate degrees of sharpness at the job then and there.

We expected to meet them in an hour or so. But I was below again, typing out logs, when the steering engine growled. We were changing course. The blowers raised their chorus to fortissimo. Our literary boson's mate remarked, through the office wire grating: "Well, the boss with the monickers on a black string is giving us the O. O."

Greeting the Transports

The cheering pierced every hatch. If our echo was fainter, what show had we against those ranks and ranks of khaki and waving wide hats? Above, outside the chart house my eyes filled and heart thumped, and I grabbed at holds as never when we were rolling fifty. To port and starboard, ahead, astern, as we turned to take up position, plowed on the first American force to fight, organized as such, upon the old soil of Europe. The cruiser with her stiff four stacks and a lot of timber gadgets aft; liners that raised ghosts of Morro and San Ulloa; two fruiters and tarantulas—to be hoped; and the Fritz de Kalb, recognized first by all of us, and alone carrying speed cones—most brash-looking, yellow ones.

Pale, fleet, inquisitive, we five humming knife blades elbowed and scampered among them. Code and answering pennants fluttered their rainbow specks, assigning units to guard flanks, van, rear. Again we could use our own systems of secrecy—not the arbitrary though obscurer British ones. Our chief quartermaster even climbed the searchlight standard to receive, and his juniors strained themselves to wigwag in superior spelling and not leave the second syllable out of "communicate."

The troopships, in lines at intervals inside our girdle, vanished like shadow pictures and re-created themselves from the mid-ocean haze. Ropes—hauled in at night—had been let down over the sides of some—a wise precaution against "Abandon ship!" The one next to us informed us that she had aboard regiments of marines. Our skipper signaled to hers, who in antebellum days had been an attaché in Berlin.

Aloft again in the ruminative white hat, the core of it all unfolded and uplifted. Here was the first national concrete pledge of our pride and strength; the New World coming to the rescue of the Old; a sublimity which made the word armada—that one knew the newspapers would use—sound shoddy. This led to wondering how near the Army Quartermaster Department had come to cracking, as it did at Vera Cruz, under the press of equipping and shoving off. Here was the reverse of that steel engraving of New England front parlors: The Departure of the Pilgrims. Indefinable instincts of kinship thrilled one. A void filled my bosom, and not wholly in prescience of coming sacrifices upon alien soil. Rather the grim hope in the bottom of the heart that it would bring the nation the suffering it needs for a true awakening and salvation.

The epic scene touched us below and forward with proper and seamanlike diffidence. The Bronx Zoo scramble for spuds and butter at supper time was waged in silence.

"A lot of them soldiers'll never go back," spoke up the signal boy of reformed spelling at last. "Our job's an O'Reilly alongside theirs."

"I wonder what they're thinking about now," softly said Abe, from Odessa.

"Pay day, of course"—with a laugh not quite successful.

"They give us a cheer," said Dusty, of Dorchester—he of the barroom tenor. "And we never give none back to speak of."

"Was them German speed cones on the De Kalb, d'you suppose?"

Having lightly skirted the human aspect, we touched the more vital realm of seamanlike detail—characteristically.

Getting Into Port

"I notice, too—did you see"—asked the boson with the observant eye of art, "them ropes hanging overboard? Very nice of the captain, I think, to allow that. So when a fish is flipped into them the dough boys can slide safe into the drink like firemen down their brass poles in a engine house. . . . Still, I observe as the marine's ship don't need them." A patronizing praise of the gyrene, impossible except for the present contrast with soldiers.

Not a word passed through the escort of the near-historic fight of the twenty-second during our two days more to the French coast. Probably we were too busy with changing advices about our course, fearful of bawlings out about position or for using the forbidden blinker at night. Three times we intercepted signals that submarines lay straight on our course. But nothing fiercer than machine guns skittering at porpoises broke loose from decks that, until lately, had hurled overboard little more deadly than gum and cigarette butts. Yet at both sunsets a dark and ominous cloud pall gathered behind the black host of us pioneers. The horizon all about dazzled. We appeared to be hurling ourselves upon the continent out of an upper darkness; and our dozen columns of coal smoke—the wind being with us just at standard speed—lifted them straight up magically, like pillars supporting heaven.

France uprose, amid warnings of mined channels, in the scarps of an island. A barrel drifted past; a sleeping whale; windrows gridded the sea, pretending to be oil slicks; and we slid among the rainbow-hued sails of Breton fishing boats. A French cruiser, of the two-cigarette-stack type of sloop, built in England in the manner that we turn out automobiles, greeted us. We spoke by megaphone. French wigwag and flag code are different from both the English system and ours.

"*D'ou venerons nous?*" called our chief in his best café French.

A quartermaster said—I didn't see this—that the Gallic skipper kissed a hand at ours before he answered:

"Where is the admiral?"—in French, all of it.

"On board the cruiser."

"Follow us!"

We spoke also a new and rakish gunboat, with a power racer's prow. One could see the red knobs on the gobs' caps, officers' trimmed beards, a *brusquerie* in the handling of spyglasses, and almost smell the tarragon in the salads for *déjeuner*. Again our chief hallooed in French, only to be answered by a brother officer from the American Embassy at Paris, with whom, *consule Planco*, he had discovered the boulevards. Below the foreign syllables were imitated in falsetto, ending with that cryptic

Find Filled Orders In 1/5th the Time

A Better Way to File Customers' Orders After They Have Been Filled:

To consult old orders your clerks *now* must
—interrupt bookkeepers to copy folio numbers from ledgers,
—hunt through dusty binders,
—locating (after considerable delay) the one order which supplies the needed data.

Disadvantages: Lack of speed. Much time wasted. Bothering the bookkeeper increases errors. Entering folio numbers takes up bookkeeper's time. Every Tom, Dick and Harry has access to ledgers. Using ledgers as indexes dirties and musses them.

The Baker-Vawter Way—first announced last April in these columns and already in widespread use—is thus:
—eliminate folio numbers.
—file filled orders alphabetically (separate folder for each customer) in the

BAKER-VAWTER 5 DRAWER STEEL ORDER FILE Holds 25,000 Orders

Advantages: In 1-5th the time (we'll prove it!) desired orders are referred to. Costs less to handle each account. Speeds up "service" to customers. Sales and Credit Managers can quickly refer to ALL of any customer's orders. Valuable orders protected against fire-loss. Bookkeeper's time saved—no folio numbers to copy—fewer interruptions, fewer mistakes. *Keeps clerks away from ledgers!* Loss of orders easily prevented. Quickly pays for itself. No danger that ledger leaves will be removed for use as folio number indexes to old orders. Makes MACHINE BOOKKEEPING thoroughly practical.

Write for Orderfile Folder. Explains fully. Address either factory:
Benton Harbor, Mich. Holyoke, Mass.
Sales Offices in 42 Cities. Salesmen Everywhere. Sold direct-to-users only.

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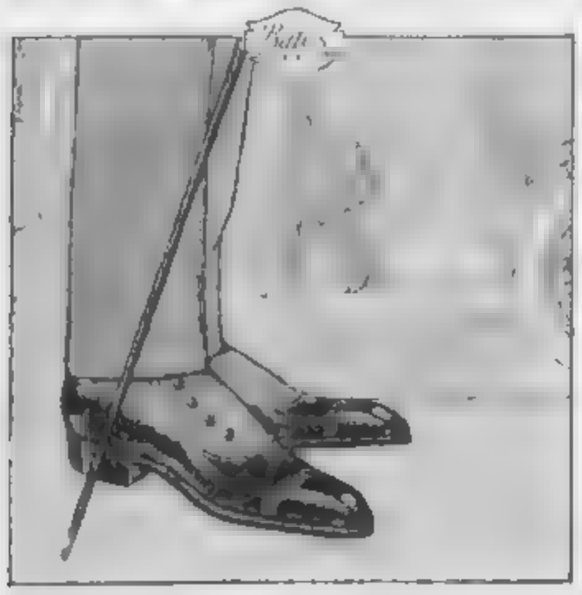
LOOSE LEAF and STEEL FILING EQUIPMENT

BATES



McALPIN Model
Patent Colt
Style 316

SHOES

OF course it is the metropolitan style in a Bates Shoe that first attracts you. But when you slip one on, you can't help thinking how comfortable it is.

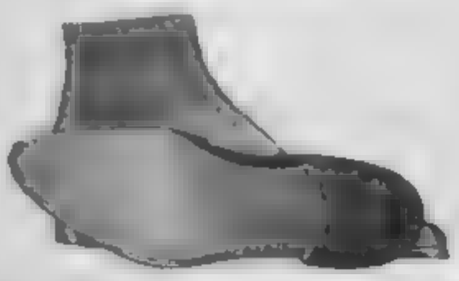
Admirable combination, that. For the most authentic style is worthless if it isn't wearable, and the most easy-going shoe on earth can't be worn by the man who values his appearance unless it is sightly and correct.

New York men wear Bates Shoes because so many are worn on Fifth Avenue. But New York men have just as much regard for their personal comfort as you have. They know that the authentic styles of Bates Shoes feel as well as they look.

Prices $6 to $8

BATEX

IN *certain models Bates Shoes may be had with the new Bates Sole.*



The Batex Sole wears long, is flexible, noiseless and damp-proof. It is a fibrous product of the laboratory, with springy resiliency. It won't slip on wet pavements, or burn or draw. With all its endurance and comfort it costs no more than leather.

Shall we send you *"Shoe Life"*?

It is a new Bates publication telling how to make your shoes last longer and look better. Now that shoes are costing more, applying this valuable information will be a real economy because by giving added service to your shoes it reduces what you spend.

A. J. BATES CO.
WEBSTER MASSACHUSETTS

axiom of the sailor: "When in France, remember you're an American!"

We slowed, forming a column, entering the river estuary among invisible mines. We crossed a tide rip, among the vivid blue and pink sails of sardine fishing boats, past lighthouses such as glitter on Christmas cards. Farms ashore nestled under Maupassant trees; then high oblong houses with red-tiled roofs resembled city dwellings escaped to the country. There came the city itself, an esplanade planted with plumy poplars, and, beyond, the jackstraw forest of steel cranes in the dockyards. Motor cars bowled along silently, men in uniforms suspiciously gray seemed to be marching under guard, and the figures in black here and there were conceivably widows.

A movie man on a small side-wheeler filmed us. He wore the black felt hat, imperial, and lawn cravat of his trade in France. He might have been a brother, nevertheless, to the admiral, who surged past in a gray-bluish gig, pointing to the cheering folk that swarmed on the sea wall. Before we had anchored one of the transports had entered the basin, lying port-side-to against the *revêtement*, with a huge list, as if drawn downward by the shouts and shouts—shouts that filled the air.

We were there, John Conyngham, after one hundred and forty years, with the first installment of our old debt to France!

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

(Continued from Page 7)

"Why, suh," stated Mr. Quarles, "to my mind, Judge, there ain't no manner of doubt but whut prosperity has went to his head and turned it. He acted to me like a plum' distracted idiot. A grown man with forty thousand pounds of solid money settin' on the side of a gutter eatin' jimcracks with a passel of dirty little boys! Kin you figure it out any other way, Judge—except that his mind is gone?"

"I don't set myself up to be a specialist in mental disorders, son," said Judge Priest softly; "but, sence you ask me the question, I should say, speakin' offhand, that it looks to me more ez ef the heart was the organ that was mainly affected. And possibly"—he added this last with a dry little smile—"and possibly, by now, the stomach also."

Whether or not Mr. Quarles was correct in his psychopathic diagnosis, he certainly had been right when he told Judge Priest that the word was already all over the business district. It had spread fast and was still spreading; it spread to beat the wireless, traveling as it did by that mouth-to-ear method of communication which is so amazingly swift and generally as tremendously incorrect. Persons who could not credit the tale at all, nevertheless lost no time in giving to it a yet wider circulation; so that, as though borne on the wind, it moved in every direction, like ripples on a pond; and with each time of retelling the size of the legacy grew.

The Daily Evening News, appearing on the streets at five P. M., confirmed the tale; though by its account the fortune was reduced to a sum far below the gorgeously exaggerated estimates of most of the earlier narrators. Between breakfast and suppertime Peep O'Day's position in the common estimation of his fellow citizens underwent a radical and revolutionary change. He ceased—automatically, as it were—to be a town character; he became, by universal consent, a town notable, whose every act and every word would thereafter be subjected to close scrutiny and closer analysis.

The next morning the nation at large had opportunity to know of the great good fortune that had befallen Paul Felix O'Day, for the story had been wired to the city papers by the local correspondents of the same; and the press associations had picked up a stickful of the story and sped it broadcast over leased wires. Many who until that day had never heard of the fortunate man, or, indeed, of the place where he lived, at once manifested a concern in his well-being.

Certain firms of investment brokers in New York and Chicago promptly added a new name to what vulgarly they called their "sucker" lists. Dealers in mining stocks, in oil stocks, in all kinds of attractive stocks, showed interest; in circular form samples of the most optimistic and alluring literature the world has ever known were consigned to the post, addressed to Mr. P. F. O'Day, such-and-such a town, such-and-such a state, care of general delivery.

Various lonesome ladies in various lonesome places lost no time in sitting themselves down and inditing congratulatory letters; object matrimony. Some of these were single ladies; others had been widowed, either by death or request. Various other persons of both sexes, residing here, there and elsewhere in our country, suddenly remembered that they, too, were descended from the O'Days of Ireland, and wrote on forthwith to claim proud and fond relationship with the particular O'Day who had come into money.

It was a remarkable circumstance, which instantly developed, that one man should have so many distant cousins scattered over the Union, and a thing equally noteworthy that practically all these kinspeople, through no fault of their own, should at the present moment be in such straitened circumstances and in such dire need of temporary assistance of a financial nature. Ticker and printer's ink, operating in conjunction, certainly did their work mighty well; even so, several days were to elapse before the news reached one who, of all those who read it, had most cause to feel a profound personal sensation in the intelligence.

This delay, however, was nowise to be blamed upon the tardiness of the newspapers; it was occasioned by the fact that the person referred to was for the moment well out of touch with the active currents of world affairs, he being confined in a workhouse at Evansville, Indiana.

As soon as he had rallied from the shock this individual set about making plans to put himself in direct touch with the inheritor. He had ample time in which to frame and shape his campaign, inasmuch as there remained for him yet to serve nearly eight long and painfully tedious weeks of a three-months' vagrancy sentence. Unlike most of those now manifesting their interest, he did not write a letter; but he dreamed dreams that made him forget the annoyances of a ball and chain fast on his ankle and piles of stubborn stones to be cracked up into fine bits with a heavy hammer.

We are getting ahead of our narrative, though—days ahead of it. The chronological sequence of events properly dates from the morning following the morning when Peep O'Day, having been abruptly translated from the masses of the penniless to the classes of the wealthy, had forthwith embarked upon the gastronomic orgy so graphically detailed by Deputy Sheriff Quarles.

On that next day more eyes probably than had been trained in Peep O'Day's direction in all the unremarked and unremarkable days of his life put together were focused upon him. Persons who theretofore had regarded his existence—if indeed they gave it a thought—as one of the utterly trivial and inconsequential incidents of the cosmic scheme, were moved to speak to him, to clasp his hand, and, in numerous instances, to express a hearty satisfaction over his altered circumstances. To all these, whether they were moved by mere neighborly good will, or perchance were inspired by impulses of selfishness, the old man exhibited a mien of aloofness and embarrassment.

This diffidence or this suspicion—or this whatever it was—protected him from those who might entertain covetous and ulterior designs upon his inheritance even better than though he had been brusque and rude; while those who sought to question him regarding his plans for the future drew from him only mumbled and evasive replies, which left them as deeply in the dark as they had been before. Altogether, in his intercourse with adults he appeared shy and very ill at ease.

It was noted, though, that early in the forenoon he attached to him perhaps half a dozen urchins, of whom the oldest could scarcely have been more than twelve or thirteen years of age; and that these youngsters remained his companions throughout the day. Likewise the events of that day were such as to confirm a majority of the observers in practically the same belief that had been voiced by Mr. Quarles—namely, that whatever scanty brains Peep O'Day

(Continued on Page 37)

This Way to Better Bicycling

Modern bicycle riding reaches the zenith of economy, satisfaction, resilience, and uninterrupted mileage on Vitalic Tires.

No bicycle tire was ever more painstakingly built of better materials. Vitalics closely follow the design of automobile tires. Two layers of extra-strong, highly frictioned fabric. The pure rubber compound of the tread combines fleetness with cut-resisting qualities that save many repair bills.

The most exacting bicyclists ride on Vitalics.

VITALIC
Bicycle Tires

Tougher Than Elephant Hide

The sturdy quality of Vitalic tires is recognized by leading manufacturers who use Vitalics as standard equipment on the following well-known wheels:

Racycle	**Iver Johnson**
Dayton	**Yale**
Hudson	**Flying Merkle**
Snell	**Miami**

Here are three great tires of the Vitalic line.

Vitalic De Luxe is made of the choice of the world's best rubber throughout its extra-thick tread and tube. Its two-ply motorcycle tire fabric is built of strongest cotton thread, triply-twisted. Highest quality friction. V-shaped suction non-skid tread. All white. $4.50 each.

Vitalic Brigadier is a rugged, enduring performer. Tough, 4-ply Egyptian fabric. A great favorite for long service at a moderate price. Black, heavy, studded tread. Extra-heavy inner tube. White sides. $3.50 each.

Vitalic Enduro Egyptian fabric, two-ply. High-grade inner tube and friction. White side walls and black block tread. Built for real service. $3.00 each.

SEND TODAY

for FREE Vitalic testing section and booklet, "Tougher Than Elephant Hide." Please give name and address of your bicycle tire dealer.

Vitalic De Luxe Retail Price $4.50 Each

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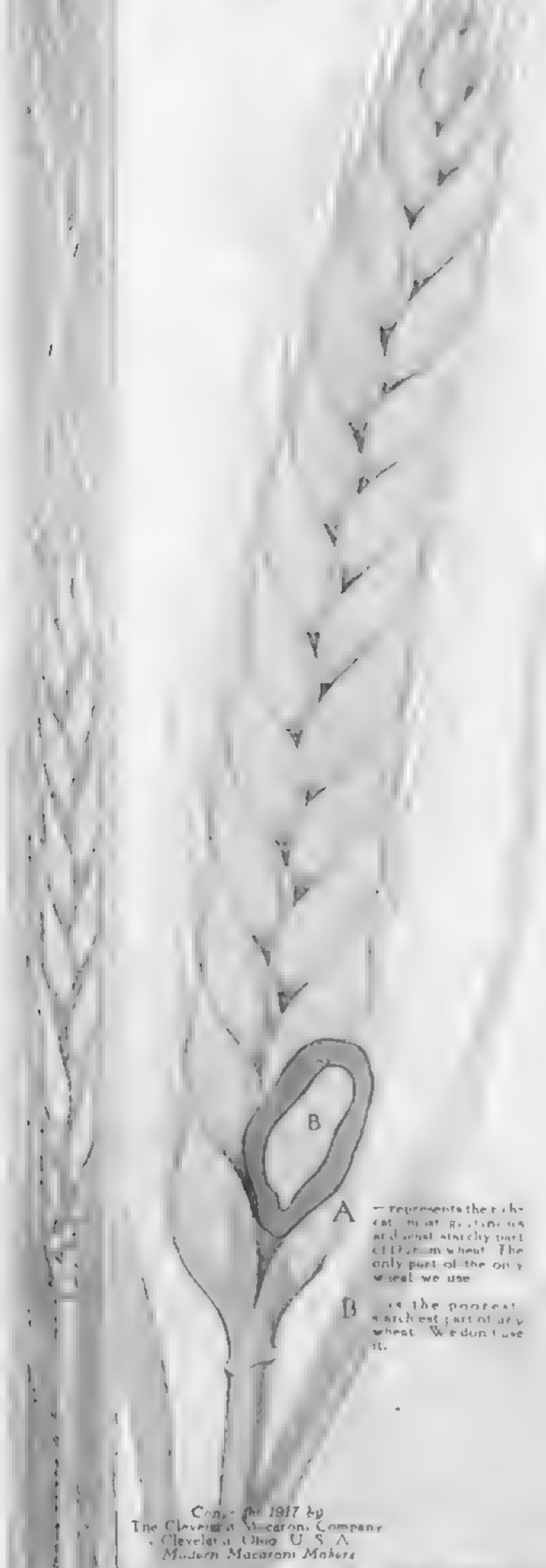
CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
1904 Liberty Street Erie, Pennsylvania

The Crime against Wheat



A — represents the richest, most golden and nutritious part of the wheat. The only part of the only wheat we use

B — is the poorest, starchest part of any wheat. We don't use it.

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The Cleveland Macaroni Company
Cleveland Ohio U S A
Modern Macaroni Makers

Nature gives us wheat—naturally rich in food elements.

Not content, though, with the simple gift, man coaxes Nature. He plows, plants, reaps and threshes all to the end of persuading her to give him the very richest of golden wheat.

Then having gained his end—man, in order that his bread may please his eye, demands that the very elements he has striven so hard for be discarded—the richest, most golden and nutritious part—the gluten.

Here he commits a crime against wheat.

For the body demands just those glutinous elements. Then if you won't or can't supply them in your other foods, you must get them some place else—Macaroni.

Here's a food that pleases the eye and palate most when it is richest and most golden with gluten—least when it is white, pasty and starchy. Eat more macaroni—it brings you the natural bone and body building elements of the wheat field in their most delicious form.

That you may get the fullest measure of this goodness in the purest, cleanest form, be particular to buy Golden Age Macaroni. Look at the illustration—see what part we use. Made only of the most glutinous and nourishing part of Durum wheat—of all wheat the richest in nutriment.

Macaroni is the direct road from the wheat field to the well nourished body.

The crime against wheat does not extend to

The Biggest Food Value in America for 10¢

OSTBY & BARTON COMPANY

The Foremost Jewelry Makers of the Nation

WHAT assurance has the typical purchaser as to the *design* of the Ring, the Brooch, the Pendant shown her—or that it is worth in value and workmanship what she paid for it?

People understand most of the things of attire they buy. Style tendencies are well-defined—standards of value are established—and everybody knows where to turn for just the right things.

But in Jewelry—take your own experience. You go to select a Ring. How exceptional it is to find one that shows a sense of design—one that does not seem flat and meaningless in these alert, vivid times!

* * *

The jeweler is not always at fault.

He selects his stock in good faith, but is likely to be too far from style sources and the events that determine style tendencies. In the matter of value, too, he has to rely on the Maker, or the wholesaler who supplies him.

* * *

Women of taste and experience have found one unfailing test of a jeweler's standards of style and value—How does he look upon Ostby & Barton Jewelry?

If he knows all the facts, as he ought to, the strongest feature of his stock will be Ostby & Barton—

The foremost House among the jewelry makers of this country—

The House long celebrated for its current Style sense in jewelry, never more alive and contemporary than it is today—

The House with principles of value even higher than the most exacting Government standards—

The House with the finest corps of selected designers and craftsmen in the jewelry business—

The largest ring manufacturing House in the world.

* * *

In O-B Rings alone, your jeweler has more than 6,000 individual designs to select from—Stone-set Rings, Seal Rings, Emblem Rings, Wedding Rings.

Ostby & Barton Rings are made in both 14 Karat and 10 Karat solid gold—and each grade assays nearly one karat *higher* than the U. S. Federal Stamping Law requires.

By its position in the business, this House enjoys the closest relations with the European dealers in precious and semi-precious stones—an assured supply from the very best sources.

You will have no difficulty in getting Ostby & Barton Jewelry.

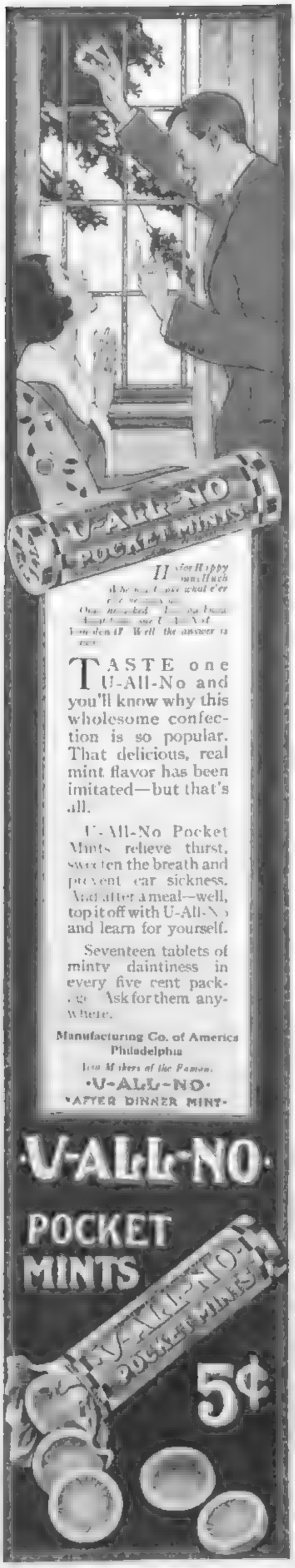
Ostby & Barton have been the foremost Jewelry Makers of the Nation for nearly forty years.

More than 12,000 jewelers are giving special prominence to this fine Jewelry—and if you will inquire a little about the O-B Jeweler nearest you, you will find that he owns an enviable reputation among just such critical customers as yourself.

The Ostby & Barton Ring Style Book will be promptly mailed you on request

OSTBY & BARTON COMPANY
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

O-B


U-ALL-NO
POCKET MINTS
If you Happy
TASTE one U-All-No and you'll know why this wholesome confection is so popular. That delicious, real mint flavor has been imitated—but that's all.
U-All-No Pocket Mints relieve thirst, sweeten the breath and prevent car sickness. And after a meal—well, top it off with U-All-No and learn for yourself.
Seventeen tablets of minty daintiness in every five cent package. Ask for them anywhere.
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·U-ALL-NO·
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·U-ALL-NO·
POCKET
MINTS
5¢

(Continued from Page 34)

might have ever had were now completely addled by the stroke of luck that had befallen him.

In fairness to all—to O'Day and to the town critics who sat in judgment upon his behavior—it should be stated that his conduct at the very outset was not entirely devoid of evidences of sanity. With his troupe of ragged juveniles trailing behind him, he first visited Felsburg Brothers' Emporium to exchange his old and disreputable costume for a wardrobe that, in accordance with Judge Priest's recommendation, he had ordered on the afternoon previous, and which had since been undergoing certain necessary alterations.

With his meager frame incased in new black woolens, and wearing, as an incongruous added touch, the most brilliant of neckties, a necktie of the shade of a pomegranate blossom, he presently issued from Felsburg Brothers' and entered M. Biederman's shoe store, two doors below. Here Mr. Biederman fitted him with shoes, and in addition noted down a further order, which the purchaser did not give until after he had conferred earnestly with the members of his youthful entourage.

Those watching this scene from a distance saw—and perhaps marveled at the sight—that already, between these small boys, on the one part, and this old man, on the other, a perfect understanding appeared to have been established.

After leaving Biederman's, and tagged by his small escorts, O'Day went straight to the courthouse and, upon knocking at the door, was admitted to Judge Priest's private chambers, the boys meantime waiting outside in the hall. When he came forth he showed them something he held in his hand and told them something; whereupon all of them burst into excited and joyous whoops.

It was at that point that O'Day, by the common verdict of most grown-up onlookers, began to betray the vagaries of a disordered intellect. Not that his reason had not been under suspicion already, as a result of his freakish excess in the matter of B. Weil & Son's wares on the preceding day; but the relapse that now followed, as nearly everybody agreed, was even more pronounced, even more symptomatic than the earlier attack of aberration.

In brief, this was what happened: To begin with, Mr. Virgil Overall, who dealt in lands and houses and sold insurance of all the commoner varieties on the side, had stalked O'Day to this point and was lying in wait for him as he came out of the courthouse into the Public Square, being anxious to describe to him some especially desirable bargains, in both improved and unimproved realty; also, Mr. Overall was prepared to book him for life, accident and health policies on the spot.

So pleased was Mr. Overall at having distanced his professional rivals in the hunt that he dribbled at the mouth. But the warmth of his disappointment and indignation dried up the salivary founts instantly when the prospective patron declined to listen to him at all and, breaking free from Mr. Overall's detaining clasp, hurried on into Legal Row, with his small convoys trotting along ahead and alongside him.

At the door of the Blue Goose Saloon and Short Order Restaurant its proprietor, by name Link Iserman, was lurking, as it were, in ambush. He hailed the approaching O'Day most cordially; he inquired in a warm voice regarding O'Day's health; and then, with a rare burst of generosity, he invited, nay urged, O'Day to step inside and have something on the house—wines, ales, liquors or cigars; it was all one to Mr. Iserman. The other merely shook his head and, without a word of thanks for the offer, passed on as though bent upon an important mission.

Mark how the proofs were accumulating: The man had disdained the company of men of approximately his own age or thereabout; he had refused an opportunity to partake of refreshment suitable to his years; and now he stepped into the Bon Ton toy store and bought for cash—most inconceivable of acquisitions!—a little wagon that was painted bright red and bore on its sides, in curlicued letters, the name Comet.

His next stop was made at Bishop & Bryan's grocery, where, with the aid of his youthful compatriots, he first discriminatingly selected, and then purchased on credit, and finally loaded into the wagon, such purchases as a dozen bottles of soda pop, assorted flavors; cheese, crackers—soda and animal; sponge cakes with weather-proof pink icing on them; fruits of the season; cove oysters; a bottle of pepper sauce; and a quantity of the extra large sized bright green cucumber pickles known to the trade as the Fancy Jumbo Brand, Prime Selected.

Presently the astounding spectacle was presented of two small boys, with string bridles on their arms, drawing the wagon through our town and out of it into the country, with Peep O'Day in the rôle of teamster walking alongside the laden wagon. He was holding the lines in his hands and shouting orders at his team, who showed a colty inclination to shy at objects, to kick up their heels without provocation, and at intervals to try to run away. Eight or ten small boys—for by now the troupe had grown in number and in volume of noise—trailed along, keeping step with their elderly patron and advising him shrilly regarding the management of his refractory span.

As it turned out, the destination of this preposterous procession was Bradshaw's Grove, where the entire party spent the day picnicking in the woods and, as reported by several reliable witnesses, playing games. It was not so strange that holidaying boys should play games; the amazing feature of the performance was that Peep O'Day, a man old enough to be grandfather to any of them, played with them, being by turns an Indian chief, a robber baron, and the driver of a stagecoach attacked by Wild Western desperadoes.

When he returned to town at dusk, drawing his little red wagon behind him, his new suit was rumpled into many wrinkles and marked by dust and grass stains; his flame-colored tie was twisted under one ear; his new straw hat was mashed quite out of shape; and in his eyes was a light that sundry citizens, on meeting him, could only interpret to be a spark struck from inner fires of madness.

Days that came after this, on through the midsummer, were, with variations, but repetitions of the day I have just described. Each morning Peep O'Day would go to either the courthouse or Judge Priest's home to turn over to the Judge the unopened mail which had been delivered to him at Gafford's stables; then he would secure from the Judge a loan of money against his inheritance. Generally the amount of his daily borrowing was a dollar; rarely was it so much as two dollars; and only once was it more than two dollars.

By nightfall the sum would have been expended upon perfectly useless and absolutely childish devices. It might be that he would buy toy pistols and paper caps for himself and his following of urchins; or that his whim would lead him to expend all the money in tin flutes. In one case the group he so incongruously headed would be for that one day a gang of make-believe banditti; in another, they would constitute themselves a fife-and-drum corps—with barreltops for the drums—and would march through the streets, where scandalized adults stood in their tracks to watch them go by, they all the while making weird sounds, which with them passed for music.

Or again, the available cash resources would be invested in provender; and then there would be an outing in the woods. Under Peep O'Day's captaincy his chosen band of youngsters picked dewberries; they went swimming together in Guthrie's Gravel Pit, out by the old Fair Grounds, where his spare naked shanks contrasted strongly with their plump freckled legs as all of them splashed through the shallows, making for deep water. Under his leadership they stole watermelons from Mr. Dick Bell's patch, afterward eating their spoils in thickets of grapevines along the banks of Perkins' Creek.

It was felt that mental befuddlement and mortal folly could reach no greater heights—or no lower depths—than on a certain hour of a certain day, along toward the end of August, when O'Day came forth from his quarters in Gafford's stables, wearing a pair of boots that M. Biederman's establishment had turned out to his order and his measure—not such boots as a sensible man might be expected to wear, but boots that were exaggerated and monstrous counterfeits of the red-topped, scroll-fronted, brass-toed, stub-heeled, squeaky-soled bootees that small boys of an earlier generation possessed.

Very proudly and seemingly unconscious of or, at least, oblivious to the derisive remarks that the appearance of these new belongings drew from many persons, the

Vanity

We are proud of these hats

We have appointed exclusive agents in most of the important cities of America for our new line of men's hats. They are made for men to whom smart, correct appearance is a business asset. You will be enthusiastic when you try one on. They sell for five dollars.

You will find in them the finest quality of fur felt, and a finish such as only the most expert hatters can achieve. Their designs are a refined interpretation of what is latest and smartest in the style of the day. Truly a gentleman's hat.

If you do not know which dealer in your city carries the Vanity line, write us.

NONAME HAT MFG CO.
220 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

TO DEALERS—If we have no representation in your city, we will be glad to consider your application for the exclusive agency. This is a line of which you can justly be proud.

Comfort in every position and posture
The most Comfortable form of Union Suit a man can wear
Imperial
PIQUA O.
TRADE MARK REG.
"DROP SEAT" Union Suits
For sale at the better stores which sell Men's Wear
The Imperial Underwear Co- Piqua. O-

owner went clumping about in them, with the rumply legs of his trousers tucked down in them, and ballooning up and out over the tops in folds which overlapped from his knee joints halfway down his attenuated calves.

As Deputy Sheriff Quarles said, the combination was a sight fit to make a horse laugh. It may be that small boys have a lesser sense of humor than horses have, for certainly the boys who were the old man's invariable shadows did not laugh at him, or at his boots either. Between the whiskered senior and his small comrades there existed a free masonry that made them all sense a thing beyond the ken of most of their elders. Perhaps this was because the elders, being blind in their superior wisdom, saw neither this thing nor the communion that flourished. They saw only the farcical joke. But His Honor, Judge Priest, to cite a conspicuous exception, seemed not to see the lamentable comedy of it.

Indeed, it seemed to some almost as if Judge Priest were aiding and abetting the befogged O'Day in his demented enterprises, his peculiar excursions and his weird purchases. If he did not actually encourage him in these constant exhibitions of witlessness, certainly there were no evidences available to show that he sought to dissuade O'Day from his strange course.

At the end of a fortnight one citizen, in whom patience had ceased to be a virtue and to whose nature long-continued silence on any public topic was intolerable, felt it his duty to speak to the Judge upon the subject. This gentleman—his name was S. P. Escott—held, with others, that, for the good name of the community, steps should be taken to abate the infantile, futile activities of the besotted legatee.

Afterward Mr. Escott, giving a partial account of the conversation with Judge Priest to certain of his friends, showed unfeigned annoyance at the outcome.

"I claim that old man's not fittin' to be runnin' a court any longer," he stated bitterly. "He's too old and peevish—that's what ails him! For one, I'm certainly not never goin' to vote fur him again. Why, it's gettin' to be ez much ez a man's life is worth to stop that there spiteful old crank on the street and put a civil question to him—that's whut's the matter!"

"What happened, S. P.?" inquired someone.

"Why, here's what happened!" exclaimed the aggrieved Mr. Escott. "I hadn't any more than started in to tell him the whole town was talkin' about the way that daffy Old Peep O'Day was carryin' on, and that somethin' had oughter be done about it, and didn't he think it was beholdin' on him ez circuit judge to do somethin' right away, sech ez havin' O'Day tuck up and tried fur a lunatic, and that I fur one was ready and willin' to testify to the crazy things I'd seen done with my own eyes—when he cut in on me and jest ez good ez told me to my own face that ef I'd quit tendin' to other people's business I'd mebbe have more business of my own to tend to.

"Think of that, gentlemen! A circuit judge bemeanin' a citizen and a taxpayer"—he checked himself slightly—"anyhow, a citizen, thataway! It shows he can't be rational his ownself. Personally I claim Old Priest is failin' mentally—he must be! And ef anybody kin be found to run against him at the next election you gentlemen jest watch and see who gits my vote!"

Having uttered this threat with deep and significant emphasis Mr. Escott, still muttering, turned and entered the front gate of his boarding house. It was not exactly his boarding house; his wife ran it. But Mr. Escott lived there and voted from there.

But the apogee of Peep O'Day's carnival of weird vagaries of deportment came at the end of two months—two months in which each day the man furnished cumulative and piled-up material for derisive and jocular comment on the part of a very considerable proportion of his fellow townsmen

Three occurrences of a widely dissimilar nature, yet all closely interrelated to the main issue, marked the climax of the man's new rôle in his new career. The first of these was the arrival of his legacy; the second was a one-ring circus; and the third and last was a nephew.

In the form of certain bills of exchange the estate left by the late Daniel O'Day, of the town of Kilmare, in the island of Ireland, was on a certain afternoon delivered over into Judge Priest's hands, and by him, in turn, handed to the rightful owner, after which sundry indebtednesses, representing the total of the old Judge's day-to-day cash advances to O'Day, were liquidated.

The ceremony of deducting this sum took place at the Planters' Bank, whither the two had journeyed in company from the courthouse. Having, with the aid of the paying teller, instructed O'Day in the technical details requisite to the drawing of personal checks, Judge Priest went home and had his bag packed, and left for Reelfoot Lake to spend a week fishing. As a consequence he missed the remaining two events, following immediately thereafter.

The circus was no great shakes of a circus; no grand, glittering, gorgeous, glorious pageant of education and entertainment, traveling on its own special trains; no vast tented city of world's wonders and world's champions, heralded for weeks and weeks in advance of its coming by dead walls emblazoned with the finest examples of the lithographer's art, and by half-page advertisements in the Daily Evening News. On the contrary, it was a shabby little wagon show, which, coming overland on short notice, rolled into town under horse power, and set up its ragged and dusty canvases on the vacant lot across from Yeiser's drug store

Compared with the street parade of any of its great and famous rivals, the street parade of this circus was a meager and disappointing thing. Why, there was only one elephant, a dwarfish and debilitated-looking creature, worn mangy and slick on its various angles, like the cover of an old-fashioned haircloth trunk; and obviously most of the closed cages were weather-beaten stake wagons in disguise. Nevertheless, there was a sizable turnout of people for the afternoon performance. After all, a circus was a circus.

Moreover, this particular circus was marked at the afternoon performance by happenings of a nature most decidedly unusual. At one o'clock the doors were opened; at one-ten the eyes of the proprietor were made glad and his heart was uplifted within him by the sight of a strange procession, drawing nearer and nearer across the scuffed turf of the Common, and heading in the direction of the red ticket wagon.

At the head of the procession marched Peep O'Day—only, of course, the proprietor didn't know it was Peep O'Day—a queer figure in his rumpled black clothes and his red-topped brass-toed boots, and with one hand holding fast to the string of a captive toy balloon. Behind him, in an uneven jostling formation, followed many small boys and some small girls. A census of the ranks would have developed that here were included practically all the juvenile white population who otherwise, through a lack of funds, would have been denied the opportunity to patronize this circus or, in fact, any circus.

Each member of the joyous company was likewise the bearer of a toy balloon—red, yellow, blue, green or purple, as the case might be. Over the line of heads the taut rubbery globes rode on their tethers, nodding and twisting like so many big iridescent bubbles; and half a block away, at the edge of the lot, a balloon vender, whose entire stock had been disposed of in one splendid transaction, now stood, empty-handed but full-pocketed, marveling at the stroke of luck that enabled him to take an afternoon off and rest his voice.

Out of a seemingly bottomless exchequer Peep O'Day bought tickets of admission for all. But this was only the beginning. Once inside the tent he procured accommodations in the reserved-seat section for himself and those who accompanied him. From such superior points of vantage the whole crew of them witnessed the performance, from the thrilling grand entry, with spangled ladies and gentlemen riding two by two on broad-backed steeds, to the tumbling bout introducing the full strength of the company, which came at the end.

They munched fresh-roasted peanuts and balls of sugar-coated pop corn, slightly rancid, until they munched no longer with zest but merely mechanically. They drank pink lemonade to an extent that threatened absolute depletion of the fluid contents of both barrels in the refreshment stand out in the menagerie tent. They whooped their unbridled approval when the wild Indian chief, after shooting down a stuffed coon with a bow and arrow from somewhere up near the top of the center pole while balancing himself jauntily erect upon the haunches of a coursing white charger,

(Continued on Page 41)

Grinnell Gloves

"Bi-Plane"

The Grinnell "Bi-Plane" has very short cuffs with two wings—just takes in coat sleeve—keeps out dust and wind. Elastic strap fastener adjusts glove to hand. Folds into small space Soft, pliable, washable, *wears like rawhide.*

Tested and Found Superior

The world-wide leather shortage emphasizes the importance of buying gloves with an established reputation for *quality, style and endurance.*

The reputation of Grinnell Gloves has been earned by more than fifty years of conscientious production of gloves of perfect workmanship and style from leather of finest grade.

Grinnell Leadership in Auto Gloves

Grinnell Coltskin automobile and driving gloves are the last word in style, comfort and service. They will not crack, peel, shrink or harden from use. They may be washed in soap and water, or gasoline.

"Limp-Kuff," "Rist-Fit," "Grip-Tite," "Bi-Plane" and "Speedway" are famous names in Glovedom. Each represents a distinctive feature found only in Grinnell Gloves. Always look for the name Grinnell. It's there for your protection.

Leading dealers everywhere sell Grinnell Gloves. For your convenience, these dealers announce a National Fall Styles Exhibit of Grinnell Gloves. For months we have been co-operating with them by creating newer ideas in gloves and in glove-making.

Visit the display of the Grinnell dealer in your city. Select the gloves you require for dress, street wear, motoring, driving or work and you will be assured of complete glove satisfaction.

"Limp-Kuff"

Style No. 4446

The motoring glove sensation originated by us. Loose, limp cuff—wrinkles down naturally on wrist or may be pulled over sleeve. Rolls, crumples or folds up without losing shape. Also made with ventilated back

ANNUAL NATIONAL STYLE SHOW OF GRINNELL GLOVES

OCTOBER 16 TO 27

Our 1917 Style Book

Our new booklet "Glove Styles" will be sent you free on request.

Kindly mention your dealer's name when writing

Morrison-Ricker Manufacturing Company

25 Broad Street (*Established 1856*) Grinnell, Iowa

LYKNU POLISH

To Have Your Furniture "Made Like New" Look to the "Lyknu Maid"

WOULDN'T you like to have all your furniture *just like new* once more?

Not greased over, waxed over or oiled over, but brilliant again with the first fine lustre it had the day you bought it?

LYKNU actually *cleans and polishes* your furniture—instantly wipes away all accumulated grease and dirt, leaving a perfectly clean and dry surface. LYKNU does not give to furniture a sticky coating of oil or grease. Only one cloth needed—only one operation—because LYKNU cleans and polishes at the same time.

LYKNU goes three times as far because its "spreading" quality is three times as great.

Three sizes, 25c—50c—$1.00

SEND 25 CENTS

COIN OR STAMPS

Lyknu Polish Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find 25c for which please send me immediately a 25c bottle of Lyknu Polish.

Name

Address

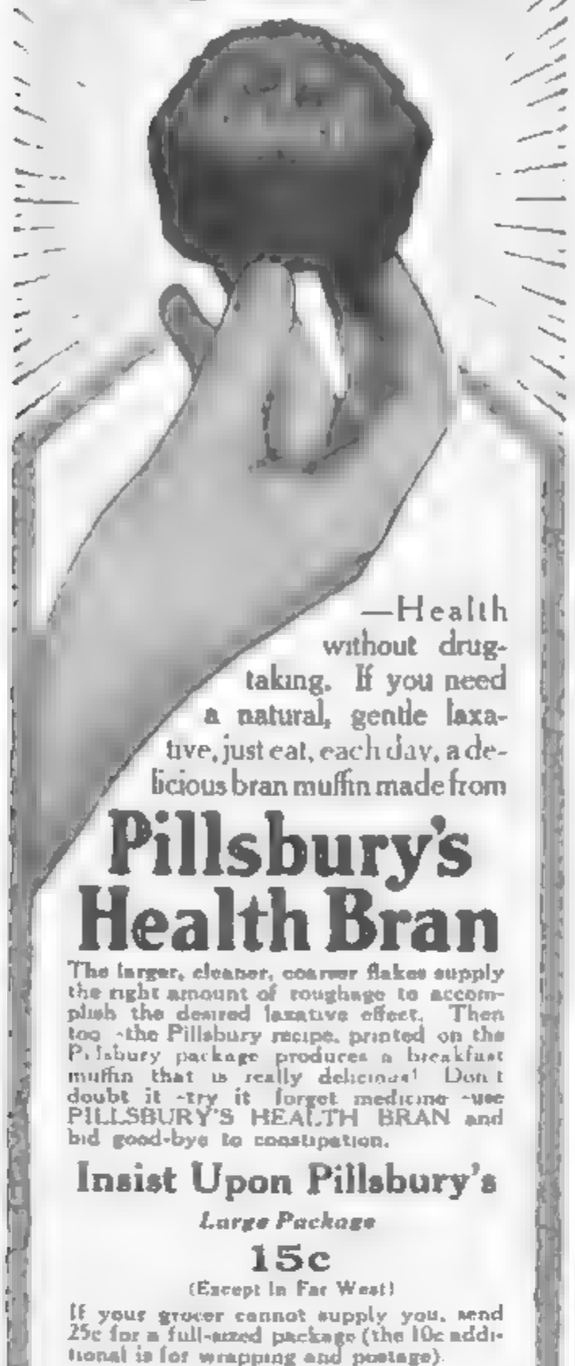
My Dealer's Name

Address

Make all the furniture in your home *just like new* with Lyknu

Sold by department stores, grocery stores, drug stores and hardware stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail back the coupon today.

Here's Health!



—Health without drug-taking. If you need a natural, gentle laxative, just eat, each day, a delicious bran muffin made from

Pillsbury's Health Bran

The larger, cleaner, coarser flakes supply the right amount of roughage to accomplish the desired laxative effect. Then too—the Pillsbury recipe, printed on the Pillsbury package produces a breakfast muffin that is really delicious! Don't doubt it—try it; forget medicine—use PILLSBURY'S HEALTH BRAN and bid good-bye to constipation.

Insist Upon Pillsbury's

Large Package

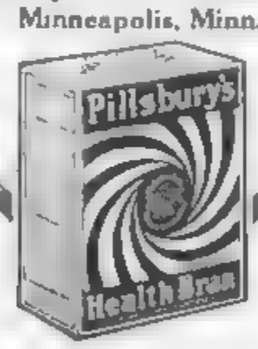
15c

(Except In Far West)

If your grocer cannot supply you, send 25c for a full-sized package (the 10c additional is for wrapping and postage).

Department "S"

Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.



Ask For This Package!

Are You the Man?

IT is hoped that this advertisement will arrest the attention of men with executive ability at present actually engaged in the merchandising and managerial end of the retail women's ready-to-wear business.

Any man who knows beyond question that he has a natural gift in the direction of women's styles and merchandise, as well as executive ability in store management, can greatly increase his present income, as, if necessary, special positions would be created to meet requirements of experienced men possessed of such ability.

This retail business, with stores in different cities, is one of the largest in the United States and has now in its organization men whose salaries have been doubled, trebled and quadrupled after a few years' training and development. Such men, however, are unusual; therefore none who has not the natural talent and executive ability referred to—who does not think for himself and exercise good judgment—need apply. Men with present incomes of $2500.00 to $4000.00 a year need not hesitate to apply, as opportunities for great advancement for such are also open in same organization.

Monetary investment neither asked nor accepted. Replies strictly confidential.

Address P. O. Box 52, CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from Page 38)

suddenly flung off his feathered headdress, his wig and his fringed leather garments, and revealed himself in pink fleshings as the principal bareback rider.

They screamed in a chorus of delight when the funny old clown, who had been forcibly deprived of three tin flutes in rapid succession, now produced yet a fourth from the seemingly inexhaustible depths of his baggy white pants—a flute with a string and a bent pin affixed to it—and, secretly affixing the pin in the tail of the cross ringmaster's coat, was thereafter enabled to toot sharp shrill blasts at frequent intervals, much to the chagrin of the ringmaster, who seemed utterly unable to discover the whereabouts of the instrument dangling behind him.

But no one among them whooped louder or laughed longer than their elderly and bewhiskered friend, who sat among them, paying the bills. As his guests they stayed for the concert; and, following this, they patronized the side show in a body. They had been almost the first upon the scene; assuredly they were the last of the audience to quit it.

Indeed, before they trailed their confrère away from the spot the sun was nearly down; and at scores of supper tables all over town the tale of poor old Peep O'Day's latest exhibition of freakishness was being retailed, with elaborations, to interested auditors. Estimates of the sum probably expended by him in this crowning extravagance ranged well up into the hundreds of dollars.

As for the object of these speculations, he was destined not to eat any supper at all that night. Something happened that so upset him as to make him forget the meal altogether. It began to happen when he reached the modest home of P. Gafford, adjoining the Gafford stables, on Locust Street, and found sitting on the lowermost step of the porch a young man of untidy and unshaved aspect, who hailed him affectionately as Uncle Paul, and who showed deep annoyance and acute distress upon being rebuffed with chill words.

It is possible that the strain of serving a three-months' sentence, on the technical charge of vagrancy, in a workhouse somewhere in Indiana, had affected the young man's nerves. His ankle bones still ached where the ball and chain had been hitched; on his palms the blisters induced by the uncongenial use of a sledge hammer on a rock pile had hardly as yet turned to calluses. So it is only fair to presume that his nervous system felt the stress of his recent confining experiences also.

Almost tearfully he pleaded with Peep O'Day to remember the ties of blood that bound them; repeatedly he pointed out that he was the only known kinsman of the other in all the world, and, therefore, had more reason than any other living being to expect kindness and generosity at his uncle's hands. He spoke socialistically of the advisability of an equal division; failing to make any impression here he mentioned the subject of a loan—at first hopefully, but finally despairingly.

When he was done Peep O'Day, in a perfectly colorless and unsympathetic voice, bade him good-by—not good night but good-by! And, going inside the house, he closed the door behind him, leaving his newly returned relative outside and quite alone.

At this the young man uttered violent language; but, since there was nobody present to hear him, it is likely he found small satisfaction in his profanity, rich though it may have been in metaphor and variety. So presently he betook himself off, going straight to the office in Legal Row of H. B. Sublette, attorney at law.

From the circumstance that he found Mr. Sublette in, though it was long past that gentleman's office hours, and, moreover, found Mr. Sublette waiting in an expectant and attentive attitude, it might have been adduced by one skilled in the trick of putting two and two together that the pair of them had reached a prior understanding sometime during the day; and that the visit of the young man to the Gafford home and his speeches there had all been parts of a scheme planned out at a prior conference.

Be this as it may, as soon as Mr. Sublette had heard his caller's version of the meeting upon the porch he lost no time in taking certain legal steps. That very night, on behalf of his client, denominated in the documents as Percival Dwyer, Esquire, he prepared a petition addressed to the circuit judge of the district, setting forth that, inasmuch as Paul Felix O'Day had by divers acts shown himself to be of unsound mind, now, therefore, came his nephew and next of kin praying that a committee or curator be appointed to take over the estate of the said Paul Felix O'Day, and administer the same in accordance with the orders of the court until such time as the said Paul Felix O'Day should recover his reason, or should pass from this life, and so forth and so on; not to mention whereases in great number and aforesaids abounding throughout the text in the utmost profusion.

On the following morning the papers were filed with Circuit Clerk Milam. That vigilant barrister, Mr. Sublette, brought them in person to the courthouse before nine o'clock, he having the interests of his client at heart and perhaps also visions of a large contingent fee in his mind. No retainer had been paid. The state of Mr. Dwyer's finances—or, rather, the absence of any finances—had precluded the performance of that customary detail; but to Mr. Sublette's experienced mind the prospects of future increment seemed large.

Accordingly he was all for prompt action. Formally he said he wished to go on record as demanding for his principal a speedy hearing of the issue, with a view to preventing the defendant named in the pleadings from dissipating any more of the estate lately bequeathed to him and now fully in his possession—or words to that effect.

Mr. Milam felt justified in getting into communication with Judge Priest over the long-distance phone; and the Judge, cutting short his vacation and leaving uncaught vast numbers of bass and perch in Reelfoot Lake, came home, arriving late that night.

Next morning, having issued divers orders in connection with the impending litigation, he sent a messenger to find Peep O'Day and to direct O'Day to come to the courthouse for a personal interview.

Shortly thereafter a scene that had occurred some two months earlier, with His Honor's private chamber for a setting, was substantially duplicated: There was the same cast of two, the same stage properties, the same atmosphere of untidy tidiness. And, as before, the dialogue was in Judge Priest's hands. He led and his fellow character followed his leads.

"Peep," he was saying, "you understand, don't you, that this here fragrant nephew of yours that's turned up from nowheres in particular is fixin' to git ready to try to prove that you are feeble-minded? And, on top of that, that he's goin' to ask that a committee be app'inted fur you—in other words, that somebody or other shall be named by the court, meanin' me, to take charge of your property and control the spendin' of it frum now on?"

"Yes, suh," stated O'Day. "Pete Gafford he set down with me and made hit all clear to me, yestiddy evenin', after they'd done served the papers on me."

"All right, then. Now I'm goin' to fix the hearin' fur to-morrow mornin' at ten. The other side is askin' fur a quick decision; and I rather figger they're entitled to it. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Whutever you say, Judge."

"Well, have you retained a lawyer to represent your interests in court? That's the main question that I sent fur you to ast you."

"Do I need a lawyer, Judge?"

"Well, there have been times when I regarded lawyers ez bein' superfluous," stated Judge Priest dryly. "Still, in most cases litigants do have 'em round when the case is bein' heard."

"I don't know ez I need any lawyer to he'p me say whut I've got to say," said O'Day. "Judge, you ain't never ast me no questions about the way I've been carryin' on sence I come into this here money; but I reckin mebbe this is ez good a time ez any to tell you jest why I've been actin' the way I've done. You see, suh ——"

"Hold on!" broke in Judge Priest. "Up till now, ez my friend, it would 'a' been perfectly proper fur you to give me your confidences ef you were minded so to do; but now I reckin you'd better not. You see, I'm the judge that's got to decide whether you are a responsible person whether you're mentally capable of ran'll' your own financial affairs, or whether you a'n't. So you'd better wait and make your statement in your own behalf to me whilst I'm settin' on the bench. I'll see that you git an opportunity to do so and I'll listen to it, and I'll give it all the consideration it's deservin' of.

FORWARD MARCH

The brisk, soldierly swagger of the military mode is making hearts beat high in boy-world particularly in this new member of the family of

Sampeck Clothes
The Standard of America

Take the typical "Trencher" shown above, with its high, dashing, metal-buckled belt, and free, easy waist—it's as distinctly *MILITARY* as a call to arms. The wide sweeping skirt lets the boy step like an army officer—the square patch pockets and sleeve-tabs, give him a real taste of West Point Style.

Mothers who know their boys hearts and minds, will march them straight to the best store in town to inspect this coat, as well as other *Sampeck Clothes*, all a'snap with military swank.

Make sure you see the *Sampeck Label* if it isn't there, write us.

Samuel W. Peck & Co.
806 808 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

YOUR liability can be protected by the Hartford's reliability. The business man with diversified interests who does not fully insure, like the ostrich that hides its head, rests in false security.

Any agent or broker can sell you a Hartford policy

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.
Hartford, Connecticut

Burn Your Night Lights Without Waste

A CONTINUOUS light in bath and night light in halls is a wise measure in avoiding accidents. These can be burned continuously, without waste, if the Dim-a-lite which permits of regulating any electric light is used.

DIM-A-LITE Attachment $1.25

DIM-A-LITE

With your home equipped with Dim-a-lites you can have a candle power in bath and hall; a dim glow in bedroom and nursery and a soft light in the cosy corner and for the porch. You can regulate every light to suit the need and save from 30% to 80% in current.

Electrical and Hardware Dealers sell the Dim-a-lite in three forms:

any socket and takes any lamp

with 6 feet cord and plug for ordinary connection to any lamp

The Dim-a-lite pays for itself quickly in saving current and the amount saved in years of service makes it extravagant to do without it. Ask your dealer to show you the Dim-a-lite or write for *"Thrift in Sugar Coats."*

DIM-A-LITE Fixture Socket $1.50

DIM-A-LITE Portable, $3.75

WIRT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA

Five Chan[illegible] of Light

"And, on second thought, p'raps it would only be a waste of time and money fur you to go hirin' a lawyer specially to represent you. Under the law it's my duty, in sech a case ez this here one is, to app'int a member of the bar to serve durin' the proceedin's ez your guardian *ad litem*.

"You don't need to be startled," he added as O'Day flinched at the sound in his ears of these strange and fearsome words. "A guardian *ad litem* is simply a lawyer that tends to your affairs till the case is settled one way or the other. Ef you had a dozen lawyers I'd have to app'int him jest the same. So you don't need to worry about that part of it.

"That's all. You kin go now ef you want to. Only, ef I was you, I wouldn't draw out any more money frum the bank 'twixt now and the time when I make my decision."

All things considered, it was an unusual assemblage that Judge Priest regarded over the top rims of his glasses as he sat facing it in his broad armchair, with the flat top of the bench intervening between him and the gathering. Not often, even in the case of exciting murder trials, had the old courtroom held a larger crowd; certainly never had it held so many boys. Boys, and boys exclusively, filled the back rows of benches downstairs. More boys packed the narrow shelf-like balcony that spanned the chamber across its far end—mainly small boys, barefooted, sunburned, freckled-faced, shock headed boys. And, for boys, they were strangely silent and strangely attentive.

The petitioner sat with his counsel, Mr. Sublette. The petitioner had been newly shaved, and from some mysterious source had been equipped with a neat wardrobe. Plainly he was endeavoring to wear a look of virtue, which was a difficult undertaking, as you would understand had you known the petitioner.

The defending party to the action was seated across the room, touching elbows with old Colonel Farrell, dean of the local bar and its most florid orator.

"The court will designate Col. Horatio Farrell as guardian *ad litem* for the defendant during these proceedings," Judge Priest had stated a few minutes earlier, using the formal and grammatical language he reserved exclusively for his courtroom.

At once old Colonel Farrell had hitched his chair up alongside O'Day; had asked him several questions in a tone inaudible to those about them; had listened to the whispered answers of O'Day; and then had nodded his huge curly white dome of a head, as though amply satisfied with the responses.

Let us skip the preliminaries. True, they seemed to interest the audience; here, though, they would be tedious reading. Likewise, in touching upon the opening and outlining address of Attorney-at-Law Sublette let us, for the sake of time and space, be very much briefer than Mr. Sublette was. For our present purposes, I deem it sufficient to say that in all his professional career Mr. Sublette was never more eloquent, never more forceful, never more vehement in his allegations, and never more convinced—as he himself stated, not once but repeatedly—of his ability to prove the facts he alleged by competent and unbiased testimony. These facts, he pointed out, were common knowledge in the community; nevertheless, he stood prepared to buttress them with the evidence of reputable witnesses, given under oath.

Mr. Sublette, having unwound at length, now wound up. He sat down, perspiring freely and through the perspiration radiating confidence in his contentions, confidence in the result and, most of all, unbounded confidence in Mr. Sublette.

Now Colonel Farrell was standing up to address the court. Under the cloak of a theatrical presence and a large orotund manner, and behind a Ciceronian command of sonorous language, the colonel carried concealed a shrewd old brain. It was as though a skilled marksman lurked in ambush amid a tangle of luxuriant foliage. In this particular instance, moreover, it is barely possible that the colonel was acting on a cue, privily conveyed to him before the court opened.

"May it please Your Honor," he began, "I have just conferred with the defendant here; and, acting in the capacity of his guardian *ad litem*, I have advised him to waive an opening address by counsel. Indeed, the defendant has no counsel. Furthermore, the defendant, also acting upon my advice, will present no witnesses in his own behalf. But, with Your Honor's permission, the defendant will now make a personal statement; and thereafter he will rest content, leaving the final arbitrament of the issue to Your Honor's discretion."

"I object!" exclaimed Mr. Sublette briskly.

"On what grounds does the learned counsel object?" inquired Judge Priest.

"On the grounds that, since the mental competence of this man is concerned since it is our contention that he is patently and plainly a victim of senility, an individual prematurely in his dotage—any utterances by him will be of no value whatsoever in aiding the conscience and intelligence of the court to arrive at a fair and just conclusion regarding the defendant's mental condition."

Mr. Sublette excelled in the use of big words; there was no doubt about that.

"The objection is overruled," said Judge Priest. He nodded in the direction of O'Day and Colonel Farrell. "The court will hear the defendant. He is not to be interrupted while making his statement. The defendant may proceed."

Without further urging, O'Day stood up, a tall, slab-sided rack of a man, with his long arms dangling at his sides, half facing Judge Priest and half facing his nephew and his nephew's lawyer. Without hesitation he began to speak. And this was what he said:

"There's mebbe some here ez knows about how I was raised and fetched up. My paw and my maw died when I was jest only a baby; so I was brung up out here at the old county porehouse ez a pauper. I can't remember the time when I didn't have to work for my board and keep, and work hard. While other boys was goin' to school and playin' hooky, and goin' in washin' in the creek, and playin' games, and all sech ez that, I had to work. I never done no playin' round in my whole life—not till here jest recently, anyway.

"But I always craved to play round some. I didn't never say nothin' about it to nobody after I growed up, 'cause I figgered it out they wouldn't understand and mebbe'd laugh at me; but all these years, ever sence I left that there porehouse, I've had a hankerin' here inside of me"—he lifted one hand and touched his breast—"I've had a hankerin' to be a boy and to do all the things a boy does; to do the things I was chiseled out of doin' whilst I was of a suitable age to be doin' 'em. I call to mind that I uster dream in my sleep about doin' 'em; but the dream never come true not till jest here lately. It didn't have no chancet to come true—not till then.

"So, when this money come to me so sudden and unbeknownstlike I said to myself that I was goin' to make that there dream come true; and I started out fur to do it. And I done it! And I reckin that's the cause of my bein' here to-day, accused of bein' feeble-minded. But, even so, I don't regret it none. Ef it was all to do over ag'in I'd do it jest the very same way.

"Why, I never knowed whut it was, till here two months or so ago, to have my fill of bananas and candy and gingersnaps, and all sech knickknacks ez them. All my life I've been cravin' secretly to own a pair of red-topped boots with brass toes on 'em, like I used to see other boys wearin' in the wintertime when I was out yonder at that porehouse wearin' an old pair of somebody else's cast-off shoes—mebbe a man's shoes, with rags wropped round my feet to keep the snow frum comin' through the cracks in 'em, and to keep 'em frum slippin' right spang off my feet. I got three toes frostbit oncet durin' a cold spell, wearin' them kind of shoes. But here the other week I found myself able to buy me some red-top boots with brass toes on 'em. So I had 'em made to order and I'm wearin' 'em now. I wear 'em reg'lar even ef it is summertime. I take a heap of pleasure out of 'em. And, also, all my life long I've been wantin' to go to a circus. But not till three days ago I didn't never git no chancet to go to one.

"That gentleman yonder—Mister Sublette—he 'lowed jest now that I was leadin' a lot of little boys in this here town into bad habits. He said that I was learnin' 'em nobody knowed whut devilment. And he spoke of my havin' egged 'em on to steal watermelons frum Mister Bell's watermelon patch out here three miles frum town, on the Marshallville gravel road. You-all heared whut he jest now said about that.

"I don't mean no offense and I beg his pardon fur contradictin' him right out before everybody here in the big courthouse;

(Continued on Page 45)

Different and Better!

ABOVE are shown some of the Michelin advertisements which have appeared recently in the "Saturday Evening Post" and other important periodicals reaching millions of motorists of all classes in all parts of the country.

Even in the small size in which these advertisements must be reproduced here, you can see how *different* this advertising is from other tire advertising.

Other tire advertising *looks* more or less alike because other tires *are* more or less alike. But Michelin advertising is different because Michelin Tires embody specific points of superiority which are easily indicated and explained.

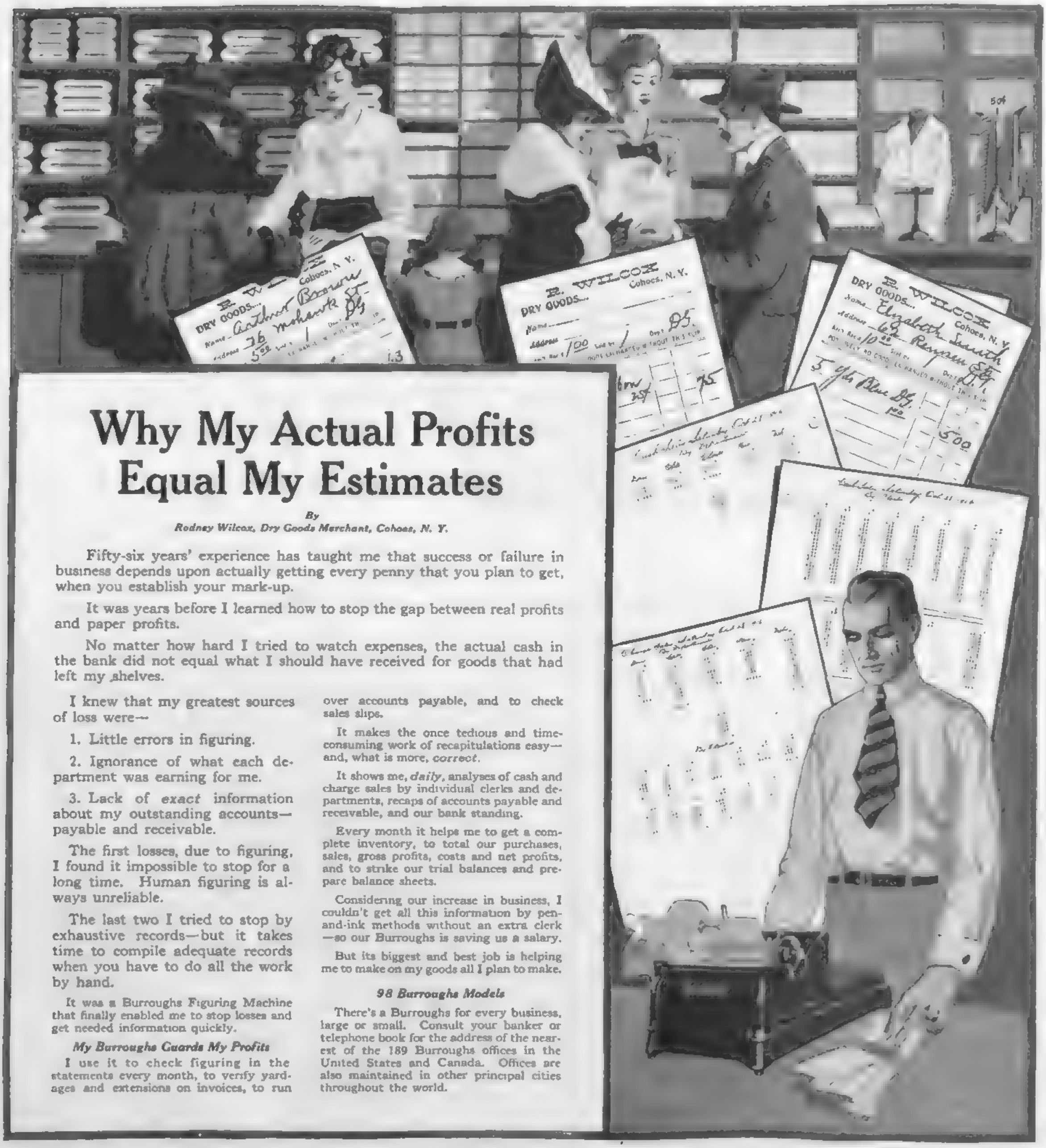
It is because Michelin Tires are *different* and *better* that Michelin dealers stick to the house of Michelin and Michelin users swear by Michelin Tires. Both are satisfied that they have the best.

Write us for more complete information. The Michelin story is interesting, different and *better*—a story that it will pay you to read.

MICHELIN TIRE CO., Milltown, New Jersey

Canadian Headquarters: Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd.
782 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

MICHELIN



Why My Actual Profits Equal My Estimates

By
Rodney Wilcox, Dry Goods Merchant, Cohoes, N. Y.

Fifty-six years' experience has taught me that success or failure in business depends upon actually getting every penny that you plan to get, when you establish your mark-up.

It was years before I learned how to stop the gap between real profits and paper profits.

No matter how hard I tried to watch expenses, the actual cash in the bank did not equal what I should have received for goods that had left my shelves.

I knew that my greatest sources of loss were—

1. Little errors in figuring.

2. Ignorance of what each department was earning for me.

3. Lack of *exact* information about my outstanding accounts—payable and receivable.

The first losses, due to figuring, I found it impossible to stop for a long time. Human figuring is always unreliable.

The last two I tried to stop by exhaustive records—but it takes time to compile adequate records when you have to do all the work by hand.

It was a Burroughs Figuring Machine that finally enabled me to stop losses and get needed information quickly.

My Burroughs Guards My Profits

I use it to check figuring in the statements every month, to verify yardages and extensions on invoices, to run over accounts payable, and to check sales slips.

It makes the once tedious and time-consuming work of recapitulations easy—and, what is more, *correct*.

It shows me, *daily*, analyses of cash and charge sales by individual clerks and departments, recaps of accounts payable and receivable, and our bank standing.

Every month it helps me to get a complete inventory, to total our purchases, sales, gross profits, costs and net profits, and to strike our trial balances and prepare balance sheets.

Considering our increase in business, I couldn't get all this information by pen-and-ink methods without an extra clerk—so our Burroughs is saving us a salary.

But its biggest and best job is helping me to make on my goods all I plan to make.

98 Burroughs Models

There's a Burroughs for every business, large or small. Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest of the 189 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada. Offices are also maintained in other principal cities throughout the world.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 42)

but, mister, you're wrong. I don't lead these here boys astray that I've been runnin' round with. They're mighty nice clean boys, all of 'em. Some of 'em are mighty near ez pore ez whut I uster be; but there ain't no real harm in any of 'em. We git along together fine—me and them. And, without no preachin', nor nothin' like that, I've done my best these weeks we've been frolickin' and projectin' round together to keep 'em frum growin' up to do mean things. I use chawin' tobacco myself; but I've told 'em, I don't know how many times, that ef they chew it'll stunt 'em in their growth. And I've got several of 'em that was smokin' cigarettes on the sly to promise me they'd quit. So I don't figger ez I've done them boys any real harm by goin' round with 'em. And I believe ef you was to ast 'em they'd all tell you the same, suh.

"Now about them watermelons: Sence this gentleman has brung them watermelons up, I'm goin' to tell you-all the truth about that too."

He cast a quick, furtive look, almost a guilty look, over his shoulder toward the rear of the courtroom before he went on:

"Them watermelons wasn't really stole at all. I seen Mister Dick Bell beforehand and arranged with him to pay him in full fur whutever damage mout be done. But, you see, I knowed watermelons tasted sweeter to a boy ef he thought he'd hooked 'em out of a patch; so I never let on to my little pardners yonder that I'd the same ez paid Mister Bell in advance fur the melons we took out of his patch and et in the woods. They've all been thinkin' up till now that we really hooked them watermelons. But ef that was wrong I'm sorry fur it.

"Mister Sublette, you jest now said that I was fritterin' away my property on vain foolishment. Them was the words you used—'fritterin' and 'vain foolishment.' Mebbe you're right, suh, about the fritterin' part; but ef spendin' money in a certain way gives a man ez much pleasure ez it's give me these last two months, and ef the money is his'n by rights, I figger it can't be so very foolish; though it may 'pear so to some.

"Excusin' these here clothes I've got on and these here boots, which ain't paid fur yet, but are charged up to me on Felsburg Brothers' books and Mister M. Biederman's books, I didn't spend only a dollar a day, or mebbe two dollars, and once three dollars in a single day out of whut was comin' to me. The Judge here, he let me have that out of his own pocket; and I paid him back. And that was all I did spend till here three days ago when that there circus come to town. I reckin I did spend a right smart then.

"My money had come frum the old country only the day before; so I went to the bank and they writ out one of them pieces of paper which is called a check, and I signed it—with my mark; and they give me the money I wanted—an even two hundred dollars. And part of that there money I used to pay fur circus tickets fur all the little boys and little girls I could find in this town that couldn't 'a' got to the circus no other way. Some of 'em are settin' back there behind you-all now—some of the boys, I mean; I don't see none of the little girls.

"There was several of 'em told me at the time they hadn't never seen a circus—not in their whole lives! Fur that matter, I hadn't, neither; but I didn't want no pore child in this town to grow up to be ez old ez I am without havin' been to at least one circus. So I taken 'em all in and paid all the bills; and when night come there wasn't but 'bout nine dollars left out of the whole two hundred that I'd started out with in the mornin'. But I don't begredge spendin' it. It looks to me like it was money well invested. They all seemed to enjoy it; and I know I done so.

"There may be bigger circuses'n whut that one was; but I don't see how a circus could 'a' been any better than this here one I'm tellin' about, ef it was ten times ez big. I don't regret the investment and I don't aim to lie about it now. Mister Sublette, I'd do the same thing over ag'in ef the chance should come, lawsuit or no lawsuit. Ef you should win this here case mebbe I wouldn't have no second chance.

"Ef some gentleman is app'inted ez a committee to handle my money it's likely he wouldn't look at the thing the same way I do; and it's likely he wouldn't let me have so much money all in one lump to spend takin' a passel of little shavers that ain't no kin to me to the circus and to the side show, besides lettin' 'em stay fur the grand concert or after show, and all. But I done it once; and I've got it to remember about and think about in my own mind ez long ez I live.

"I'm 'bout finished now. There's jest one thing more I'd like to say, and that is this: Mister Sublette he said a minute ago that I was in my second childhood. Meanin' no offense, suh, but you was wrong there too. The way I look at it, a man can't be in his second childhood without he's had his first childhood; and I was cheated plum' out of mine. I'm more'n sixty years old, ez near ez I kin figger; but I'm tryin' to be a boy before it's too late."

He paused a moment and looked round him.

"The way I look at it, Judge Priest, suh, and you-all, every man that grows up, no matter how old he may git to be, is entitled to 'a' been a boy oncet in his lifetime. I—I reckin that's all."

He sat down and dropped his eyes upon the floor, as though ashamed that his temerity should have carried him so far. There was a strange little hush filling the courtroom. It was Judge Priest who broke it.

"The court," he said, "has by the words just spoken by this man been sufficiently advised as to the sanity of the man himself. The court cares to hear nothing more from either side on this subject. The petition is dismissed."

Very probably these last words may have been as so much Greek to the juvenile members of the audience; possibly, though, they were made aware of the meaning of them by the look upon the face of Nephew Percival Dwyer and the look upon the face of Nephew Percival Dwyer's attorney. At any rate, His Honor hardly had uttered the last syllable of his decision before, from the rear of the courtroom and from the gallery above, there arose a shrill, vehement, sincere sound of yelling—exultant, triumphant and deafening. It continued for upward of a minute before the small disturbers remembered where they were and reduced themselves to a state of comparative quiet.

For reasons best known to himself, Judge Priest, who ordinarily stickled for order and decorum in his courtroom, made no effort to quell the outburst or to have it quelled—not even when a considerable number of the adults present joined in it, having first cleared their throats of a slight huskiness that had come upon them, severally and generally.

Presently the Judge rapped for quiet—and got it. It was apparent that he had more to say; and all there hearkened to hear what it might be.

"I have just this to add," quoth His Honor: "It is the official judgment of this court that the late defendant, being entirely sane, is competent to manage his own affairs after his preferences.

"And it is the private opinion of this court that not only is the late defendant sane but that he is the sanest man in this entire jurisdiction. Mister Clerk, this court stands adjourned."

Coming down the three short steps from the raised platform of the bench, Judge Priest beckoned to Sheriff Giles Birdsong, who, at the tail of the departing crowd, was shepherding its last exuberant members through the doorway.

"Giles," said Judge Priest in an undertone, when the worthy sheriff had drawn near, "the circuit clerk tells me there's an indictment for malicious mischief ag'in this here Perce Dwyer knockin' round amongst the records somewheres—an indictment the grand jury returned several sessions back, but which was never pressed, owin' to the sudden departure frum our midst of the person in question.

"I wonder ef it would be too much trouble fur you to sort of drap a hint in the ear of the young man or his lawyer that the said indictment is apt to be revived, and that the said Dwyer is liable to be tuck into custody by you and lodged in the county jail sometime during the ensuin' forty-eight hours—without he should see his way clear durin' the meantime to get clean out of this city, county and state! Would it?"

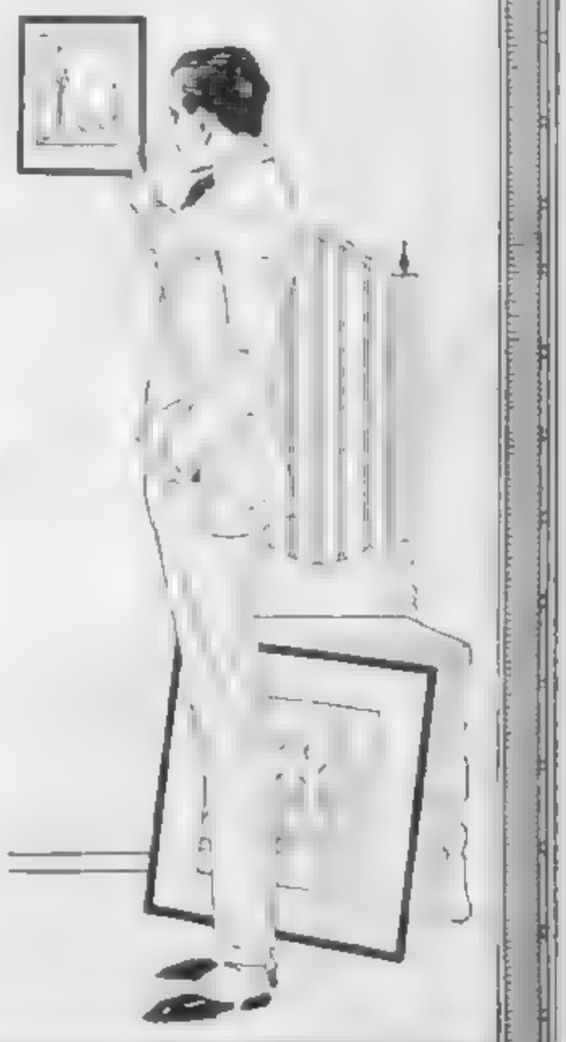
"Trouble? No, suh! It won't be no trouble to me," said Mr. Birdsong promptly. "Why, it'll be more of a pleasure, Judge."

And so it was.

Except for one small added and purely incidental circumstance, our narrative is ended. That same afternoon Judge Priest sat on the front porch of his old white house

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

The Morley



Three buttons, patch pockets, and distinctive lapels. Modestly conspicuous for that care-free, loungy grace that belongs to youth and youthful figures.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Tailor Shops at Rochester, N. Y.

[$7.50 to $12]

Play safe
with your shoe dollars

RECENT rises in the cost of leather and labor are unprecedented. You can *buy* shoe today for less than $7.50—but you risk money when you do so.

We can make shoes of Crossett quality today for $7.50 to $12. *No one* can make shoes of Crossett quality for *less*.

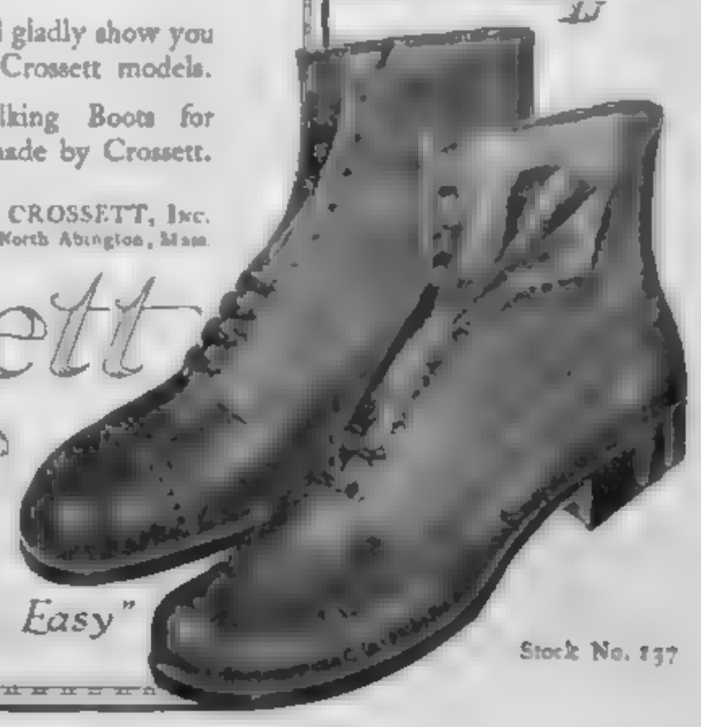
To those who are fond of "big hikes" we recommend particularly the Crossett boot shown below. It is made of heavy, tan leather on the regular Munson Army last and pattern. Its plump, single sole and smooth, comfortable fit fairly swing you along the highway or 'cross country.

Any Crossett dealer will gladly show you this and the other 1917 Crossett models.

NEW! Crossett Walking Boots for Women—designed and made by Crossett.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc.
Makers North Abington, Mass.

Crossett Shoe



Makes Life's Walk Easy"

Stock No. 137

Are You Proud of Your Windows?

YOUR shades—do they please you? If they do not—if they are not smooth and straight—free from pin holes, cracks and streaks—if they do not roll evenly and smoothly—Then get Oswego or Chouaguen (Shoo-A-Gen) Shade Cloth.

It will pay you in the end to throw out every faded and cracked shade you have and equip every window with Oswego or Chouaguen Shades. Then you will be sure of having shades that will last for years—shades that the brightest sun will not fade—that will not crack, tear, nor ravel.

Both Oswego and Chouaguen Shade Cloth are made of fine-textured, closely woven fabrics finished in a great variety of the most harmonious, effective colorings. The difference between them is this—Oswego Shades are translucent. They allow a soft glow of light to filter through. Chouaguen Shades are opaque—no light shines through. Examine them both at your dealer's. Remember the names. Made for fifty years by the Oswego Mills, now controlled by the same people who make the famous Hartshorn Shade Rollers.

If you want to know how to make your home more artistic—how to do the clever things with a bit of drapery that spell the difference between bareness and "liveableness"—send for "Shade Craft and Harmonious Decoration," beautifully illustrated with colored photographs. It is free. Address "Dept. E."

STEWART HARTSHORN CO.
250 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Stewart Hartshorn
Shade Rollers
with Oswego and
Chouaguen
Shade Cloth

Forget About Dipping and Scrubbing

ORDER a can of *Sani-Flush* and forget about dipping water and scrubbing. Cleaning toilet bowls was a most disagreeable task until

Sani-Flush

was invented. Sprinkle a little *Sani-Flush* in the toilet bowl every two or three days and the bowl and the hidden trap will always be snowy white, odorless and sanitary. *Sani-Flush* is for cleaning toilet bowls only. It will not injure bowl or connections.

25 Cents a Can

Sani-Flush is a sanitary necessity wherever there is a toilet. It is patented. Nothing else like it. Sold by grocers, druggists, plumbers, hardware and general stores.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Canadian Agents
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

The trap that *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans, keeps clean

out on Clay Street, waiting for Jeff Poindexter to summon him to supper. Peep O'Day opened the front gate and came up the graveled walk between the twin rows of silver-leaf poplars. The Judge, rising to greet his visitor, met him at the top step.

"Come in," bade the Judge heartily, "and set down a spell and rest your face and hands."

"No, suh; much obliged, but I ain't got only a minute to stay," said O'Day. "I jest come out here, suh, to thank you fur whut you done to-day on my account in the big courthouse, and—and to make you a little kind of a present."

"It's all right to thank me," said Judge Priest; "but I couldn't accept any reward fur renderin' a decision in accordance with the plain facts."

"'Tain't no gift of money, or nothin' like that," O'Day hastened to explain. "Really, suh, it don't amount to nothin' at all, scursely. But a little while ago I happened to be in Mr. B. Weil & Son's store, doin' a little tradin', and I run acrost a new kind of knickknack, which it seemed like to me it was about the best thing I ever tasted in my whole life. So, on the chancet, suh, that you might have a sweet tooth, too, I taken the liberty of bringin' you a sack of 'em and—and—and here they are, suh; three flavors—strawberry, lemon and vanilly."

Suddenly overcome with confusion, he dislodged a large-sized paper bag from his side coat pocket and thrust it into Judge Priest's hands; then, backing away, he turned and clumped down the graveled path in great and embarrassed haste.

Judge Priest opened the bag and peered down into it.

It contained a sticky sugary dozen of flattened confections, each molded round a short length of wooden splinter. These sirupy articles, which have since come into quite general use, are known, I believe, as all-day suckers.

When Judge Priest looked up again, Peep O'Day was outside the gate, clumping down the uneven sidewalk of Clay Street with long strides of his booted legs. Half a dozen small boys, who, it was evident, had remained hidden during the ceremony of presentation, now mysteriously appeared and were accompanying the departing donor, half trotting to keep up with him.

Sense and Nonsense

Cobb's Mail Clerk

IRVIN S. COBB points with pride in many of his writings to Paducah, Kentucky. Paducah reciprocates with adulations of her favorite son. Not a few Paducaites have some story showing Cobb to have been just as jovial in his youth as now. One such is related by a former resident of that center of mint-julep culture, now a prominent zinc-mining operator in the Oklahoma field.

"I never was right well acquainted with Cobb," declares the mining man, "but he's better looking now than he was then. His features were the same, but he was a lot thinner. He was so good-natured that we never noticed his looks. I remember one night about midnight I was walking past the newspaper office where he worked and heard him howling with laughter inside. I knew it was he because nobody in three counties had a mouth so big or could laugh so loud. I went in and he was almost rolling out of his chair. He had a big heap of letters and was putting stamps on them. Beside him was a big Newfoundland dog. He would tear off a stamp and the dog would stick out his tongue very solemnly and lick it. And then Cobb would laugh until the building shook. I never had so much fun as sitting there an hour listening to him laugh."

Court-Martialed

LIEUT. THOMAS G. STERRETT, of the United States Marine Corps, once court-martialed his daughter Marjorie—of battleship fame—for being mad and not being able to explain satisfactorily why she was so.

"I was just mad, that's all," was her sole defense at the trial.

The lieutenant father attached no weight to the previous-good-character-and-record evidence introduced by the judge-advocate wife and mother and refused to have it spread upon the records, while he, as presiding officer, sentenced the founder of the U. S. S. America Fund to two hours' confinement in a dark closet. Marjorie heard the sentence in a resigned, martyrlike manner and was still mad.

Still as a mouse, without making the slightest noise, she remained in the closet for more than an hour, while her father, fearful lest the air supply in the closet was insufficient for her needs and just the least bit alarmed at her continued silence, tiptoed to the door and peeped in. Marjorie had been waiting patiently for this sign of weakness on his part.

"Shut that door, you militarist!" she exclaimed. "I'm mad yet!"

His Best Terms

HE HAD been "bob-tailed" from the Marine Corps because of his unlimited nerve—not in battle, you understand, but in the everyday peacetime routine. He was fresh and insubordinate, and the officers were glad when they heard he was leaving the service.

When war broke out the martial fever again entered his system and he telegraphed to his old commanding officer—the one who had bob-tailed him: "Would like to come back to the old outfit as your top sergeant. However if no vacancy open for first sergeant will take ordinary sergeant's billet. Please wire your best terms."

Upon the receipt of this telegram the C. O. stormed for a few minutes and then dictated this reply: "You're too fresh. I wouldn't have you on any terms."

Imagine his surprise when, the day following, he was handed this second message from the bob-tailed one: "Terms accepted. Where and when shall I report for duty?"

Duffy's Excuse

WHEN the late Col. Henry Clay Cochrane, United States Marine Corps, was about to leave the Philippine Islands for the United States, he held "office hours" for the last time, and four of the regular old offenders were brought in for punishment.

Colonel Cochrane looked them over wearily and then said: "I've been listening to the yarns and excuses you men have concocted for the past three years and I'm tired of them all. If any of you men can think up something new—some excuse I've never heard before, I'll let you off without punishment. If you can't I'll give you the limit."

"I took just one drink and it made me sick, colonel," began the first.

"Old stuff," said Colonel Cochrane, "so I'll give you the limit."

The second offender's alarm clock had failed to work, and the third had had bad news from home. There was nothing new in this, according to Colonel Cochrane's views, and each was given the limit.

However, the colonel's eyes brightened at the approach of the fourth culprit, an Irish-American marine.

"Be original, Duffy. Tell me something new," urged the colonel.

"Well, colonel," Duffy began with his eyes atwinkle, "as Oi was lavin' the gate on liberty Oi heard the sad news that you was goin' to lave us, and it made me so downhearted that I wint to the nearest saloon and drownded me sorrows."

"You win!" exploded Colonel Cochrane. "Now get out!"

This Man's Methods

The Time Has Come to Deal With Corns in a Scientific Way

Not This Man's

Do Not Nurse Corns—End Them

Don't Be Harsh—Be Gentle. Nowadays No Foot Should Have a Corn

THE time is near when folks will blush to own they have a corn. Corns may never be prevented, but they can be quickly ended. And millions have now proved it.

A user of Blue-jay never suffers corns, and never will. And every month countless others join these cornless ranks.

What Not to Do

Don't pare a corn. That means but brief relief. It means endless nursing, and the constant risk of infection. Don't merely pad it. Don't cover a deformity which can be quickly ended.

Don't use old-time methods. They were harsh, unscientific, irritating. Soreness often followed.

Don't apply any form of treatment to both healthy skin and callous. Center it on the corn.

Don't follow the suggestions of unknown men, whose crudity is evident.

Use Expert Methods

Blue-jay was produced by a chemist who spent 25 years in corn study.

It is made and guaranteed by world-famed makers of all forms of surgical dressings. By a concern whose products command the respect of physicians and surgeons.

B&B Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely
25c Packages at Druggists

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure

B is the B & B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness

Blue-jay has millions of users. It has ended tens of millions of corns. Its endorsers include your very friends and neighbors.

The method is right. The application is easy. The results are sure, quick and complete. The proof is at your instant call, and it costs a trifle. Put it to the test.

When a corn first pains—or any time—apply a Blue-jay. Then forget it. There will be no more pain or discomfort. In two days, usually, the corn can be lifted out. If it can't, it's an old tough corn. Then apply another plaster.

Corns cannot resist it. They are sure to go. If they ever return—through continued pressure—the same method will end them. So Blue-jay means to you continuous freedom from corns.

Try it tonight. The results on one corn will convince you. In a few days—usually two days—you will know that no one need have corns.

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.* Chicago and New York

"'War Weddings'—hum! Helen's to marry Captain Hunter, I see, and—Hello! Barbara!"

"Yes?"

"Your Aunt Kate has surrendered to the Old Commodore. Good work! Must do the usual, I suppose. Spoons for the spooners, eh? Got your gifts slated?"

"Solid silver for Aunt Kate, of course! She'd be shocked at anything else, but then she's always shocked at anything modern."

"Hardly have that trouble with Helen; she's as modern as a torpedo destroyer."

"Exactly! So it's a COMMUNITY chest for Helen. She adores the ADAM pattern, and besides—"

"Yes?"

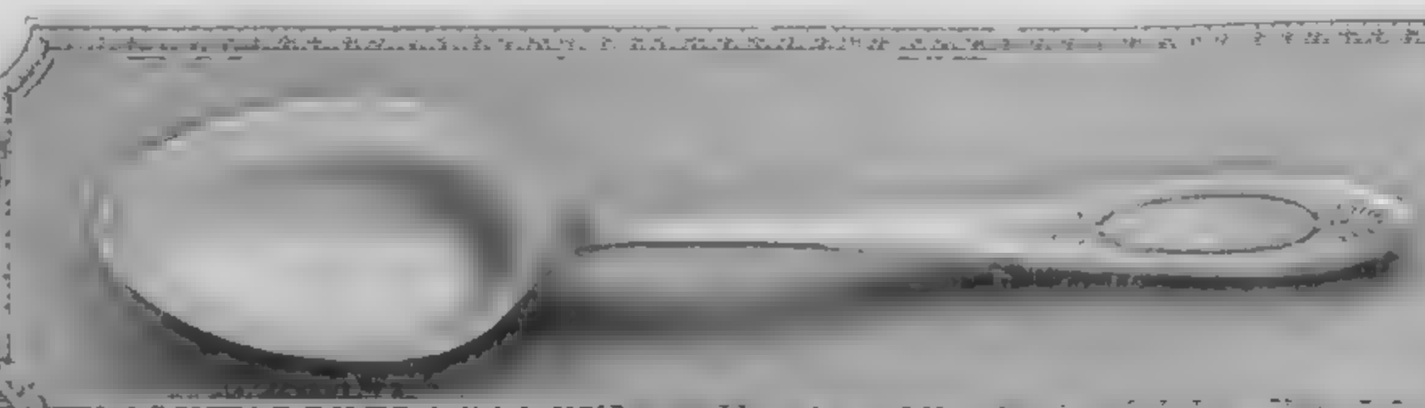
"COMMUNITY is so very much the vogue."

The Vogue of

COMMUNITY PLATE

A chest containing a complete outfit of COMMUNITY PLATE *for the table can be bought at prices ranging from $50 to $300. Or in individual sets; for instance, teaspoons $6 the dozen. At your service for 50 years.* ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Ltd.*

A Few Distinguished Patrons of COMMUNITY PLATE: *Duchess of Rutland, Countess Cadogan, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mrs. Honoré Palmer, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. F. C. Havemeyer, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Duchess of Marlborough.*



THE CABINET

(Continued from Page 9)

people, mostly concerned with having a higher-priced and higher-powered automobile than our neighbors; with golf; with learning how to dance; with our various local concerns; making such money as we could and spending it for various pleasurable devices. Suddenly we landed in the war—right in the middle of it—in the combined function of war makers, in great degree, so far as our men and the support of them go, and war continuers in a financial way. We became at once the hope and the bank of the Allies. We had our geographically correct and politically innocuous Cabinet; and the Cabinet turned to, with all the rest of us, to do what could be done.

It is a reasonable assumption that if we had known about this war a while in advance we could have picked out ten men who would have measured up to it in greater degree. But we didn't have the chance; and it may be we should not have improved it much—at the first trial, at any rate. And, as we didn't know about it, here we are. Wherefore, it is but just to take the circumstances into consideration with the Cabinet; and that leads us to the first apparent fact:

This war has not been under way long enough to have its ultimate effect on two Cabinet aspects: The first of these is its membership; the second is its handicaps. Neither has been changed—yet. So, leaving the membership as it is, let us proceed to take note of the imposts; and the greatest of these is the system.

A Cabinet member is an evanescent, not to say ephemeral, creature. He comes and goes. He passes from his cushioned chair to the nonpareil lists in the political almanacs, and there he reposes. He is casual even if conceited; conspicuous briefly and forgotten promptly. So, too, with all officials. They pass; the system alone endures. And it is against this eternality they must strive, and fail. "Secretaries," some Napoleon might say, "from the top of yon system one hundred and forty years of red tape leer down at you!"

Red Tape—the one permanent governmental attribute! Men come. Men go. Parties rise and fall. Presidents appear and vanish. Cabinet members blow in, blow out and blow up. All passes; the system alone endures. And for this reason: It was constructed by politicians for politicians. If it is true that it takes a thief to catch a thief, it is doubly true that it takes a politician to enmesh a politician. Congress, through the mandate of the Constitution, as set down by the Fathers for reasons of their own, has delegated to it the power to raise and apportion the revenues and prescribe how those revenues shall be spent. But Congress does not have the actual power of spending. That goes to the executives.

Political and Politicianly

Congress is political. Congress is politicianly. Congress, being so, had, during all the days when the system was developed, the obsessing fear that other politicians might spend this money in ways well known to the politicians who made the apportionments. They knew the nature of the breed. So for years and years they set about surrounding this money spending with restrictions and audits and safeguards, in order that the Government might not be cheated. Hence the system. Hence the archaic way the Government does its business. Hence the difficulties of the Cabinet members. Hence the chaos out of which order is slowly coming at Washington.

As I explained in a former article, the Cabinet member has no volition as to his department. He is a creature of set rules, set procedures, set restrictions. He may have the highest hopes, the most excellent initiative, the keenest sense of needs; but he cannot do a thing that Congress will not allow him to do, and he can get nothing, save in minor matters of administration, that Congress will not give him. Combined with this is bureaucracy in his own department, fostered by years and years of adherence to these restrictions and the inhibitions thereof, and to the procedure that no trouble will come to the man who can shift responsibility; and between the two horns of this dilemma the Cabinet member stands. If he turns to Congress he gets what he can and in such time as Congress wills. If he turns to the bureaucracy he gets what precedent says and evaded responsibility allows.

Briefly, that is his position, whatever his aspirations may be. The first thing a Cabinet member discovers about his high-sounding position is that, at the precise moment he entered the door of his office to assume authority the system began winding red tape round him; and the second thing he discovers is that the winding of the red tape is so assiduous and so expert that it isn't long before he is swathed like one of the Ptolemaic queens. Not much is to be expected in these circumstances; nor is much to be obtained.

When this situation is aggravated by an affable but futile personality; or a lack of vision and the strength that goes with vision; or a mere politician's viewpoint, or the small man's smallness, even in face of tremendous things; when it is accentuated by a petty pomposity and fretted by an overweening political ambition; when the fact of the position is obscured by the mouth-filling title of it; when there is more of cowardice and flattery in the high places than there is of straightforward counsel—then we arrive at the present Washington Cabinet situation. The truth of this situation is that the Cabinet members' job, in all but four instances, in Washington has tremendously outgrown the man who holds that job; and the further truth of it is that the job provider and the job depriver is—publicly, at least—insensible of that truth—as yet.

A Peace Cabinet in Wartime

No person need decry the patriotism, the sincerity of intention or the desire to achieve that characterize the average Cabinet members. They were eminently suitable for peacetimes. They were going about their various affairs, some of them spuriously obsessed with their own importance, some of them with political ambitions far beyond their aptitudes, some of them this and some of them that; but, in the main, doing well enough to meet the demands upon them. Had there been no war there would have been no reason to discuss them, except pleasantly, as certain fixtures of the day in Washington concerns, presently to pass on to the honors of their Ex's.

The war came. With it came new requirements and a new series of conditions. Everything changed—everything but most of the Cabinet. Those statesmen are apparently incapable of change, no matter what tumult of transmutation may be going on about them. Everything changed; most radically the President, except in this instance. So far as the Cabinet is concerned, he has not changed—yet.

Washington changed. Washington is no more the Washington of two years ago than Belgium is the Belgium of July three years ago. Everything was mutable except the Cabinet and the System. Both of these continue immutable; both continue as if we were back in the days of 1913, except so far as the impelling activities of the moment have speeded up some of these Cabineteers. The point is that no matter how the externals may have shifted, the important internals of these men—save in my qualifying *four* instances—have not changed. The small-towners are still small-towners, acting the same, seeing the same, circumscribed with the same obsessions, the same brand of politics, the same limitations of view. Even a world war cannot jar some intellects, some temperaments, or alter some perspectives. A little man—an intrinsically little man—cannot be made a big man by a mere epochal catastrophe. He becomes littler as the days go on.

There is no criticism to be attached to any person because these men went there. It may be that legitimate criticism may be leveled because they stay there. The President, out of the material at hand and in accord with the exigencies of the occasion, selected his Cabinet; and it was a good-enough Cabinet, as Cabinets go, for the circumstances and conditions that predicated its selection. These men operated as well as may be in ordinary times, being ordinary men in most part, and not being required to do more than the ordinary. Now comes the extraordinary, and they continue ordinary. That is the point of it.

Hammer a Sheet of *Rubber*— And What Happens?

NOTHING—your hammer does not harm the rubber because rubber is [illegible] it's this characteristic that makes [illegible]

Hammer a Sheet of *Glass*— And What Happens?

[illegible]—the glass is shivered to pieces because it is brittle. And this same thing to a lesser degree, is what happens to ordinary varnishes.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Test It With a Hammer

"You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack."

THIS durability, this [illegible], this [illegible] is the paramount [illegible] in "61" Floor Varnish—much more important than resistance to water, hot or cold or mere surface beauty, which are characteristics of any good varnish. The varnish that can stand your hammer can best endure your heel. Try this test yourself.

Send for Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with "61" and prove its durability to your own satisfaction in an instant.

Although famed as the finest type of interior finish, the durability of Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel*, is extreme. Whiteness, smoothness and waterproof qualities are the common heritage of any good enamel, and these are combined in Vitralite with an endurance so great that Vitralite is *guaranteed for three years outdoors*, as well as indoors. Inside, it lasts indefinitely.

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$1.00 Outfit includes razor complete, with **seven Gem Damaskeene Blades**, shaving and stropping handles, in handsome case.

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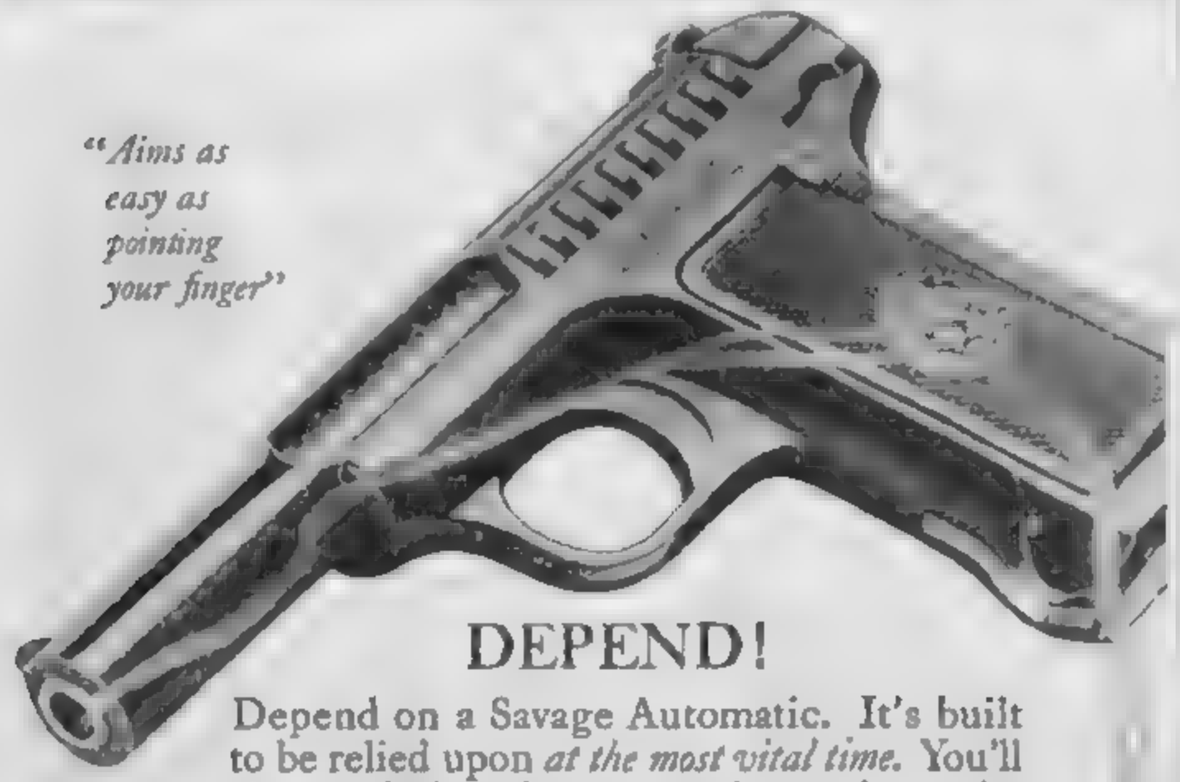
"Aims as easy as pointing your finger"



DEPEND!

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SAVAGE

The further point is this: This war is our war, the people's war; not the war of any party or any President, or of any presidential attachés. It is a war in which all America is asked to take part, support and maintain; and to have the fullest confidence of the people it must be demonstrated as such in the high places where its direction is essayed. The difference between the leaders and the led is merely the difference in titular authority, on the one hand, or bestowed authority by those who follow, on the other, together with confidence—the asset of leadership that outweighs all other qualities whatsoever, even ability.

Now, though such faults are largely congenital, the bulk of these members of the Cabinet at Washington, no matter how much they may have the esteem of the President, have not the esteem of the people. Those who are familiar with Washington know the exact relation of a Cabinet member to the processes of government, but those who are not familiar with Washington, and they comprise the great bulk of the people—the people who must fight and pay for this war—do not know that exact relation.

To the masses of the people the secretary of state, for example, has a ranking somewhat similar to that of Lloyd George in England—the premier. Of course only politeness induces the person familiar with Washington to say that a secretary of state in our country is a premier. He isn't. He is the sublimated clerk at the head of the state department. The President is the premier. Also, the President is everything else, in the last analysis, that any Cabinet member is held to be, so far as that pertains to being the dominating head.

Big Men Needed

This being the case, and the great desire of the President and of all Americans being to win this war, the question of remaking this Cabinet is a vital one. It is quite likely that, in view of his vast domination over all the Government, the President feels that his Cabinet is good enough. It may be for him; but it is not for the people. There would be a greater confidence among the people, a greater support, a better spirit, a more reliant outlook, if the President were to make certain changes in his present Cabinet; substitute other men for some of the men therein; bring it to the level of its best elements, which, as I have said, are four in number, or even higher than those—make it the greatest Cabinet the United States can produce, instead of the mediocre body it is now.

These are wartimes. We have apparently not been at the task long enough to learn that nothing matters except winning. Other nations have learned that: but other nations have been in the fires of it for three years. Other nations for political or similar reasons obstinately held to men who were unfit; but all other nations came to the breaking point, and to the stern reality that the individual, the association of individuals, the wants, wishes, past performances or expressed desires of none save the people—the state—deserve consideration. This is not an individual war. It is not a party war. It is not a sectional war.

For that reason, and owing to the fact that—regrettable as it may seem to their friends and to themselves—there is a nation-wide conclusion that certain of these men should not be retained—a conclusion adequately buttressed by the truth, in several instances, that they do not measure up to their requirements—it is clearly the part of the President to reorganize his Cabinet, to lay aside his political considerations of the fitness of these men, disregard the partisans in his own party, and replace the lame and halting ones with men who shall command the respect and confidence that he needs in its fullest measure.

There is an object lesson in every office building in Washington—an object lesson for the President, showing him what he might do, if he chose, to cement the confidence of the people; to make it stronger and more enduring. Hundreds of the greatest business and professional men are there, serving their country, bringing unselfishly, ungrudgingly, without thought of personal preference or comfort or profit, the best they have to the call of the flag. At the call of the country they left their offices, their factories, their laboratories, their mills, their railroads, their great merchandising establishments—left everything, and came as producers for the United States—their country. They are giving their time, their money, their brains—their all—for the service of this land. They are accomplishing things that are marvelous. They are rapidly bringing this country to be as efficient in the pursuits of war as it was in the pursuits of peace.

But these men are not of the administration. They are outsiders. They are in councils, commissions, committees, and so on. The people recognize their service, but they do not think of it as more than volunteer service. The Cabinet members are the regulars—that is, though these men are there in Washington doing this work, the work they are doing seems apart from the main headspring of authority. It is governmental—but not Governmental.

They may be advisory, but there is no idea among the people that they advise, except in a limited way. They may be authoritative, but it is well-enough known that they lack authority. To be sure, that is a Cabinet lack too. But the main point to be considered is that if the President should take half a dozen of these men, the biggest of them, or half a dozen other men, regardless of their politics, and put them in the Cabinet—organize a great American Cabinet of big men, of the best we have—he would take also a great step toward solidifying the United States behind this war, because he would then get to the people the impression that it is their war, not a party war.

This country has done more for this war, and in this war, than can be told until after the war. Possibly the adequate story of it all will never be written. Whether or not, that is the truth of it; and what has been done has been done despite some of these Cabinet members, and will continue to be done despite them, and despite the system that crushes down initiative in the executive departments. As I have said, no person can be blamed for what he doesn't possess. None of these Cabinet members were selected with war in view, or even as a remote contingency.

The Flaw in the Machine

And that does not imply anything to them save unsuitableness to their places, no matter what their familiarity with their offices may be as based on their years of employment. This war isn't raising any questions that were administrative in any governmental department before it began. It is raising new and insistent questions every hour; and, moreover, these are not local or domestic questions, but world questions, and not to be considered by parochial minds. They are honest and affable and sincere gentlemen, but they are not big enough. And there are men who are big enough to take their places, and men who, in these stressed times, are available—men who in ordinary times could not be induced to take a governmental place.

Instead of a restricted, partisan, geographical limitation and radius of selection, as dictated by future candidacies and aspirations for continued power, the President has all we have—all—at his disposal.

The enterprise of war is progressing positively. We are now well into production. Our armies are in the making. Our great business and professional men are in the country's service. Our President bulks larger against the affairs of all the world than any other. We have the money and it is coming ungrudgingly to the President's demand. The whole machine is going well, save in one regard. The people look with suspicion on certain members of the Cabinet. If disaster comes the blame will be set down there. If mistakes multiply, from minor ones to monumental ones, the Cabinet will be held responsible. This cannot be a one-man war.

That may not be apparent—yet. But it will be; and it will be apparent in the right place. There is no doubt we shall win this war, even if we remain loaded down with Cabinet members whose usefulness ceased at the exact minute when events passed from the ordinary to the extraordinary; but the winning might be made easier and more in accord with the public idea of what some of the essentials are—especially as it is the public who must fight it and finance it.

This view may not hold in high quarters in Washington—yet. However, it will prevail there presently. The people will see to that. As for the secretaries who must go into the discard, theirs is not the blame. Speak kindly to them as they pass out. They did their little bests; but the world shifted on them.

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Athena Cold Meat Fork,
$1.50 each

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The purity of line of the Hudson pattern, the dignity of the Athena decoration, present an unusual choice to lovers of the Beautiful

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Search High and Low for the Best Tires

You will find everywhere on the American continent one answer—

United States Tires—all five types—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco', 'Plain'.

You will find that they stand out supreme before the searchlight of the closest scrutiny.

They have demonstrated, and continue day after day to demonstrate, that they are the tires of supreme service,

—the tires of low mileage cost,

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(Motorists give such sales increases only to tires that give supreme service.)

Put United States Tires to the test—watch results—make comparisons,

—your conclusion is bound to be exactly the same as the thousands of other motorists who have given United States Tires their magnificent sales increases.

United States Tires Are Good Tires

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Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles, and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Ster- ... Make United States Tires Supreme

THE LONG CARRY

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

"Oh, Fan, I'll Come Back for You Soon. . . . I Love You So!" He Murmured

AS DUSK fell and the lights came on, the party in the president's car fell naturally into two groups. Conversation and tobacco flagging, somebody suggested cards; and two tables of pirate were hastily made up. Ordway refused to cut in. He came over and loafed beside Truebridge's chair.

Dineen, the president of the road, looked up and frowned a little.

"Why the hermit act, Ordway? What the devil silly scheme's biting you? . . . What do you want to drop out for? Better cut it and come on up to the lodge with the rest of us."

Ordway smiled.

"My own advice, Mr. Dineen," he assented; "but I seem to be acting independently. It's just something I feel has got to be put over—something I've promised myself for a long time."

"And, if you ask me, a damned dangerous thing, too," grumbled Dineen, his heavy face setting discontentedly—"goin' back and reconnoit'rin' into your youth. How long since you were back, Ordway?"

"Oh," Ordway laughed, "I haven't been back since I was a boy."

"A damned dangerous thing—unsettlin'. That was my left, Curran."

"You'll find the pump isn't as big as you thought it was; and the kitchen floor's all warped, and the stairs squeak, and you'll knock your knee every second step. Better leave it all as you remember it, Ordway!" Truebridge laughed.

They chaffed him for a space—this recalcitrant, rather silent member of the crowd who, at Dineen's invitation, were going up to his big luxurious shooting lodge in the Adirondacks for three days.

Ordway was going part way and drop out for that interval—take his holiday his own way, he had laughed. Going back and delve into his past. Hadn't been back since '96 to the rural hill regions of his youth.

It was hard to associate the word rural with Ordway. A member of one of the corporation law firms of his city, and special counsel for Dineen's road, he looked the taut, tightly held city article he was. He had a finely modeled head; a pair of keen, piercing eyes; dark hair, threaded with early silver, that sprang vigorously from his high forehead; a mouth a trifle thin and sardonic. His dress, like that of the others, was the casually careful attire of the prosperous business man—tweeds from Donegal, with the richness and bloom of heather, built on nicely individual lines; the cravat and small accouterments of the discriminating—even a cigar that had a custom-made appearance.

Yet the discerning might have found the hallmark of his ancestry upon him. The long ranginess of his lean limbs, the slightly hawklike cast of profile and nose, the trace of Adam's apple behind his well-fitted collar—these were the legacy of his New York Yankee forbears.

The train roared suddenly over a culvert. A brakeman thrust in his head and called: "Runyon's Eddy."

Dimly through the interlacing bare shrubberies one could see the leaden glimmer of the November river. On the other side of the track gaunt, wind-bitten hills, here and there totally "timbered off," leaned ominously against a thickening sky.

Ordway got up and put on his hat and coat; picked up his traveling bag.

"My stop next," he said. "Well, merry times, gentlemen! . . . I'll meet you Monday."

"If you're alive!" laughed Truebridge.

"A dam'-fool scheme—that's all!" Dineen contributed. "Why can't you let well alone?"

Ordway shook hands. An assiduous porter sprang to take his bag, and a brakeman, lantern in hand, ran up with his "step."

It was cold and bleak outside. The station, a dreary symphony of gray and drab, sat lost in grimy contemplation. He could catch through the shuttered windows the monotonous tack-tack, tack-tack of the lonely operator sending on his uninspired messages. A forlorn-looking baggageman shunted a truck with a motley of boxes and baggage into the disconsolate freight room.

The local he would take here stood on the other side of the freight house. It belonged to a branch road and was made up here—an engine, baggage car and a pair of coaches.

He climbed into the rear one. It was dimly lit by gas, cold and dirty. There were peanut shells and aged orange peel on the floor, and a handful of chilled rural passengers to bear him company.

Ordway plunged his bag into the rack and sank down into his coat collar. Depression seized him.

"Good Lord! I must be crazy!" he told himself.

He had a twelve-mile ride ahead of him on the way train, and after that a transfer to a stage for four more. A stage! In this age of progress! A backwoods hill-billy stage, with horses like llamas to climb the steep, unimproved dugway to Green Arbor—to Green Arbor and his youth.

He had never put it that way to himself exactly; but, after all, Dineen was right. It was a romantic jaunt and all precedent was against its being a happy one. Men who went back were always disillusioned. You went in quest of something that seemed appealingly beautiful, and you found—a changeling. It never measured up to the memory.

Back in the car he had left his friends were speaking of him.

"Of all the inspired asininity!" Truebridge began.

"Why the devil couldn't he stay on?" Dineen was still peevish. "We could have gone into that Sneider-Fielding case to-morrow, Harrison—the Public Service Commission is going to give us a run for our money there, and Ordway's the chap to take it through. He's got more nerve than any of the rest of you—more flint in his blood, I guess, though he is younger than the rest of you."

"Ruthless—that's Ordway's quality," Emmett cut in. "He never muddles the issue. When he wants something he goes ahead and gets it and cuts out all the nonessentials."

"That's your successful man, isn't it? . . . And Ordway's that. But this trip, now—after twenty-one years! And why, in the name of heaven, must he wait twenty-one? Sounds like a cold-blooded proposition."

"It is!" It was Mott Harrison, Ordway's senior partner, who spoke—a smooth, pink-faced, white-haired man of sixty. "Ogden is right. Ordway is cold-blooded. I don't know of another man who would have hewn to the line as he has done. He made some chips fly in his time, and more than a few were hacked from himself. Not that I blame him," he chuckled suddenly above the cards he was making up. "You should have seen him twenty-one years ago, when Tod Sears led him into our offices. He was hunting a legal clerkship, I believe. He had come straight off the hills from this place he's going to—Green Arbor. He'd been reading with some one-horse country lawyer. He wore a derby that came well down about his ears, and a pink-and-black-checked shirt with a white celluloid collar and a ready-made tie. He carried his luggage with him—the only genuine bona-fide carpetbag I've ever seen in my life."

There was a shout from the rest.

"Phil Ordway!" someone cried incredulously.

"Oh, he got rid of it all pretty quick." Harrison scratched his chin above his cards. "Two without," he said. "Oh, Ordway's keen—the real metal from the beginning, you know. He saw that sort of thing wouldn't do; it was a case of ignorance merely. So he set himself to make himself over—that was all. He was clever; so he—well, emancipated himself."

"Old Folks at Home, and all," someone suggested.

"What did I tell you? He's ruthless. You can feel it in everything he does," Emmett cut in.

"But why go back now?"

"Perhaps he's never been sure enough before—sort of acid test, you know."

"Oh, I guess every fellow's got a streak of sentiment somewhere," Harrison threw out.

Dineen's butler brought in a tray of cocktails from the diner. There was a town ahead and the engine sent out a long, sonorous, warning whistle.

It was pitch dark when Ordway climbed into the rickety country stage at Sanders Fork. Two oil lamps burned grimly beside the driver's seat, illuminating the knobby backs of the little llamas. A lanky gone-to-seed individual, his chin sunk in pale gray-flax whiskers, chewed disconsolately on "slipp'ry ellum" above the reins as they stepped off.

There was only one other passenger—a heartbroken-looking traveling salesman who anticipated an over-Sunday stop in Green Arbor. But there was plenty of freight. A kit of salt mackerel contested with a can of kerosene for the honor of rubbing Ordway's shins; a great pile of bagged flour, covered with oilskin and roped precariously near his head, teetered lightly like a trapezist, tantalizingly receding and advancing with coy touches on his shoulder.

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But as the horses pressed on up the narrow, rocky road, Ordway forgot his discomfort. He peeped out through the side curtains and caught the glimmer of the little silver creek—a wild river to-night—which splashed so busily down behind the lacing pines. It was running full now after the autumn rains, and it sang into his ears with a familiar and recurrent refrain. It was the song he had gone to sleep by years before—a touch of changelessness, eternity in it, like the song of the cricket. He had lived and gone, and now he was returned; but the mountain brook had changed its cadence no whit.

He caught the sweet, pungent tang of pines, and he breathed in the pure cold air as they pushed up higher and higher. No air like Green Arbor's—no pines!

Suddenly they had dragged round the last curve of dugway, and it lay before them—a little hamlet set high on a hilltop, sharp-cut as a jewel against a crystal-cold evening sky. Little houses, whity-gray in the dusk, sitting like brooding doves whose wings have folded for the night. Behind them and above, dominating the sky line, the whitewood colonial spire of the church, and in the foreground the "ho-tel" of his youth—a low, rangy, red-painted hostelry with iron railings and a big elm tree before it.

Ordway climbed down stiffly. The night was cold and clear—no fog up here on the mountain. 'Way off in the sky the moon rode like a silver paillette. He shivered as though witchcraft had touched him. Thus he had stood many a time in his youth, stilled, arrested by the moon-touched beauty of a cold autumn mountain night. He even fancied he heard a fox bark off across the black timbered hills, and distant, like a plaintive obbligato, he caught the creek's murmur.

Then he shook himself free and went into the inn; and here the glamour fell away. It was the same place, the same furnishings; but what a difference! The transmuting eye of youth and inexperience had loaned them Aladdin-like splendors. And they had vanished.

The offices were smoke-stained and grimy, the dining room cold and cheerless. There were—presumably—the same strips of red oilcloth bisecting the aisles; there were the same oil paintings, belonging to a defunct landlady—a hatful of fruit; a dog's head, in death agony by the expression; and the immortal wooden fish, leaping a cataract of soapsuds. There was even the familiar cracker jar on his table—blue glass. He turned a little faint at the sight. Perhaps the crackers—also!

The traveling salesman was there, silent, suicidal of face. A waitress came up, smoothing her apron over her hips:

"Roas' beef, meat pie an' col' sparerib."

She took his order dreamily, poured him a glass of water, slopping a little on the tablecloth.

"In the name of heaven, why am I here? Dineen was right," he thought. "Youth's only a legend. There's nothing real."

Presently he went disconsolately to his bedroom and slept.

II

THERE was a fan of powdery snow crystals across the patchwork coverlet—another on the rag rug beside the bed. By these tokens Philip knew the wind had been easterly. When it blew round nor'-nor'-east the gale always bit deep into the interstices between the shingles overhead, and the stinging snow cut in and frosted him like a cooky. It was bitter cold. So deep had he burrowed into the huddle of warm coverings that there was only the tip of his nose visible. Presenting one ear, one eye and his mouth to the temperature now, he realized that it was quite likely "below." There was no wind and the snow would have stopped, but his nostrils drew together as though on a puckering string, and a sudden disappointment gripped his heart. Snowdrifts and a temperature below zero—and on the day he had planned for his precious jaunt!

He lay for some minutes, nerving himself to the effort; then sprang out, his teeth ashake—no use wasting time! Seven miles was seven miles, and across the hills would be stiff work for him.

The world outdoors fulfilled the promise of his waking. Through the kitchen window the earth lay blanketed in the unsullied ermine of a first deep snowfall. The sky was turquoise—a clear yellowing blue, against which the pine-covered hills stood out dazzlingly.

"Eighteen below!" Aunt Rose-Ann announced from behind her red-flannel neuralgia bandage as she brought his plate of buckwheat cakes from the stove. There was salt pork on the table, crisp-fried, with cream gravy; and maple sirup and peach sauce. Philip ate largely, heartily, with the expansive appetite of fourteen.

Across from him his grandfather sat, taciturn, grizzled; and Betts, the hired man, and his cousin Herminia—Minnie—the little flowerlike, anæmic girl with whom he played. Twice Minnie looked up from her mush-and-milk and winked a pale-blue eye at him, as though she recognized his excitement.

Yes, he felt excited. He knew his cowlick was standing erect, and the hands that fed himself so generously shook a little.

He wished now he had asked Old Wales more questions last evening. He and Minnie had been "fishing the dog"—baiting old Schuyler, the hound, with scraps of pork rind on a string—when the door had opened and Old Tim Wales had blown in. It was always exciting when Tim Wales, the old veteran, came in like a stormy petrel. It boded one of his matrimonial gusts when he flew unerringly for the harbor of Aunt Rose-Ann's friendly kitchen and molded the bullet.

It was a thrilling experience to see Old Wales, red as a turkey cock, with his artificial leg, and his grizzled hair erect, his beard quivering with emotion, begin that hellish work with his lead and ladle above the kitchen fire.

And always at the exact point of pouring the lead into the bullet mold came the undeviating announcement, in a voice reminiscent of Antietam and Shiloh, and rich with a hatred like Satan's:

"I know what war is, Rose-Ann. I've seen war myself. I'm a soldier, and I know what shootin' is; but I'm agoin' to shoot Old Lize, Rose-Ann, if it costs me me life!"

It was for this that he prepared the bullet—had prepared so many bullets—though as yet he had used none of them. For an implacable enmity burned between himself and Old Lize, his contemporary in years and the mother of his young wife. And, of course, one never knew when wrath might nerve his arm effectively; and to have participated, accessory after the fact, in creating the instrument of destruction—not even the winks and nods of Aunt Rose-Ann could destroy the hair-lifting anticipation.

But last night Old Wales had brought an added interest. Now, slipping from the table, Philip went into the entry and, wrapping himself in cap, comforter and top coat, got a bulky newspaper parcel from a shelf. Minnie followed to the door with the sandwiches she had made him.

"Hain't ye afraid, Phil?"

"'Fraid nothin'!" he said stoutly. "What I want to get, I get."

"Yes, but—him!"

He pooh-poohed her.

"I'm afraid o' nothin'!" he said.

"Well if ye git to Green Arbor to-day!" she said dubiously.

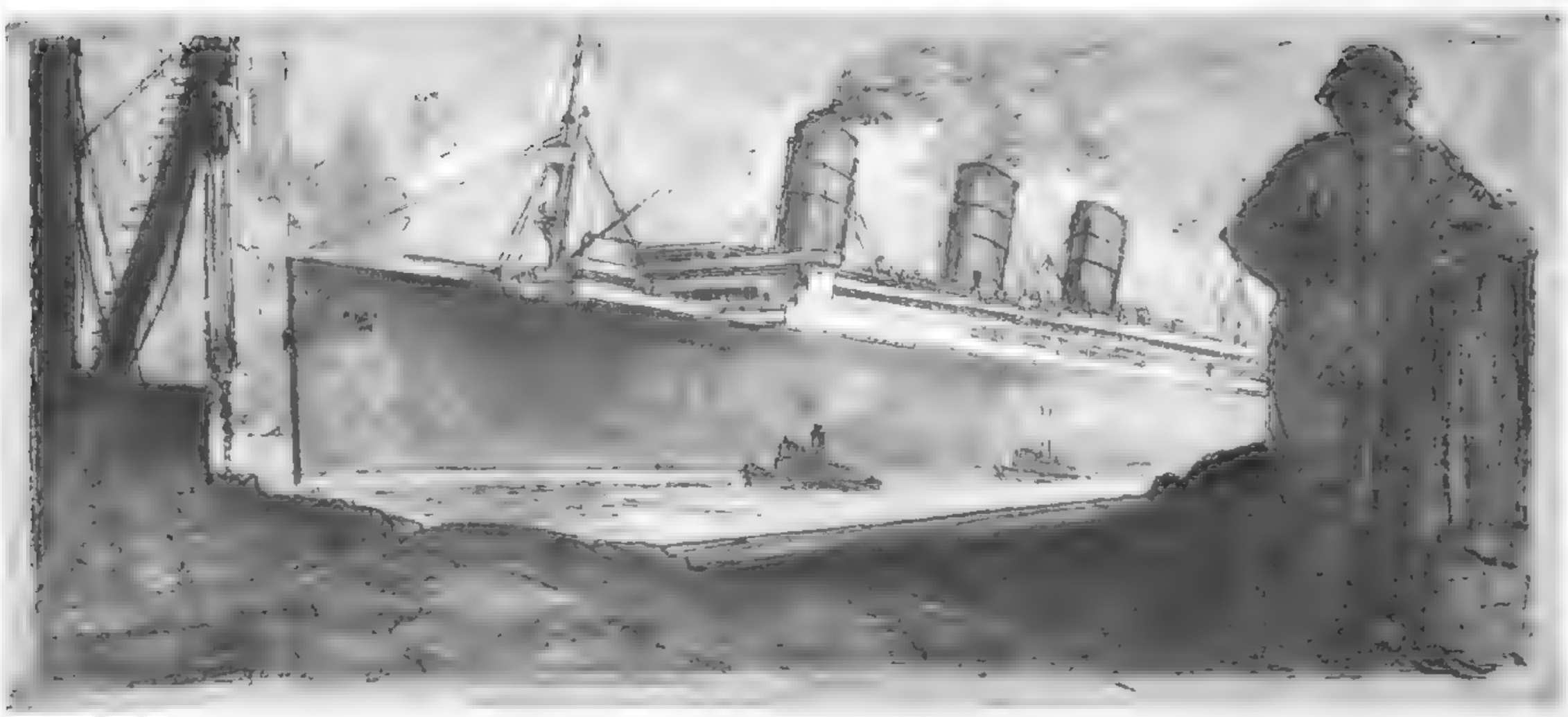
He set off with long rabbitlike strides through the snow. Across the big pasture the snow was thinner; but at the road the drifts had piled up and he had to skirt round. He looked back to see the low-roofed hill farm—"top-o'-the-world"—lying snug in its white blanket, a curl of blue smoke rising from its chimney. It was nice to be snug and warm within, but it was full nice without, too, in this turquoise and crystal world.

His nose was buried deep in his woolen comforter; his cap was far down on his brow, the lappets pulled over his ears; his hands warm in Aunt Rose-Ann's mittens. Only the package he carried bothered him. It was clumsy and unwieldy, but a necessary component of his journey.

He might have awaited a more auspicious day for his journeying, but the thought had not even occurred to him. He was going "'cross hills" to Green Arbor to trade the old accordion he carried for a ferret that had been offered him. Of itself this negotiation held little enough romance, save for the speculative qualities of the ferret; but there was more than this. The ferret dwelt in the house of Arad, the King of the Devils, and this of itself gave pause to any country boy's heart. No one, it was said, had ever bearded Arad with impunity.

Not that Arad was what he had once been. Not that you were even likely to meet him, ordinarily. He had vanished from active participation in life and had become almost a figment of legend or fiction.

(Continued on Page 56)



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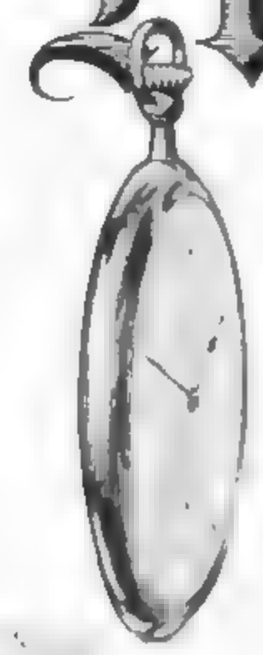

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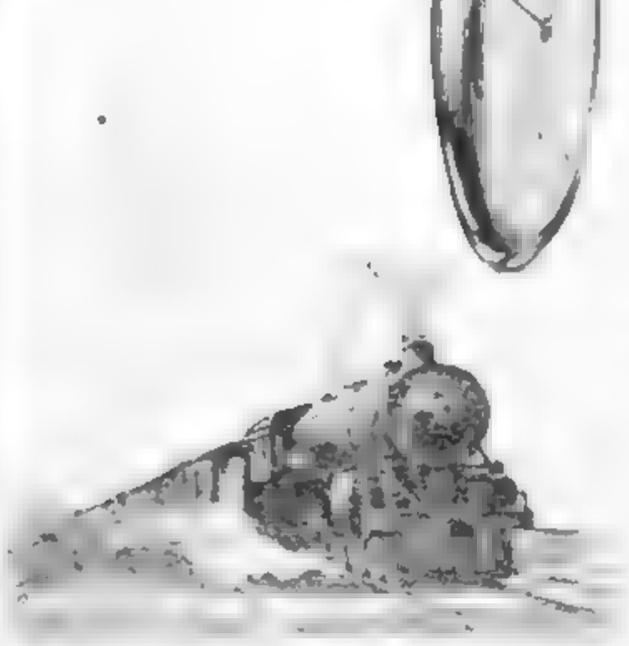

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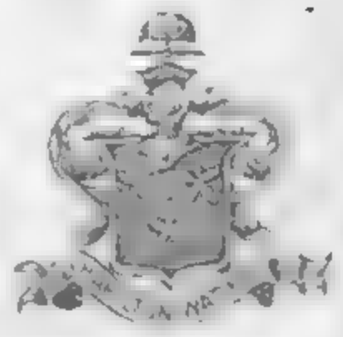

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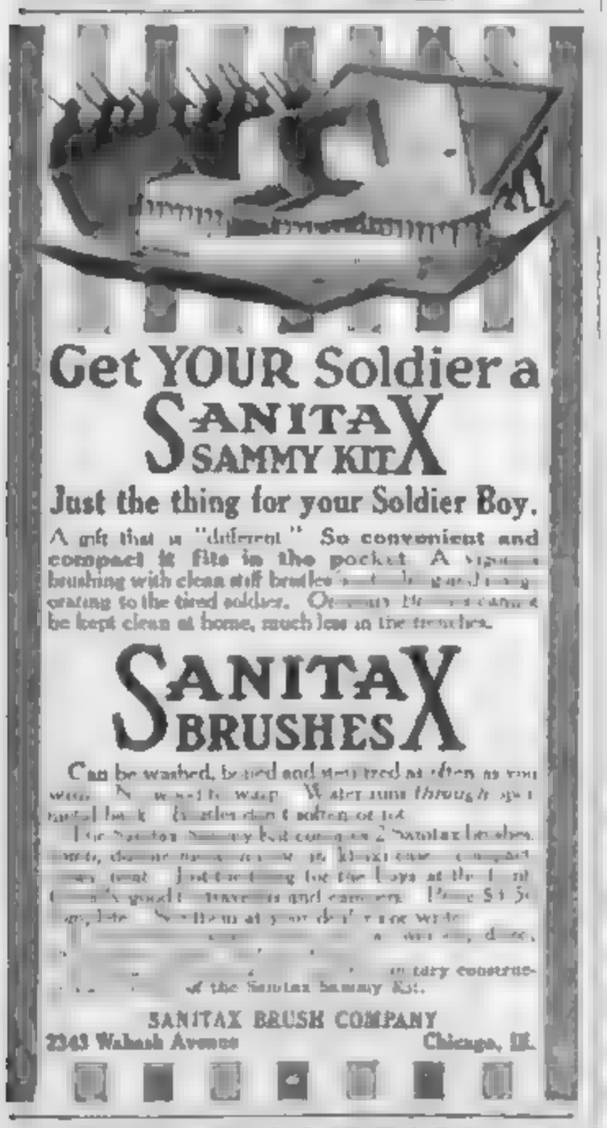

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(Continued from Page 54)

along with Tom Quick and Natty Bumpo—an old man covered with years, who never left the shaded room in which he sat in his invalid's chair. And yet such was his glamour, his prestige, you didn't go into Green Arbor and pass the old paint-peeled house with the bowed shutters, in which he lived, without a bur in your heel. For everyone knew Arad's potentialities, and if he had not lacked legs to carry him ——

The Arad of earlier years—of one's grandfather's time—had been truly terrible. A roistering, rollicking, devilish blade of a lumberman—a jack of the early days when might made right and burly, romantic, picturesque figures, with augers and peaveys, rode the harvest logs down the river all the way to Philadelphia. A mysterious place of the flatlands—Philadelphia! A city one's grandfather had once visited in his youth, having gone there on a raft with Tobin Elias.

The grandfather had often recounted his experiences—the carriages in the crowded cobbled streets; the stages with smart traveling folk; the theater down near the river, with the black-faced minstrel show and boxing match; the queer rows of brick houses, with their ranks of marble doorsteps and scrubbing housemaids; the fashionable tavern, with its neat, shiny cuspidor every few yards; the old Quaker gentleman who sat down at table and most outlandishly ate an orange for his breakfast and familiarly addressed them as "thee."

It was a place to squelch the timid and rustic-hearted; but it had never squelched Arad Travers of the ready fist. A freeborn son of the open, the terror of his homeland hills, Arad made his own laws. Quick of tongue and quick of arm, filled with impish vagary and deviltry, the countryside tradition hummed with his doings.

Was it not Arad who had headed that dauntless gang of lumberjacks who, returning by train from Philadelphia, had been locked in their car by a timorous conductor in the interest of public safety, and had retaliated, at Arad's suggestion, by boring the car literally into lace with their big augers? Jack Mattison had seen the car himself. "Like a piece o' cheese; nuthin' to it but holes!" he had declared.

Was it not Arad who, leaning from the window of a departing car, with an innocent and ruminating eye, and coming abreast a magnificent darky dude, clad in pearl broadcloth, scarlet-striped shirt and high hat, had shifted his chew and spat with deft precision against the glazed bosom of the outraged Beau Brummel? Was it not Arad who had fought and killed the big bobcat of Fenera' Woods with his bare hands; who had lain in wait for his enemy, Abe Gleason, with a fox trap and used it effectively; who, filled with liquor and profanity, and a-swagger through the little settlement of a Saturday night, had sent householders indoors behind lock and key? Was it not Arad, indeed, who had fully earned his title—King of the Devils—and who, though now swaddled under a patchwork quilt, still lurked as a suggestive figure in the juvenile mind, a veritable Enter of Little Boys? Still, when one was come to fourteen, going on fifteen—almost a man's estate ——

The house of Arad sat well back from the road. Philip glimpsed it first from the northern knoll, where the pine windbreak was planted. His face was purple-blue, his nose a cherry, as he went lumbering up through the drifts. Rime had frozen on lips and chin; the arms that carried his package were stiff. Clumsily he shifted it.

There was a break in the scraggy laurel hedge and a clean-swept path led to the painted kitchen door. He went up to it and knocked. It swung wide as though at a touch and he saw a little girl before him. Her eyes matched her frock of cornflower-blue wool. Her hair, bright russet-gold, lay in two soft braids on her shoulders; her cheeks had the velvety softness and coloring of rose petals. She lifted long, shy lashes and smiled at him.

Philip gulped. He remembered now that Arad had a son, a curious, intellectual person, who had come home to die, bringing a baby girl. This was Old Arad's granddaughter. He found his voice:

"My name is Phil Ordway. I made out to come over here this mornin', 'count o' what Tim Wales told me las' night. He calculated I might git a ferret fur my 'cordeon here."

"We got two ferrets," she said shyly; "an' our hired man, Bailey, can play the 'cordion something grand!"

"Well, anyhow, I made out to trade," he said stiffly.

"Will you come in an' see Grampaw?"

She spoke as though it were quite a usual proceeding; and Philip, his knees quivering slightly, followed her in. After all, if a frail girl braved the old king ——

A long, rather dismal passage, and suddenly a partly darkened room, with rag carpet, bed, tall cupboard, and something—someone—sitting in an armchair.

An old man of gaunt big frame, with toothless, sunken jaws, thin strands of silver-yellow hair, a knobby skeleton hand that—was it possible?—fondled a Bible! All that remained of the King of the Devils.

The blood that had receded from Philip's face flowed slowly back. He was calmer.

"I come to trade fur a ferret," he repeated in a high-pitched voice.

"Eh?" The old king put a hand to his shell-like ear.

"I'll fetch Bailey," the little girl said.

She brought Philip a chair. He sat down facing Old Arad and watched him with a fascinated eye. Would he curse him presently—threaten him perhaps with the thick blackthorn stick at his side? Old Arad did not seem to notice. Once he coughed feebly and shifted the Bible in his hand. . . . There was a suggestion of resignation, of patience, strangely human.

A sudden half-pitying contempt rose in Philip's heart and a sense of elation. Why, there was nothing to be afraid of! . . . Probably never had been. Arad was just a man, not a menace; just a man with the limitations of the flesh. Dangerous? Pooh! It was only a word. You got up close—stood up to it—and it didn't mean anything. . . . That's probably all it took in meeting anything that scared you—just standing up to it—a little backbone.

There were returning footsteps—the little girl and Bailey. Bailey was all business. He disrobed the accordion and sketched the Arkansas Traveler.

"'S good!" he pronounced succinctly.

The ferret was produced; the exchange made. Still not an interested sign from Old Arad; not an oath; not a single imprecation.

"Say, don't he talk any more?" Philip nudged the little girl. And at that Arad spoke suddenly.

"Eh, boy!" he said. "I sees ye; and I sees more'n that—I got second sight, I have. I know whut's comin' to ye. Ye're the well-growed, likely lad. No stayin' up here in the hills fur ye! It's the big cities ye'll go to—an' no blame, eather. . . . I've went there myself, times. . . . Only ye make it so's ye stick to whut ye want. . . . Best way, boy! It's them as knows whut they wants an' sticks to it that gits it." The old head sagged forward; he drew a quavering breath. "That's whut I done always. . . . I got me whut I wanted; an' I've lived long. Eh, it's a long carry, lad—this life we live. A long carry!"

Philip followed the little girl to the door.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Fan Travers," she said shyly.

He jerked her to him suddenly and put his lips to her cheek.

"I kissed you!" he taunted.

"You did not!" Sudden tears sprang to her blue eyes. She stamped her foot. "You're a wicked, wicked boy! . . . I'll tell my grampaw."

"Oh, I ain't scairt of him!"

It was amazing, but true. He had passed unscathed the ordeal of Arad Travers. He had even kissed Arad's grandchild. He might do it again any time he chose.

In an excess of emotion he stopped and made a huge soft snowball and flung it back against the door. He saw it open; then slowly—a little flushed face look out.

"I ain't reely mad at you, Phil Ordway!" a little voice called.

It was very dusky in the schoolhouse, despite the lamps and lanterns. The air seemed a compound of oily smoke and steaming human breath. The humans were closely packed on seats and benches.

Philip sat between his grandfather and Aunt Rose-Ann. Neighbors and Green Arbor folk sat all about.

There was a voice up front, intoning with impassioned eloquence. One got an impression of a long face picked out in sharp light and shadow by the insufficient lamplight. A long thin figure; a gesticulating hand that played a little wildly at times with a leonine mane of dark hair.

"Oh, may the American people look confidently to this new hope rising on the horizon of history like a beautiful rainbow in a garden of flowers; soaring into the empyrean like a noble eagle; moving before them, ever a pillar of fire to guide their wayward feet! I refer, my friends, to our esteemed candidate, Benjamin Harrison!"

A lawyer. A fine-spouting, likely chap, Hazen Kirby, who had come up from Elton to the local political meeting. Not that all lawyers were smart. The Green Arbor one, for instance! Philip looked across at Major Noah Butts. He had been a major since Civil War days, and a lawyer since God knew when, if one was to judge from the faded carpet and musty broken calf books in his smelly little Green Arbor office. Apparently he never did any business at all. He sat now, in his old green cape overcoat, mumbling his bearded jaws, listening to the eloquence of Hazen Kirby.

But one need not be like Major Butts; one could model on Hazen Kirby. Hazen Kirby was of the successful ones of earth; he had been a deputy United States Marshal, and supervisor at Elton three times running. He was known all over the county as an important Republican orator.

Suddenly the voice stopped and the crowd was on its feet, shuffling reluctantly toward the outer doors.

"We'll stop at Abraham West's fur honey and biscuits," Philip heard Aunt Rose-Ann say; but he left her a moment.

Major Butts was buttoning up the cape overcoat; taking a pinch of snuff; talking to Selah Crowley. Philip plucked at the major's sleeve.

"How—how does a fellow git to be a lawyer?" he asked, a little huskily.

His heart knocked a little; for he was only a country boy, and Major Butts was the aristocrat of Green Arbor. Still, if you wanted something, it was as Old Arad said—you had to stick to it.

Major Butts swung round with a twinkling eye.

"A fellow studies the law and prepares for his bar examination when he's finished his reg'lar schoolin'. He can go away to some highfaluting college, or he can come into my office and read with me. Read with me!" he repeated with a sudden comprehending twinkle.

Philip thanked him and scuffled backward. Read with Major Butts! Of course! Dip into the cracked calf books and, when they were all mastered, put out the eye of Hazen Kirby and his brethren. At the door the crowd parted a little and he saw a young girl smiling at him under her knitted hood of kingfisher blue. He slipped over to her.

"Like it, Fan?"

"I didn't listen much, Philip. Did you?"

"I'm goin' to be a lawyer myself. An' I'm not goin' to stay here neither. Mebbe I'll have an office down at Elton. What you think o' that?"

"I'd like it if you did, Phil."

The boy put out a hand and touched hers shyly. Then he heard his aunt calling.

It was Herminia's party. She was Herminia now; she was sixteen. She stood in the middle of all the laughing girls in her new gray frock, with the row of bright red buttons, like wintergreen candies, down the front. Her cheeks were flushed. She laughed a little excitedly. The girls were all in a knot in the middle of the room. The boys stood or sat stiffly along the walls. But presently, when Tim Wales tuned up his fiddle in the kitchen and they began the reel, it would be different. From his post by the kitchen door Philip watched, scowling a little. What a noisy lot the girls were, giggling, silly—even his cousin Minnie! They were frizzed too much, and had too many beads and bows of ribbon on them. Their great, stiffened sleeves stuck out ridiculously. They had had their dresses copied out of fashion papers; but they were wrong—as wrong as Abel Pringle's gray suit, with its halterlike collar and too-short trousers, or his own clumsy, countrified clothes.

With sudden passion he wished he might know at least the way things were done properly—out in the world. What would it be like to go out with girls like the ones at Elton, who looked so different, so cosmopolitan, who had not red, chapped-looking hands and thick, strong wrists—girls who perhaps even used that lure of the devil—talcum powder—on their faces?

Out in the kitchen Aunt Rose-Ann was watching the sirup boil. It was a "stir-sugar and wax" party. Presently, after the reel, they would beat orchestral music with spoon and bowl, thickening the rich sirup to maple sugar. But before that

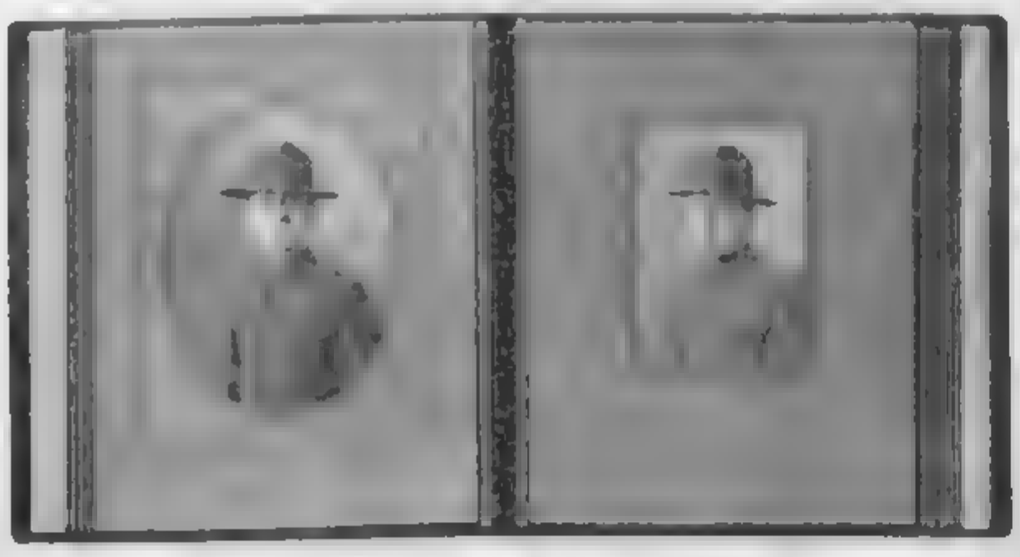
(Continued on Page 59)

Keep the Portraits of your Heroes.

GIVE them the care they deserve, securely held in a substantial album along with the pictures of your other friends.

The multiplicity of sizes in which portraits were made sounded the death-knell of the old-fashioned family album—the album that still contains the portraits of the bearded soldiers of the sixties. Its gorgeous red plush cover would have gone anyway, but the album itself would have lived except for the fact that it could not accommodate its stiff, unyielding self to the heavy mounts and the wide variety in sizes and shapes in which portraits came to be made.

Dame Fashion decrees now-a-days, however, that prints shall be delivered loose in handsome folders or lightly tipped by the corners on thin mounts, from which they are easily removable. This makes it possible to preserve them permanently in an album and we have provided one for the purpose.



The clever thing about the **Eastman Portrait Album** is that each opening provides, by means of masks, for two or more different sizes of prints, thus accommodating 87% of all the sizes now made.

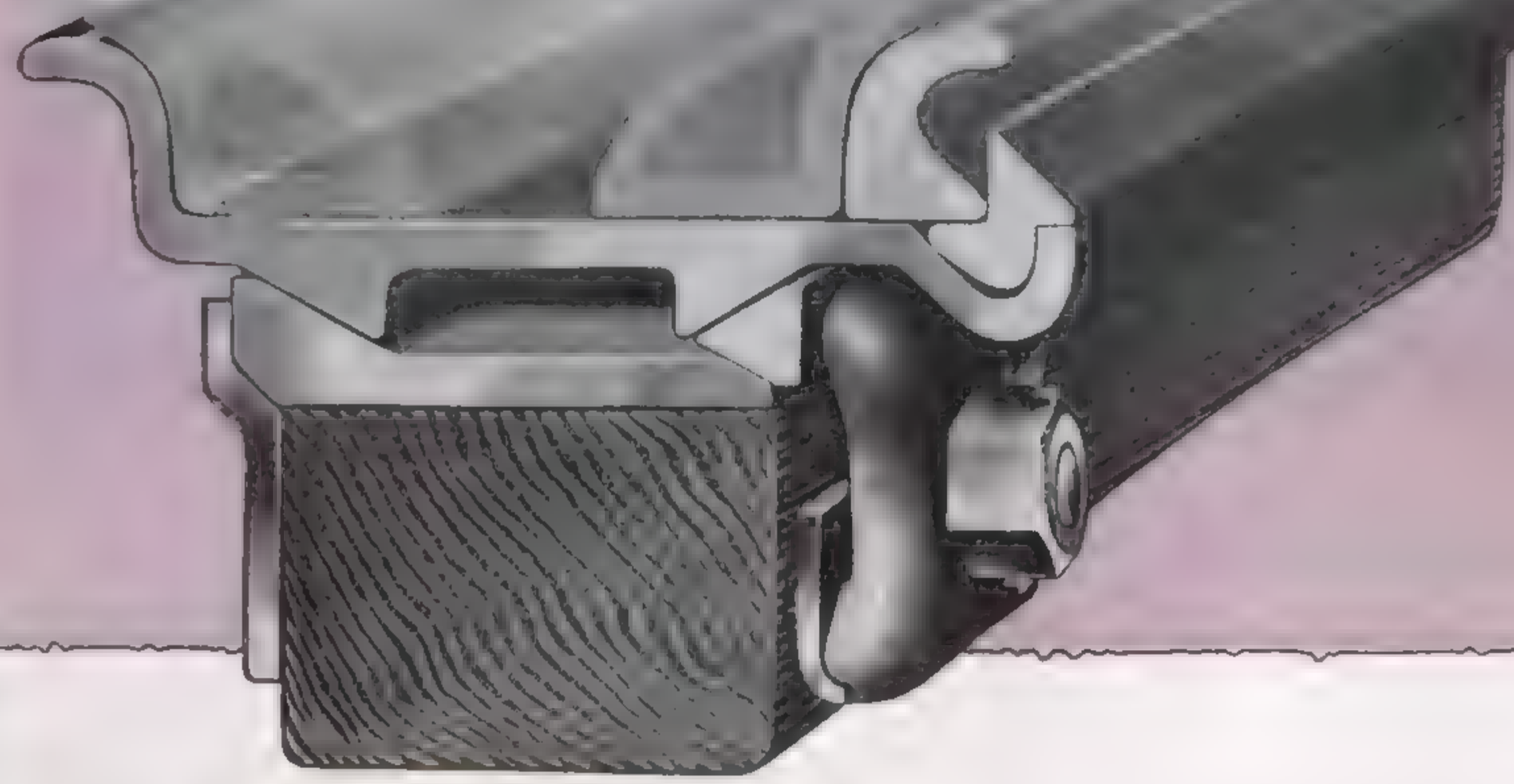
They provide for 48 prints and will accommodate extra leaves to double this capacity.

There is nothing of the gaudy about them. The covers are black grain leather with the one word, "Portraits," gold stamped in the corner. The leaves are in neutral tints; the workmanship excellent.

Sold both by "The Photographer in your town" and photographic dealers. A little circular describing them in detail will be mailed on request.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

To Save Your Tires
as well as for safety and convenience
Insist on Having Firestone Rims



FOR nine years the Firestone has been the rim of recognized merit from all viewpoints of the car owner. At a time when rims were only a "necessary evil" so to speak, Firestone engineers, being vitally interested in tire service, set themselves the task of evolving a practical, safe, serviceable rim that would be easy to change, easy on tires and safe beyond all emergency test.

For nine years experienced and discriminating car owners have enjoyed these rims. Many more should enjoy them. Such a rim must of necessity cost the car manufacturer a little more. They are built up to a high plane of service. Not down to a low price to make selling easy. They are built by a tire manufacturer who has the double responsibility of providing satisfactory service in the tire as well as in the rim.

Firestone Rim superiority may be best described in terms of advantages to the user.

Firestone Rims may be removed by loosening six nuts. Five minutes is ample for a tire change. There can be no rusting or sticking. Squeaking is impossible.

Firestone Rims afford a continuous support insuring the true circle and correct alignment which prevent uneven wear of the tire.

Car manufacturers whose thought is of the ultimate satisfaction of the car owner equip their output with Firestone Rims. They consider the question too important to be decided upon the basis of a nominal difference in cost. They are influenced in their decision by the fact that the Firestone is the one rim built by a tire manufacturer.

Insist upon Firestone Rims when you purchase a car. Your dealer can provide them. But if he will not, it will pay you in tire saving and convenience to have the change made at your own expense.

Firestone Tire and Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone Rims

(Continued from Page 56)

there would be "wax," of course. A wild, gleeful rush out of doors to arrest the maple wax at the proper stage. There would be hearts inscribed in the snow—hearts of wax with interlinked initials. Philip sneered internally.

A stout florid miss—Susie Sanders—coquetted at him across the room, pointing a thick forefinger.

"Crosspatch Phil!" she pouted; and Phil sneered and sulked again.

Nineteen years old now, and staying in Green Arbor to study in Major Butts' office. A long sapling youth, badly dressed, but with clear smooth skin, high shapely brow, fine eyes, and a crest of smooth backward-springing brown hair—a little of the predatory, watchful look of a young eaglet in his eyes.

Somewhere there was the squeak of the fiddle—Tim Wales had come. Then he saw some of the girls turn to the doorway, and a stocky youth, Johnson Turner, started forward.

"Hello, Fan!"

Across the room he saw Fanny Travers. He saw Fanny often now—almost every day in Green Arbor; but this was the first time they had ever been to a party together. He looked at her with a new, appraising eye. How little she was and how different from the other girls. Small and appealing and flowerlike in her plain blue dress. Not citified and fashionable, like the girls of Elton, but not like Minnie or Sue Sanders—possessed of some indefinable quality peculiarly hers. Her bright hair caught the sparkle of lamplight; and she stopped, her eyes on his, across the room.

Philip's heart gave an odd, unusual leap.

He squared his shoulders and strolled across the room.

"Fanny's my partner," he said arrogantly.

She looked up like a compliant child.

"Oh, yes!" she faltered.

"Don't you let any fellow touch you—mind that, Fanny—from now on. You're mine! Nobody but me!"

Autocratically Philip leaned forward and kissed Fanny's white forehead right where the red-gold hair was parted.

"Philip Ordway—his mark!" he laughed. "You are mine, Fan—aren't you?"

She leaned toward him with that little half-shy, half-ardent smile of hers.

"Oh, yes, Phil."

They were sitting in Coyle's Hollow—a dimple on the mountain's face—where the long wild grass made a sweet tangle. A little higher, through a young willow spinney, one could glimpse the hazy crests of the opposite hills. It was summer—a hot silent afternoon. Far off one could hear the languid Gee-haw! of a plowman.

Fan was in white, her big hat tossed down beside her, mouth and finger tips stained from plunder of wild strawberries in the grass. Philip had brought his law books; but they lay unused. He sprawled on his back, whistling a scrap of a popular song that had crept up to the hills:

Sweet Marie, come to me;
Come to me, Sweet Marie!

But the song died away on his lips. He sat up suddenly and began talking—foretelling his future:

"If I make the Bar, it's a clerkship first, Fan, in New York. Think of that! You and me down there! . . . Oh, and it's going to come off, all right. Major has written to Nugent & Arms down there, and I'll find some sort of place through their influence. After that it's my job, of course—pulling up by the bookstraps, sorta; but I'll make it. Won't be any time before we'll be down there together—couple o' city dudes, too—if you'll wait for me, little Fan."

"I'll wait, Philip ——"

He looked at her, moved strangely, his heart in his throat.

"Love me, Fan?" he whispered.

"You know, Philip!"

She flushed suddenly and put out her hands. He caught them and pressed them against his face.

"Oh, Fan, I'll come back for you soon. . . . I love you so! . . . so sweet!" he murmured.

There was the smell of stale cookery—the odor of boiled cabbage that percolated from the dark, unaired halls; even the warm, sun-baked air from the narrow New York court outside could not drive it out. Just in front of the table the gray-white lace curtains hung like dusty cobwebs. Above his book Philip sat, warm and flushed, shirt-sleeved, his brown hair rumpled.

"The lessee company at the time of filing its acceptance aforesaid shall also file in same offices a bond to the people of the state, executed in duplicate by it and a surety company authorized by law to act as surety on bonds and understandings ——"

There was a letter marking the page here. Mechanically he opened it and began to read it:

"Dearest Philip: You have not written to me for nearly four weeks and I cannot help feeling a little worried. Have you been sick? But your Aunt Rose-Ann told me on Sunday you had sent her a postal card saying you were very well.

"Perhaps it is only that you are so busy. I don't like to think you're too busy to write to me, Philip dear. Perhaps it's only because you wrote so often at first that I miss the letters now. Of course after eight months you will have lots of new interests to look after.

"Grandpa is failing fast, and the evenings here are dreadfully long and dull. If I could only see you for a little! Don't scold me, Phil, but I can't help wondering whether the new life isn't blotting me out a little. I love you so much ——"

There was a knock—Witters, of course. Philip shoved the letter into his book as Carey Witters came in. Carey was his best friend here; one of the senior clerks at Harrison's—his private tutor and coach in metropolitan ways.

"Not dressed, Phil? You aren't forgetting?"

"I ought to plug. I'm behind on the references for the Reeves case."

"You're the wiz for work, all right, Phil—and it's going to carry you. Drummond's got his eye on you already. But you can't neglect the social end either. And a chance like this—and the house party next week at the Junior's! By Jove, it would be criminal to neglect it! Helen Drummond knows no end of dandy people—they'll put you right, Phil. Helen's peelin' her eye at you a little, I think."

Philip was up and rummaging in his closet.

"The gray suit or the brown?"

"Tuxedo—it's just a little informal feed. Nelly got it together offhand. Hello!" He had stopped before Phil's dresser. "Who's the lady? One of your little Green Arbor rubes, eh?"

It was a new picture Fan had sent with her last letter; but Philip did not answer.

III

THERE was only one face Ordway remembered when he came down into the office—old Malachi Trent. He had been old twenty years ago. Ordway went over and put out his hand.

"Mr. Trent, isn't it? I'm Philip Ordway. Perhaps you remember me."

Mr. Trent gave him a toothless, uncertain smile.

"Ordway? Ordway? Oh, yes—they was a young feller—Phil. . . . And you're him? Used to cut round here years ago. Nice boy too." He chuckled a little. "An' you're him?" he said again politely, but with obvious disinterest.

None of the men loafing in the office had known Ordway. A new generation of loafers had arisen in his absence.

He went out and down the little street. Major Butts' office was closed and empty; there was a new cobbler where the old one had been; the feed mill looked as if he had left it yesterday, but there was a new face in the doorway; the proprietor of the general store had died and his sons reigned now.

Ordway spoke to them a little. They had been his schoolmates and they still retained a lively memory of the boy he had been. But there was a constraint; no ardent interchange of reminiscence or experience—no common fellowship, as he had expected. They were dusty-coated, whiskery countrymen. He was that Martian—the sophisticated New Yorker. He left, feeling curiously chilled.

"Phil was a nice boy," one of them threw at his back; it was as though he spoke of something dead.

Down the street he stopped half a dozen others. They were acquiescent, polite, hardly interested.

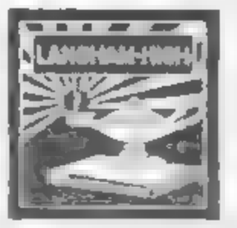
"It's been too long," he thought; perhaps he had had a subconscious idea that his prestige had gone before him.

(Concluded on Page 61)

LANGHAM-HIGH CLOTHES
for Younger Young Men

BUILT ON THE HIGH SCHOOL IDEA

The Idea that Boys who Are from Fifteen to Twenty Years of Age Constitute a Class by Themselves; That their Particular Requirements Call for Special Attention; That They Know Good Style and Want it.



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515 So. Franklin Street

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For Winter Driving

Keep In Touch With Comfort
When the Thermometer Is Down

Don't be uncomfortable and cold while motoring. Get a pair of Steer Warms. They keep the hands warm on the coldest day. Warm hands mean "warm all over." Steer Warms consist of two neat, leather-covered copper grips, electrically heated, that lace on steering wheel at any place convenient for driving. Steer Warms make driving safer, do away with heavy gloves, and give genuine comfort.

No Expense Steer Warms cost nothing to [illegible] being operated from the [illegible] battery (or magneto on Fords) [illegible] Steer Warms [illegible]

5 Year Guarantee [illegible] against burn-out for five years. Will do all we claim or money refunded

Insist on "Steer Warms" They use less current and will give more heat. The only [illegible] with the heating element [illegible]

Prices: [illegible] $7.50, [illegible] $8.00 in Canada $10.25.

Dealers [illegible]

Interstate Electric Co., 360 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.

Men, Snuggle Up to This Bang-up Underwear—It's a Downright Bargain

You can bet your last cent that Hanes Winter Weight Underwear will give you extra value for your money. No frills, no fol-de-rols—just downright value and a heaping lot of it, too.

Hanes is form-fitting, elastic and comfortable. The fleecy-warm cotton is mighty fine protection from the cold—and it feels mighty good, too. Pre-shrinking keeps it true to size and shape.

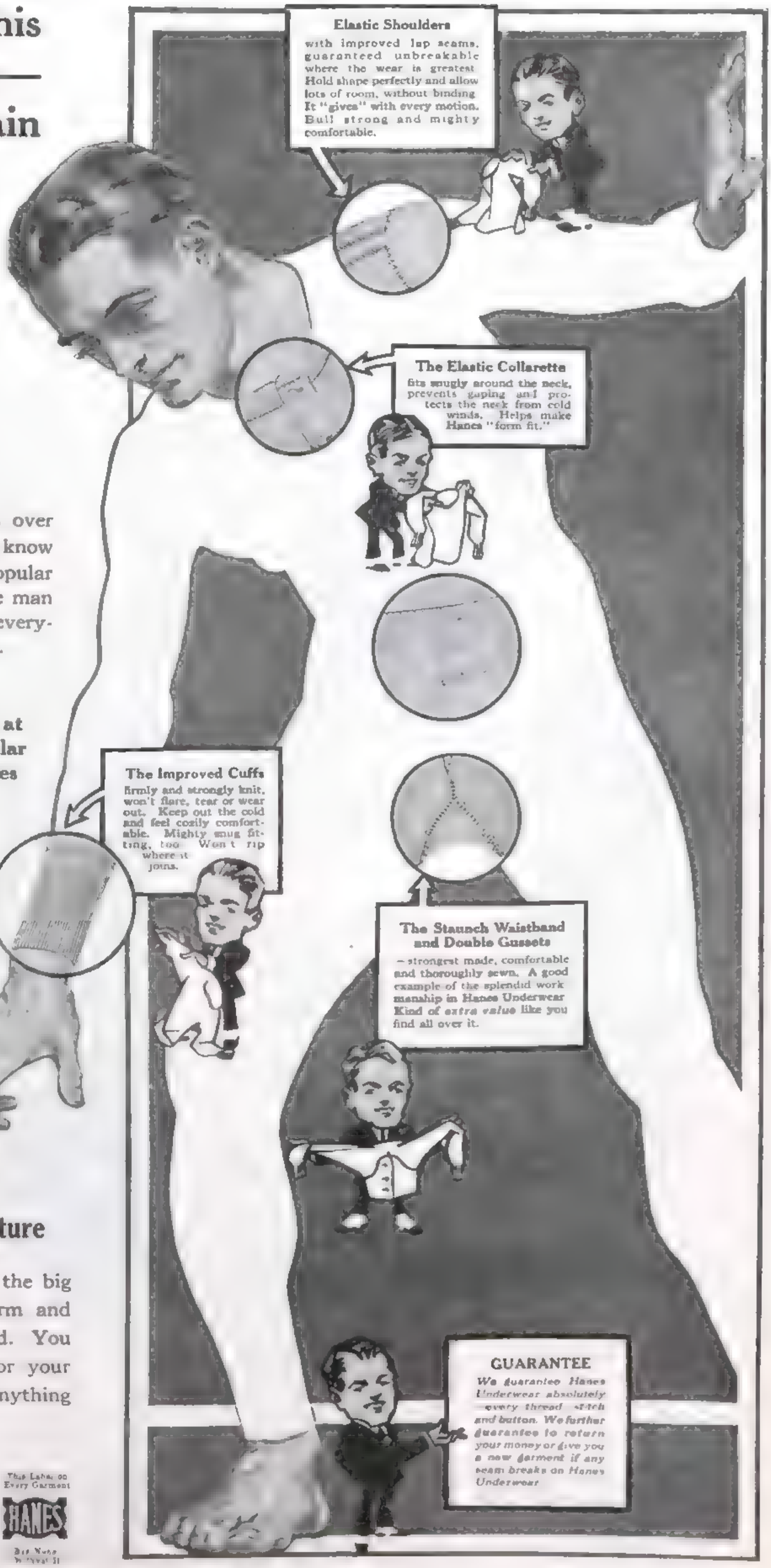
And just read about those special features over there in the illustration. Isn't it simply great to know you can get this 100% fine underwear at popular prices? No more frill-priced underwear for the man who sees Hanes. It's just the right price for everybody and the underwear everyone should wear.

Greatest Winter Underwear

HANES
ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

Sold at Popular Prices

Look at Hanes at your dealer's. If he hasn't it, write us for the Hanes dealer's name. You'll just wonder how in the world we can make such splendid underwear for such an amazingly low price! Simply because years of specializing on quality winter weight underwear for men have taught us how. That's why we know and guarantee its worth. All you've got to do is walk into a store and see for yourself.


Elastic Shoulders
with improved lap seams, guaranteed unbreakable where the wear is greatest. Hold shape perfectly and allow lots of room, without binding. It "gives" with every motion. Built strong and mighty comfortable.
The Elastic Collarette
fits snugly around the neck, prevents gaping and protects the neck from cold winds. Helps make Hanes "form fit."
The Improved Cuffs
firmly and strongly knit, won't flare, tear or wear out. Keep out the cold and feel cozily comfortable. Mighty snug fitting, too. Won't rip where it joins.
The Staunch Waistband and Double Gussets
—strongest made, comfortable and thoroughly sewn. A good example of the splendid workmanship in Hanes Underwear. Kind of extra value like you find all over it.
GUARANTEE
We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread stitch and button. We further guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks on Hanes Underwear

Mothers, Fathers—Get This Big Feature

A jam-up boy's union suit, chock-full of all the big features on the men's suits. Downy-soft, warm and everlastingly fine, its value can't be duplicated. You sure ought to buy this splendid underwear for your youngsters. See if it doesn't put it all over anything you ever saw.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Warning to the Trade—Any garment offered as Hanes is a substitute unless it bears the "Hanes" label

This Label on Every Garment
HANES
Ribbed Neck Underwear

(Concluded from Page 59)

"There's Philip Ordway, the big New York lawyer. Used to live in our town," he had fancied they would say.

But there was nothing of this. It was only of the young Philip they spoke—the one within their ken.

"You was always a nice dear boy, Mr. Ordway," one old lady said politely, peering up at him.

He had used to eat chicken-and-biscuit dinners with her—had fancied he might do so again; but she did not even open her gate.

"Damn!" he whispered to himself; and he flung out toward the little cemetery.

He had been too busy to come to his grandfather's funeral—and in Europe when his Aunt Rose-Ann died. Minnie had married years ago and was living in the West. The two mounds he found now were all the kin he knew. He had ordered stones put up. He read the inscriptions for the first time:

SACRED
TO
THE MEMORY
OF
ABNER ORDWAY
1824–1898

And

ROSE-ANN ORDWAY
1869–1900
REST IN THE LORD

He stooped and plucked the dead grass on Rose-Ann's grave. Something brushed his leg. It was a stray dog—black-and-tan—that had wandered in.

"Old fellow, I'm like you," Philip said suddenly. "I'm a mongrel." Suddenly his throat tightened. "Oh, they're telling lies lies! For I wasn't a nice boy ——"

Then the instinctive reason for his quest spoke, and he turned away sharply.

"I'll go and see her now," he said.

He had always thought of her as something the years would touch lightly. She would droop and fade a little there in the shadows of her grandfather's house, much as a white rose begins to curl at its edges and get a little wan. But she would know him—would meet him faithfully across the years—Fan being Fan; and perhaps he might finally say the thing he had always wanted to say.

Then he came in sight of the laurel hedge, with the windbreak behind it, and stopped—for the house was gone; it had moved out into the middle of the road. In pleasant country fashion it was progressing leisurely on roller poles along the king's highway under the guidance of three men.

"Whose house is it?" Ordway asked; but he knew.

"Ol' Travers' place. Calculate to use it at Deacon Watts' sawmill. Used to say the King o' the Devils lived here," the man chuckled; and Ordway's heart lifted queerly.

"But the people—the tenants? There was a girl—a woman."

"Fanny Travers is all. She used to teach school here a while back, an' she was postmistress, too, fur a spell. Kind of peaked little thing; ailin' a lot, I guess. She lost her place, an' they wan't no money; so she married one o' them Turner boys—Johnson—'bout ten years ago. Most an old maid fur it too." And he spat reflectively. "They's livin' out on the Turner Farm now."

Ordway turned back to the hotel. Fan working on a farm—living the lot of the farm wife these ten years! Well, at least she had waited for him. It was twelve years since he had married the wealthy widow whose fortune had helped him in his upward climb.

The Turner place lay back in the hills; the road that led to it was circuitous, badly made. At the end of a desolate, stony hill road one caught a glimpse of the shabby farmhouse, weathered outbuildings, and poor, carelessly managed plantings. The lane was so steep that Ordway left his hired country buggy below and started up afoot.

A small figure had already preceded him, trudging along patiently, homeward bound from some outlying quest. There was little visible but a pair of thin blue-clad small shanks, for a great bag of grain bowed the small figure over. Ordway came abreast and saw a boy of nine or ten bent beneath the load.

"Let me help you, son. That's too heavy," he said; and he eased the burden.

The little figure straightened up and revealed a flushed crimson face and a mop of bright golden hair. But the eyes startled Ordway. Long-lashed and deep blue they were, with a little half-shy, familiar smile hidden in them.

"It's a long carry f'om the south field," the boy said gravely, and Ordway started; "but I kin carry awful heavy fur nine years old. An' it's good, too; fur they's a lot o' hefty work to a farm, an' more since pop got hurt an' ain't goin' to get well."

"What's your name?" Ordway asked.

"Philip Ordway Turner," the little lad answered.

For a moment Ordway could not speak.

"Your—your mother —— I came to see ——" He found he could not shape the words.

"Stepmaw, you mean. My own maw's dead. When I was six. But I got a stepmaw, and two stepbrothers; an' they're pretty good." He paused; then added politely: "Maw called me little Philip 'cause of the one she knew before—the big one. She named me fur him 'cause he was her friend—her pe'ticklar friend." His limpid blue gaze held Ordway fascinated.

"Her particular friend?" he repeated, faltering.

The boy nodded:

"She told me. She knowed him when he was little too; but after a while he got big an' went away; an' he never come back. I wisht I could of knowed him. He was smart, awful smart—an' awful nice too. Maw thought a sight of him! I bet I kin work as much as him, though, when he was nine. Maw wanted me to do all the things like he could. An' mebbe I kin. I ain't like pop. . . . I'm jist my maw clean through, she useter say."

"Yes—I can see ——"

"Maw useter say he'd come back sometime—big Philip. He made a promise off it once to maw. But he hain't come yet. Maw said he might be my friend, too, if I knew him. I could take the sack o' corn now, mister ——"

But Ordway had stopped, staring strangely above his burden. Staring at Fan's son—the boy who might have been his ——

"This man—this Philip," he asked huskily—"you'd be glad to see him if he came?"

The child's warm face was filled with wonder.

"Why, he was maw's friend!" he said simply.

Ordway bent close and looked into his face.

"Look at me, then, little Philip. I'm big Philip. I've come back at last."

Here, at least, was one who had waited for him—who gave him welcome.

IV

DUSK was creeping over the fields when Ordway came down the lane. There was the taste of the poor-farm supper still on his tongue; but a bitterer, more salt taste lay at his heart. For he had found his legend at last—and he had found it a reality, intact and undestroyed. It was himself who had shrunk—not the thing he had come to seek. It was not his past, his youth, that had been cramped; but himself. How wrongly the others had guessed! It was not the material thing that mattered—it was the beauty and faith of an unspoiled spirit. Measured against it, he saw himself now suddenly clear—weighed and wanting. . . .

The November wind stirred restlessly; crept up under his coat and stung against his eyelids. Just the wind in his eyes! The words of Old Arad flashed to his mind again: "Life's a long carry!" Oh, bitterly true; but even at the end of the carry one could find a safe haven if one fended toward it. And so he would do this thing that he might make his haven—for the sake of the boy he had been—and for the sake of Fan and her faith. Fan's son should have his chance through him.

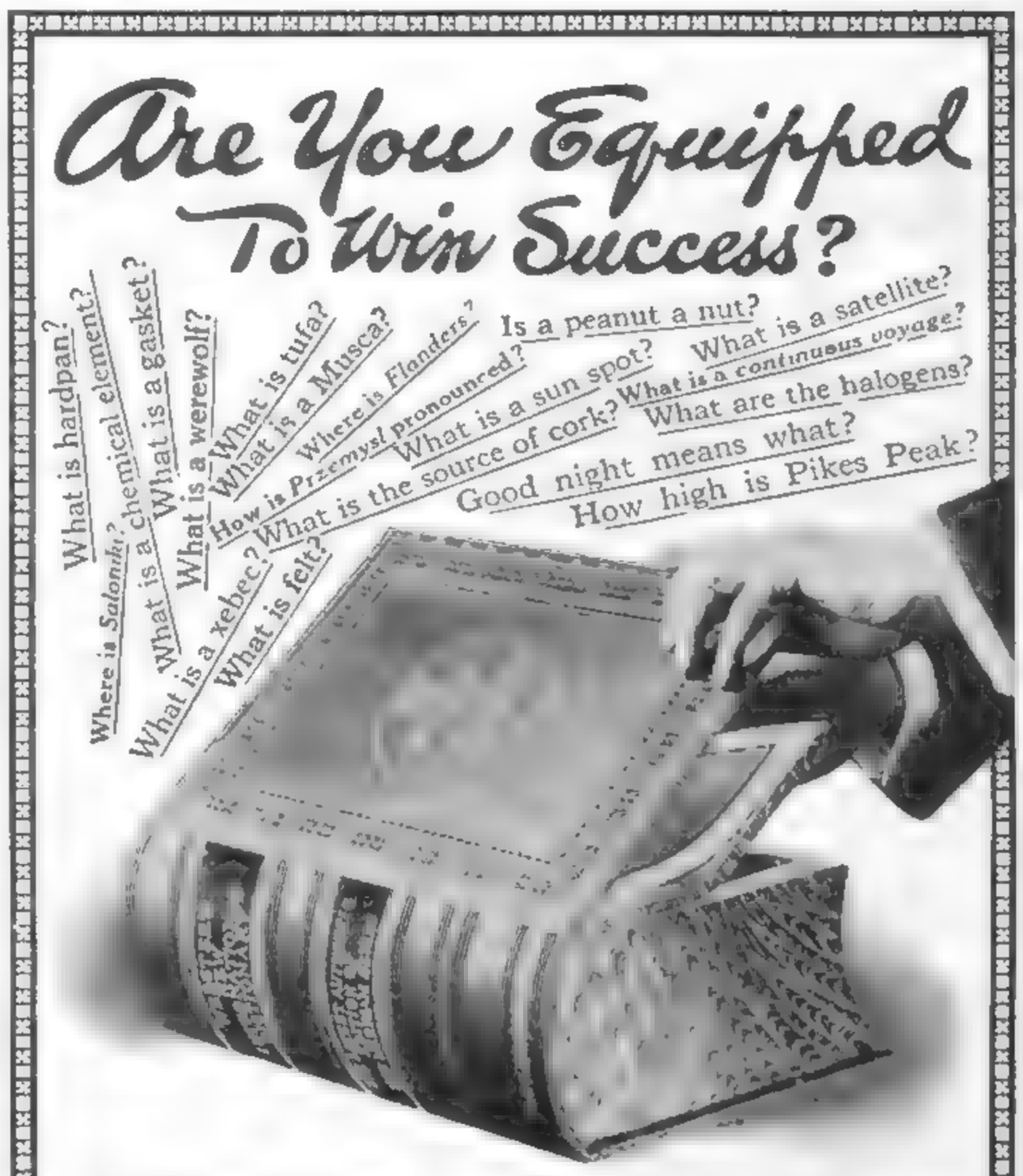
"I'll finish up arrangements next week. He'll come and live with me and learn—be something. What he might have been if he had been mine! You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

He was not quite clear whom he addressed—something dimly sensed, tender, which he had let slip out of his life.

But he knew the answer.

It seemed to him that, across the dusk, 'way off against the fading horizon, he saw a little figure tripping—a little girl with eyes like the child's he had left. She nodded and smiled to him under her blue hood and waved her hand; almost he thought he heard her call to him before she vanished:

"I ain't reelly mad at you, Phil Ordway!"


Are You Equipped To Win Success?
What is hardpan?
Where is Salonika?
What is a chemical element?
What is a gasket?
What is a werewolf?
What is tufa?
What is a Musca?
How is Przemysl pronounced?
Where is Flanders?
What is a xebec?
What is felt?
Is a peanut a nut?
What is a sun spot?
What is the source of cork?
What is a satellite?
What is a continuous voyage?
Good night means what?
What are the halogens?
How high is Pikes Peak?

HOW MANY unfamiliar names, new words, and puzzling war terms in this morning's paper meant nothing but a blank to you?

If you are asked the value of a *yen* or a *ruble*, the meaning of *futurism*, *airsick* or of *Diesel engine*, are you able to give an accurate answer? Mr. "Nearly Right" never succeeds.

How many business letters to-day showed you examples of words wrongly used, carelessly divided or incorrectly spelled? *Business success* is based on accuracy.

Do the business phrases and technical terms in an automobile catalogue or trade journal convey their true meaning to you? If not, can you safely consult these mediums? Lawsuits have originated in nothing but a failure to understand such expressions.

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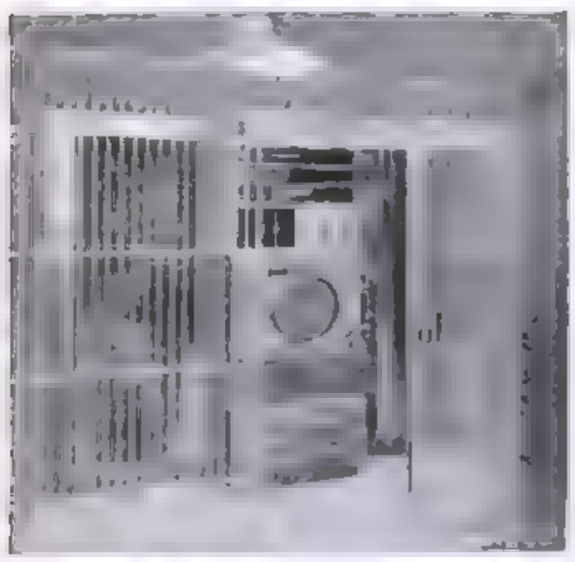
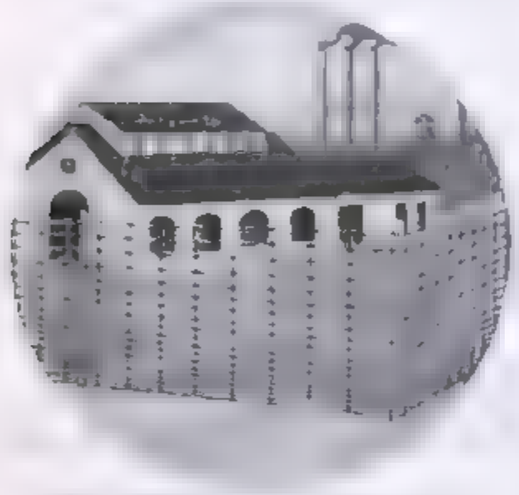


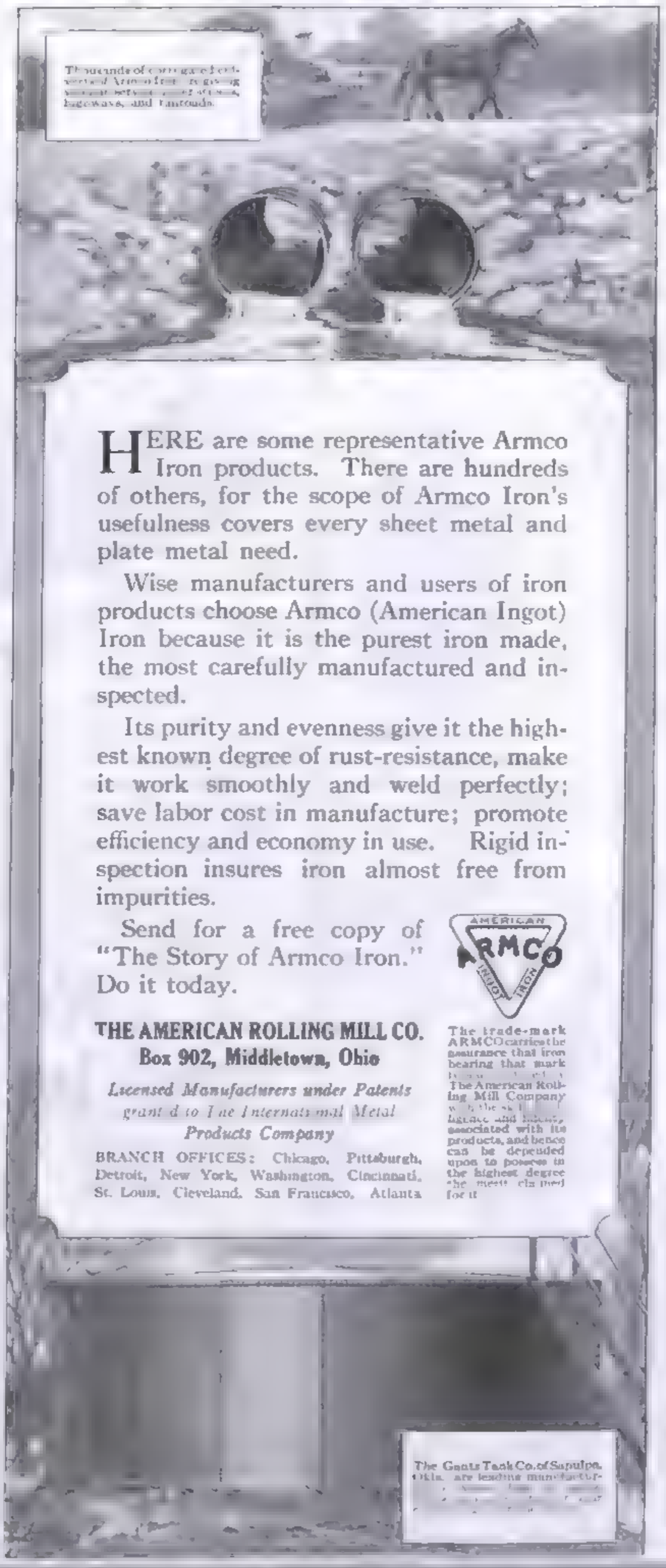
Bank vault lined with Armco Iron by Victor Safe & Lock Co., Cincinnati. These and many other makers of safes, locks and chests for bank vaults use Armco Iron because their purpose is to secure the most durable metal

These two Armco Iron boiler tubes were made by the Mannesmann Tube Co. of Pittsburgh. Here are shown the finished Armco Iron tubes and results of a crushing test of the strength of a lap weld. Armco Iron is perfect in welding quality



The wire fencing of the Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Monessen, Pa., is justly noted for its rust resistance, economy, and durability. It is made of 99.84 per cent pure Armco Iron.

The Weidel steel [illegible] are [illegible] Armco Iron [illegible] reels because of its perfect welding qualities and its power to resist rust.



HERE are some representative Armco Iron products. There are hundreds of others, for the scope of Armco Iron's usefulness covers every sheet metal and plate metal need.

Wise manufacturers and users of iron products choose Armco (American Ingot) Iron because it is the purest iron made, the most carefully manufactured and inspected.

Its purity and evenness give it the highest known degree of rust-resistance, make it work smoothly and weld perfectly; save labor cost in manufacture; promote efficiency and economy in use. Rigid inspection insures iron almost free from impurities.

Send for a free copy of "The Story of Armco Iron." Do it today.

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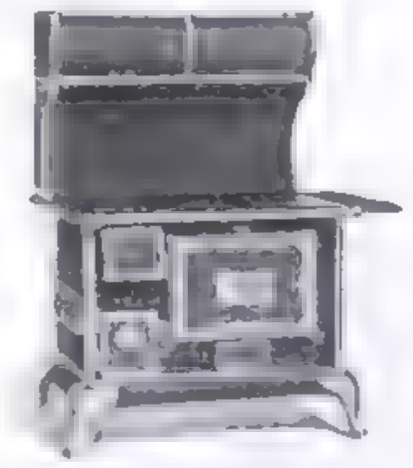
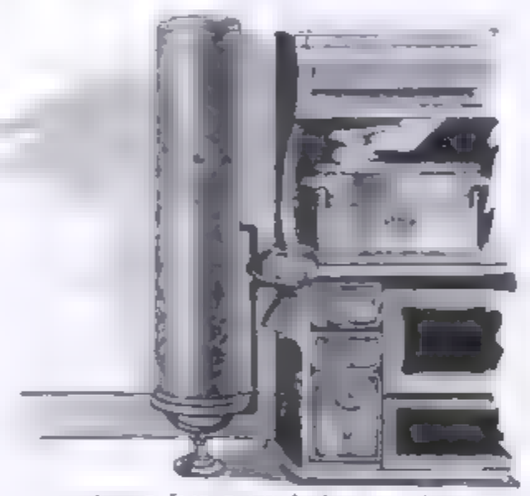
The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is [illegible] The American Rolling Mill Company with the [illegible] lasting and [illegible] associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the [illegible] for it

The Gants Tank Co. of Sapulpa, Okla., are leading manufacturers [illegible]



The wide popularity of Armco Iron stoves and ranges is shown by the fact that over 75 stove manufacturers now use Armco Iron.



Armco Iron range boilers are giving [illegible] service in many homes. They are [illegible] and other progressive manufacturers.

Easy [illegible] and rust-resistance—makes Armco Iron the best material for the best underground storage tanks.

W. N. Matthews & Bro., St. Louis, equip their Matthews Scruiz Anchors with Armco Iron [illegible]

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

JOY-JOY

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

HYDRANGEA PARK is the Suburb Beautiful of Northernapolis. The railway station has a green-tiled roof, as well as a park consisting of a fountain, a sundial, and nineteen cannas in a circular bed. Two of the commuters come down to the station in limousines, and nine of them in these sporty new four-passenger models in which you enter the tonneau by crawling through the wind shield and over the steering wheel. Three of the crowd wear spats, and seven carry Malacca walking sticks, even on Monday.

In this strictly high-class, A-1 development had Mr. Dennis Brown built a Georgian house for his beloved though intellectual wife Elizabeth. It was a regular mansion, with a brick terrace, a breakfast room—which is a room where you keep old newspapers and discouraged plants—and a sleeping porch, which means a porch on which you are going to start sleeping just as soon as it gets warmer, cooler, less rainy or less dusty.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Brown led a correct and cheerful suburban life. They went to the country club for dinner and the dance every Thursday evening—Thursday evening being cook's night out in Hydrangea Park. Mr. Brown danced every other dance, and in between he enjoyed standing on the porch, rolling a cigar from one side of his mouth to the other and rocking from heel to toe while he engaged in such cultural conversation as the following:

"I thought of getting a Streamline myself. It's a good buy, all right. Regular brute for power—takes a twelve per cent grade on high; right kind of ignition and fine upholstery. But the wife wants a car with a leather hand grip on the door, so of course I passed it up."

"Any of you fellows ever hear Billy Sunday ——"

"Cut out the scandal! . . . Say, have you seen the new model Magnolia Eight? I don't know anything about the engine or transmission, but it's painted a swell sweet-pea pink."

"What do you think of the war ——"

"Oh, cut out the controversy! . . . Say, how's the road to Oak Forks?"

"Why, it's in pretty good shape; but you better take the detour from Sniffbury to Hooch. Say, you want to try the new road to Barren Lots. Course there's no scenery or anything, but it's got a peach of a macadam surface, and there aren't any speed cops."

"Any of you fellows read that editorial ——"

"Cut out the high-brow stuff! . . . Say, did I tell you I made the Edgemoor hill on high?"

It was a normal and restful life in Hydrangea Park!

For six months Mr. and Mrs. Brown were content. She seemed to have forgotten that she had once changed her name from Elizabeth to Ysetta, and bought long jet earrings, and gone to New York to live in Hobohemia and be literary almost up to the point of writing something. She invited people out for week-ends, and they played charades, and ate Welsh rabbit, and talked about music and educating the lower classes. Elizabeth was recognized as the leader of the intellectual set in Hydrangea Park. Whenever she began with "From a biological point of view—" all the women on her terrace laid down their knitting and listened. She didn't even mind the horrible drudgery of cooking and dishwashing and sweeping—not so long as her three maids were good ones. Mr. Brown was delighted to see her so content. He went on making lumber and making money, and he brought home candy, violets and all the new novels.

The Browns were not much interested when they saw that someone was moving into the house next door. It was a brown clapboard house left over from the ignorant days before red roofs and bungalows were invented—a disgrace to Hydrangea Park and the adjacent Brown property. It was back from the street, on a hill ragged with rocks, unkempt maples and alder brush, running down to an embankment with a high stone wall. From the terrace where they loafed on a Saturday afternoon the Browns gazed at the newcomers' furniture, which was in that shockingly naked state of furniture out of doors.

"In Dancing the Feet Should Express the Notes of the Music, While the Hands Express the Pitch"

While the last van load was being delivered, a plump, spectacled woman, in a gown like a flour bag, came trailing up the walk and stopped to give orders to the moving men. She was followed by a boy, with bare knees, and a stringy little girl in an orange smock.

"Why, they must be artists, those new people!" cried Elizabeth.

"Lord deliver us! I never want to see another artist!" Mr. Brown groaned.

Every active married pair has its stock argument. It may be about Sam Smith or Jane Jones or Suffrage or husband's smoking. It springs up unexpectedly when you are shaving, or when she is hunting for the umbrella that you left at the office, or as the two of you, amiable and unsuspicious, are catching a trolley. It ends at one A. M. by your slamming a door, or preferably several doors. In the Brown family the standard argument was in regard to the desirability of art, warty jewelry and other forms of high thought.

Elizabeth had drawn a long breath and prepared to speak earnestly, when they both halted, entranced by the sight before them. One of the movers had balanced an old-fashioned sofa on his shoulder. It was a heavy, dusty old sofa, the gunny-sacking bottom bulging with springs—not the sort of sofa you would carry for pleasure. The mover swayed beneath it once or twice and began to stagger through the gate. The newly arrived small boy picked up a long stick and prodded him in the leg. The mover wabbled from side to side in an astonished, feeble fashion. The boy jabbed again. The mover gave a convulsive heave and began to run backward with great rapidity, which is a dangerous sport when you are carrying a heavy sofa on your shoulders. He slanted farther and farther back, till the overbalanced sofa shot out behind him and he landed on his shoulders, with his enormous shoes waving in the air.

The small boy bent over with his elbows on his knees and hopped like a frog, while he yelped appreciation of his feat. The mover got up and made a lunge at him, but between them flowed the large woman. From far off the Browns could see that she was smiling. She shook her finger playfully at her son, and gas-bombed the mover with talk.

"Somebody has certainly come to town!" groaned Mr. Brown.

"I'm afraid so," Elizabeth admitted.

They looked at each other with foreboding.

Hydrangea Park has no newspaper, but it does not need one. It has servants, which is better. Everybody in the Park knows that the rector wears a toupee, and what Mrs. Bjinks said to Mr. Bjinks when he came home after the beefsteak dinner and tried with patience and tears to slide up the banisters. Within twenty-four hours Elizabeth was able to inform Mr. Brown that their new neighbors were the Flints—Mrs. Henrietta Flint and her children, Katherine and Gouverneur, nicknamed Goof. There was a Mr. Flint, but he was away most of the time, "traveling or something." Mrs. Flint was literary, Elizabeth reported; she had once lectured on Optimism and Success before a women's club, and the scarf she wore was genuine batik.

The rest of Hydrangea Park became aware of the Flints immediately. Jim Leonard was passing along the high stone wall of the Flint place when his new panama began to smoke and smell. As panamas do not ordinarily smoke, he removed it almost instantly and discovered a piece of Japanese incense stick in the hollow of the crown. The incense stick had already burnt a neat little hole, the edges of which were smoldering. Mr. Leonard looked up to see the grimy and grinning face of a small boy peering over the wall.

"Did you drop that punk stick on me?" yelled Mr. Leonard.

The boy replied only by a gesture with the right hand, in which his thumb pressed his nose while his fingers fluttered with great rapidity—a curious, archaic gesture believed to be of Chaldean origin.

Mr. Leonard entered the Flint gate and charged up the walk. Mrs. Henrietta Flint came to the door, wearing a smile and a knitted Afghan couch cover. He tried to express his ideas without profanity. This being impossible, he had to listen to a cheerful discourse during which Henrietta invited him to come in and have tea, informed him that Feminism was larger in its basic concepts than mere Suffrage, commented upon the forsythia beside the front porch, and explained that though she would indeed suggest to her son Goof that his conduct had in some respects been unbeautiful and antisocial, yet Mr. Jim Leonard was a stuff if he couldn't understand that poor little Goof had merely been experimenting with the Life Current.

Mr. Leonard staggered away and went to the club, where he had a drink every time he thought of his wrongs, and thought of his wrongs every time he had a drink, and got the two entirely mixed up.

The next day Mr. William Bishop discovered Goof and Katherine trying to hang the Bishop family pussy, while they sang John Brown's Body. When Mr. Bishop rescued the pussy Katherine bit his finger, and Goof threw unripe apples at him—and it may be stated right here, as a proven botanical fact, than an unripe apple quickly placed in contact with the ear of a commuter causes misunderstandings.

Mr. Bishop also went with speed up the path to the Flint house, and was invited by Henrietta to have tea, to view her jonquils, and to consider how joy-creating it was that Katherine and Goof should have this full and untrammeled Free Self-Expression.

A number of Hydrangea Parkers trod the same path, with smarting ears, knees or shoulder blades during the next few days. Goof threw a brick into the fan of a brand-new motor to see what made it go round. Katherine sang a dear little song which she had made up herself—it consisted of seventy-three stanzas, and she sang it at six A. M. Sunday morning from an imaginary concert stage near Dennis Brown's window. There was a regrettable overt act when Goof, in the kindliness of his boyish heart and the fullness of his Free Self-Expression, took pity on a poor old horse and fed it all of Mrs. J. Edwin Bindle's hyacinths. Even Elizabeth Brown, with her weakness for the artistic, felt that the Flints were works of supererogation when she discovered Katherine making such lovely pictures by daubing mud on Elizabeth's white corduroy skirt on the line.

Katherine and Goof became the favorite themes of Hydrangea Park. Mr. Dennis Brown nicknamed them "Goof the Hell Child" and "Katherine the German Mulebird." You may not know the German Mulebird. It is a fowl of the size of a robin, the color of a much-used paint brush, of great sturdiness and a complete uselessness.

(Continued on Page 67)

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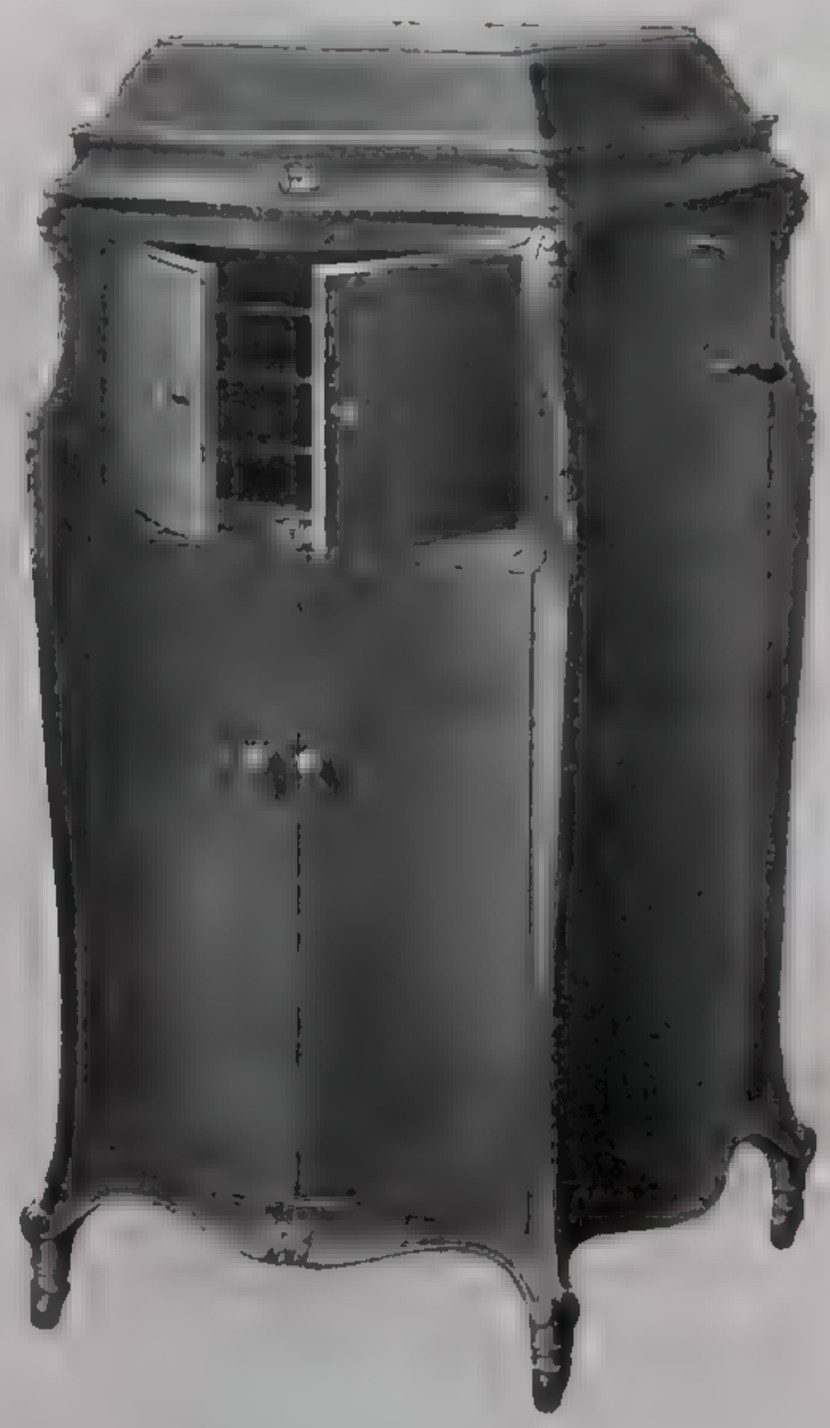

Victrola XVII, $250
Victrola XVII, electric, $300
Mahogany or oak

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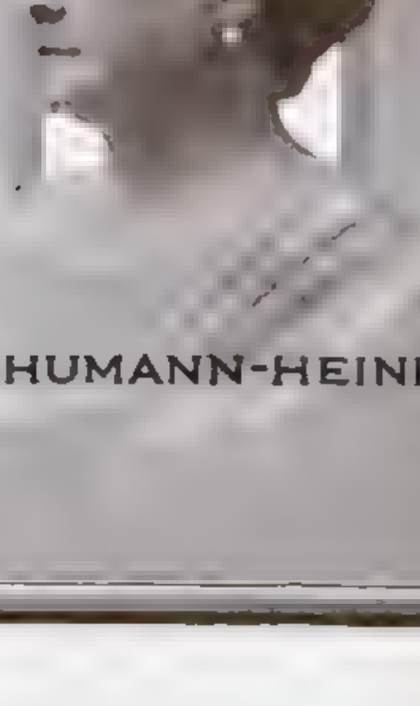
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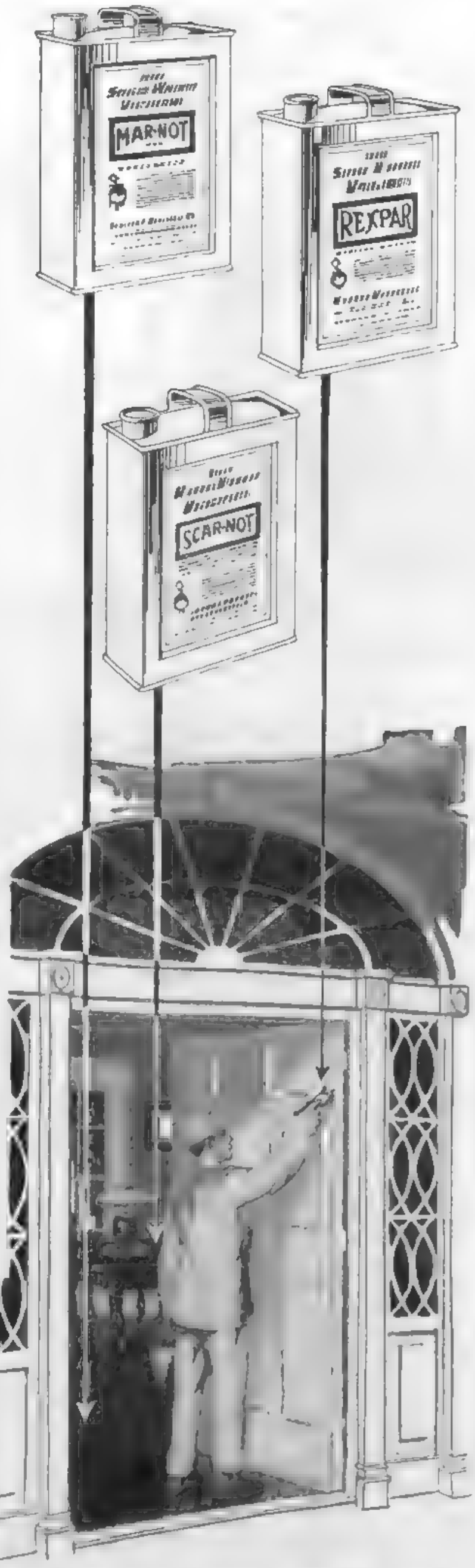
Just tell the Sherwin-Williams dealer what you wish to varnish and he will give you the right varnish for your purpose.



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(Continued from Page 63)

By the end of two weeks Mrs. Henrietta Flint was known throughout the Park. Of course that's one way of doing it. Some may prefer to become acquainted with a new community by presenting letters of introduction or joining a church; but perhaps having an active bulldog or self-expressive children or leprosy is a quicker way.

Yet the Browns did not really feel intimate with the Flints, and they were not prepared that Sunday afternoon when they were having tea with the William Bishops on the terrace, and round the corner clumped the massive Henrietta, followed by the Hell Child and the Mulebird.

"Oh-h-h-h-h, isn't this nice to find you all having tea!" caroled Henrietta.

She made each vowel a sighing gurgle of affection, and stressed every other word, while she flopped both hands in token of gayety.

"E-g-h-c-k!" spluttered Mr. Brown.

Henrietta solidly seated herself in a basket chair and grouped her jewels about her, after a merely momentary halt due to Goof's having snatched three pink cakes and a sandwich from the muffin stand and slapped the Mulebird for wanting one of them. Henrietta gushed on, in the manner of one glad with a great gladness: "Ever since Mr. Brown was so good as to drop in at our humble home to speak about Kitkins' not singing till just a little later in the day, I have been meaning to return the call, but I have been so busy with Goofy and Kit, keeping the little hands busy and the little eyes bright with interest in this big, beautiful, joyous world, I just haven't had time."

"S-sorry. Hav-e-tea?" Elizabeth Brown was doing her best to act like a hostess.

"Oh, just a cup, and a bitsie sandwich, and maybe Kitkins could have a rosy-posy cake? She reacts so to pink—of course we all would, wouldn't we, if our young artistic impulses had not been coerced?"

Kitkins was already reacting to a cake. Her mother absently brushed a few of the resultant crumbs from Kitkins' ears and hair, and tripped on:

"Living back here in Northernapolis, I don't suppose you dear people have had a chance to encounter the newest truths about the culture of the little human plant. I ——"

With a certain stiffness Elizabeth commented: "Oh, no! Of course Dennis and I used to live in New York, and we have both had poems in Direct Action, and stories and things. But aside from that we scarcely have had a chance at these new truths."

"Oh, isn't that nice! Well, as I was saying: The great minds of to-day perceive that most of our faults are due to restraining the instincts of the Child Mind. Now myself, I encourage Kathy and Goofy to express their every potentiality—all these sparks of thought that are emanations of the super-soul. Of course any mother would encourage the dear ones to sing or work out the little problems in conduct—isn't it quaint, Kit's attitude as she sits there now, brooding on some far-off atavistic mystery, full, I haven't a bit of doubt, of the romance of the royalty who were her ancestors? You know Mr. Flint's family springs from the Flints of Connemara, who are well known to be descended from the Red Branch kings."

The daughter of the kings of Connemara suddenly turned her instinctively regal manner into a somewhat undignified desire to smash a bug that was crawling up the leg of the Hell Child, who resented this exhibit of imperialism. When the cruel war was over the William Bishops took hasty leave. The Browns couldn't leave. They didn't dare abandon their terrace to the Flint dear ones. The dear ones might have carried all the bricks away. That's the trouble with owning your own home, even in Hydrangea Park. Henrietta gave the Bishops a nod of dismissal and placidly went on:

"Of course, though, any mother would thus develop the little minds and hearts. The really new Truth is rightly to develop the body too. I have purchased a book, The Dance as a Factualization of the In-Mind—such a magnetic book, so filled with cell thoughts and affirmations of the uplooking self. It shows us how to make our bodies the revelation of the rhythms within. You see, the so-called dances of the ballroom are mere soulless crystallizations, while the free dance expresses moods or thoughts or emotions as well as music. I find that one can dance a Beethoven symphony or a spirit of revolt."

Mr. Brown was heard by his wife to ask whether Henrietta could dance a brick or a mail-order catalogue.

"So now I'm teaching the little ones to dance. We have christened the cunning little plateau at the top of our hill Rhythm Place, and we are planning to dance there every sunset. Won't it be sweet—the little limbs flashing against the dying light!"

"Limbs? Are you—uh—going to dress—uh—rather lightly?" Mr. Brown burned to know.

"Why, of course! Clothes are but the confession of man's physical degeneracy. If we were all as beautiful as Greek gods we should all dress like Greek gods. Now for myself I am planning a light and sensible costume of chiffon shift and trouserettes coming just to here."

"Here" was about midway of the squarest, solidest, least Greek-godlike calf that had ever shocked the delicate mind of Mr. Brown, lumber merchant. He blenched, while Henrietta continued:

"In dancing the feet should express the notes of the music, while the hands express the pitch. That is what gives the gracefulness to Isadorable and to Ruthie St. Denis."

With a sprightly "Like this!" Henrietta had risen and was waving her arms, while her feet fluttered on the terrace like autumnal leaves—cabbage-tree leaves.

The terrace was visible from the street. Seven persons with top hats, perambulators, well-fed expressions, and other characteristics of a suburban Sunday afternoon lined up at the fence, gaping. A flivver stopped in the middle of the street. Henrietta was becoming a menace to traffic. An accident was barely averted when the driver of a big twelve, heading right for the flivver, caught a glimpse of the dance and lost control of his machine.

Dennis piped, in half his ordinary quantity of voice:

"Oh, yes, yes—that's so pretty; but you mustn't tire yourself! Have another cup of tea! Have a sandwich! Have some candy!"

When Henrietta had pantingly seated herself, he desperately tried to turn the subject. He meant well, but he

"Did You Drop That Punk Stick on Me?" Yelled Mr. Leonard

merely precipitated Henrietta into a worse attack when he queried:

"Are there—uh—in fact, what other Truths are you—oh—well, especially demonstrating just now—hum—demonstrating, besides—uh—self-expression in dancing?"

Then for one hour and seventeen minutes Henrietta explained to them that even more important than the technique of dancing was being Joyous, Glad, Happy, Optimistic, Smiling, Cheerful, Sunshiny, All for the Best, and sometimes sub and super.

"I think that the most evolutionary manifestation of the new Age Made Visible is this movement for Abiding Joy, especially in an artistic way, with these new novels about the Initiates who Speak the Word for Optimism. I've been reading Sadie the Sunshine-Seeker—such a cutie story about this girlie and her mother, whom she called 'Dear-dear'—isn't that a sweet nickname!

"Her mother was ill with curvature of the spine, and the chickabiddy just smiled healing and cheer back into Dear-dear's spine! And I may say, with all due modesty, that I myself am now engaged in preparing a simple psychic tale called Joy-Joy, which I should be so pleased to read to you some day."

While the Brown supper grew cold, and the maids hung about the door scowling, and Dennis tried to think of a way to creep up on Henrietta and chloroform her, and Goof and the Mulebird broke two plates and the muffin stand, Henrietta went on with her exposition of the method of getting rid of all ills by smiling them into nonexistence.

When she had gone, Elizabeth said in a dulled and bitter tone:

"Somehow I could find it in my heart not to like that woman. Denny, if you joy at me or glad at me once this evening I shall unquestionably kill you. Think of her nerve, telling me about interpretative dancing, when I did symbolic dances four years ago! But thank Heaven, I did them without dragging in this metaphysical jargon about Masterful Thought and Joy-jags. I'm glad I'm just Plain Folks, living in a suburb."

II

MR. BROWN was charmed to find that Elizabeth disliked Henrietta. He felt perfectly safe when he came home four nights later and from the walk saw Elizabeth and Henrietta talking on the terrace.

"Hope she's giving Hen the dickens!" he chuckled, and strolled up with the gallant crowing noises of a male welcoming himself among a group of manless and, therefore, expectant females.

But he was not received with blushes and requests to be so good as to give his masculine opinions. Elizabeth threw him that interrogative "Yes?" by which a wife signifies to a husband that he is to go up and shave or otherwise keep out of the way.

From an upstairs window he peered uneasily down on the two. Henrietta was smiling more like two quarts of molasses than ever, but she was talking quietly, earnestly, and Elizabeth was not only listening, but occasionally breaking in with a rapid monologue. At dinner he anxiously awaited her report of the soul conference. When he submitted:

"I think I'll get a pair of bumpers for the car, Bess," she burst out: "I wish you wouldn't call me Bess, as I have so often asked you. After all, my real name, my natural name, is Ysetta."

Not since she had renounced Hobohemia had Elizabeth desired to be known by the tea-room name of Ysetta.

Mr. Brown groaned. "Why?"

"Oh, as Mrs. Flint says, there's so much color, so much finer an aura to Ysetta than to Bess."

"Good heavens, you don't believe that aura stuff, do you?"

"No!" indignantly. "Certainly not! Still there is something to it. Mrs. Flint was telling me the most remarkable example of a woman named Lulu who tried to be a sculptress and was successful only with frightfully banal things, like babies and Wagner. Well, she went to a psychic, and he showed her that Lulu was a pale-blue name, while her nature was a rich burnt orange, and so he rechristened her Ulalume, and right away she began to do the most marvelous futurist things, like the soul of a longshoreman and a paralyzed hand."

"All right, old kid! I'll change my name from Dennis to Doughnut—I always thought that Doughnut was a nice Alice blue that would suit my somber nature."

"Don't be so cheaply cynical."

"I take it you like Sis Henrietta."

"Well, I find I was unjust to her. She told me that, though she thought you had a certain power of affirmation of natural physical law, yet you lacked the metaphysical currents of the perceptive mastery, and so on Sunday she wasn't able to speak the word of joyousness to me ——"

"Say, Bess—etta—ain't this a grand and glorious world where folks can use words that sound just like they meant something, only they don't? So Henrietta told you that you were a reg'lar genius!"

Ysetta was betrayed into saying naïvely:

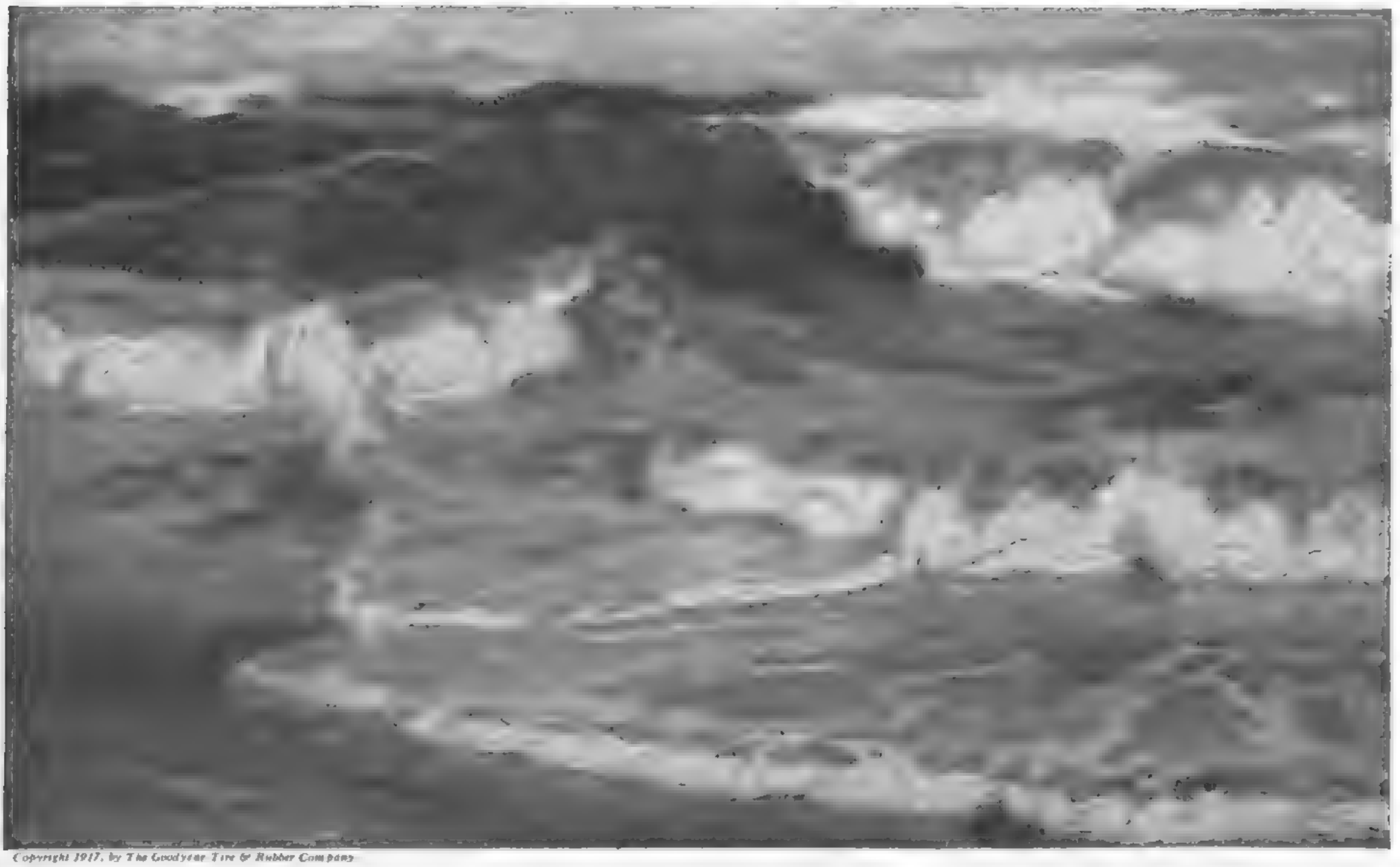
"How did you know?"

"Because I know that the favorite method of all half-baked sisters like Henrietta is to get into the genius set by telling everybody else that they're geniuses."

"Dennis, you really are unspeakably vulgar to-night."

Mr. Brown felt vulgar, but not unspeakable. He wanted to speak a lot. But he sighed, and silently permitted Ysetta to inform him that after all there was something to Henrietta's belief that one could smile out of existence

(Continued on Page 70)



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Inevitable as the Tides—Neōlin For the Nation's Sole-Wear

IMMUTABLE in its forward passage creative Science out-matches the forms of yesterday. The dispatch rider is displaced by telephone and aëronaut, and the mightier electricity dispossesses steam. Time has set its mark on the outworn habit. Advancement is inevitable as the tides . . . . . .

This is the story of an innovation. Picturesque as airship or wireless it may not be. Humanly useful in the broadest sense it is. It is the story of a shoe-sole, destined as inevitably for the nation's sole-wear as rise of sun or roll of time.

Neōlin! . . . . . .

It came at the quest of Science as she considered the shoe-sole and its slow, slow progress through the ages.

"Why," she asked herself, is it not possible to create a *modern* sole-type with every demanded shoe-sole virtue and no discoverable sole defect?

She created Neōlin. Through synthetic chemistry she eliminated weaknesses of soakage, of foot-harshness, of uneven, variable quality from the shoe-sole. And eliminating them she created a perfect shoe-sole, a modern shoe-sole, different from rubber as from leather, and possessing virtues shared by neither.

Such is Neōlin. . . . . .

Is it not inevitable that this newer-era sole is coming to a well nigh universal use? Millions have tested it. Millions will wear no other sole. Its flexibility gives them pleasant foot-ease in the very shoe store and a sole-wear far transcending that given often in their high-priced shoes. It is trim-foot and waterproof in all wet weather. Its grip-sure qualities made walking safe.

Naturally, they buy Neōlin for themselves and their children—whose shoe-bills it frequently cuts by a half.

Neōlin Soles come in all types of shoes, for men, women, and children. In black, white, and tan. It is an all-season, all-weather wear. The stamp "Neōlin" marks the genuine. *Mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: **Neōlin**—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

Neōlin

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

Better than Leather

(Continued from Page 67)

most of the ills of the world, including poverty, war, the naughtiness of offspring, chronic nose-bleed and bad art. He was wistfully hoping for a game of pinochle. He wanted to get this agonizing process over as soon as possible, and he interrupted only once:

"Say, did you ever notice that these subtle thinkers, who throw bricks at us materialistic business persons, always include riches among the things that they affirm and otherwise try to wish onto themselves? So far as I can make out, if you grab riches by sitting still and thinking, then you're all right; but if you grab riches by doing a job of working, then you're a hard-shelled crab."

"Dennis, dear," Ysetta said with the utmost sweetness, "can't I make you understand that, as I don't expect you to comprehend subtlety, you don't disappoint me or annoy me in the least by your heavy irony?"

For almost the first time in their six months of matrimony there was about the Brown household the atmosphere that forms when the dentist says, for the sixth time: "Open a little wider, please."

III

WITHIN one month Henrietta Flint had divided Hydrangea Park into two factions. She was welcomed by most of the women. The dancing fever had died out and the preparedness movement had not begun. It was a time of dullness in the Park; and Henrietta's campaign for joy-joyousness was a novelty.

Though Ysetta felt superior to Henrietta because of the sun-flinger's ignorance of such important topics as the paintings of Max Pincus and the novels of Gaston Rakowsky, yet she was fascinated by having a neighbor who encouraged her to express herself freely. Ysetta wasn't sure just what herself she was at present, but she knew that she was intended for finer things than housekeeping.

Henrietta's really constructive joy-building began with the Sunshine Party which she gave in October. It was a chilly evening, and Henrietta's party was entirely confined indoors, so that it probably had nothing to do with the heavy frost and blighting of flowers which occurred that same night.

Mr. Brown crawled up the dark path of the Flint place, falling over Goof's red wagon and the Mulebird's brick playhouse. He noted on the front porch a bell of yellow crêpe paper surrounding the porch light. Across it was the legend Sunshine and Welcome. The same sunshine motif was repeated in the small entrance hall, from the ceiling of which drooped strips of yellow crêpe paper at a convenient height for disarranging Ysetta's coiffure. In the large living room Mr. Brown was blinded by the brilliance of the decorations. Henrietta was the radiant sun center, her smile brighter than that frock of yellow muslin hung with goldenrod. Marigolds were heaped on the table, almost obscuring Henrietta's library, which consisted of nine books on dancing, prenatal influence, prickly thought forms and the soul culture of children. Long gorgeous sheets of yellow paper lined the walls, and the four electric globes were concealed by tissue-paper lanterns in the colors of the spectrum.

Goof and the Mulebird were dressed as Henrietta's merry little pages. They were both in yellow cheesecloth, with crowns labeled The Glad Lad and Lass o' Laughter. That is, they were in crowns till they had a *contretemps* over a cream tart with which Goof was anticipating the dainty refreshments. After that they were more decked with cream tart than with crowns.

The furniture of the living room showed a certain lack of that originality which Henrietta always praised. There was the red-plush sofa that Mr. Brown had first seen on the shoulder of the moving man. The chairs were all brown. They resembled the inmates of a Home for Decayed Gentlewomen. Everything was larded with sofa cushions. Henrietta must have had a passion for cushions before she caught Optimism. There were cushions in burnt leather, hand-painted satin, crewelwork, cretonne; there were cushions with fanciful portraits of young women decked with real glass beads that were not very comfortable to repose upon; college cushions with pennants of Yale, Harvard, Blackhaw University and the Busy Bee Business College; lace cushions, autograph cushions, patchwork cushions, blue-print photograph cushions, and cushions wondrously composed of cigar bands covered with thin silk.

Mr. Brown believed that he understood Henrietta better now that he had found the old-fashioned cushion side of her, and he was preparing to be almost friendly when the party broke in all its frightful torrent of gladness. Forty people were gathered in the room and enjoying themselves by telling scandals about the people who were not there, when Henrietta began to pick on them:

"Dear folkses, I welcome you one and all in our little home, which we call Happiness Hall. I know you must be tired of the stupid, conventional sort of parties that are so completely lacking in spontaneous effervescence, so we'll have a little informal program to wake us up, and then engage in conversation. First, I have a surprise for you. Some of you may not know it, but my son Gouverneur has developed really quite remarkable artistic powers, and if you will step into the room on the right you will see the exhibit which Goofy—and mother is so proud of her little son—has prepared for you and for our party."

Mr. Brown sheepishly trailed with his fellow sufferers into the next room. Pinned on the wall were twenty sketches of red suns and green moons and blue trees and a yellow pig with cerise feet standing in front of a purple hospital. Looking at them one way these creations of the nine-year-old genius were a good deal like futurist drawings. But then, looking at them another way, they were a good deal like scrawls by a nine-year-old boy.

Ysetta screwed up her eyes and did critically with her backward-bent thumb, and observed:

"Perhaps there is something to them. Henrietta explained to me the abstruse meanings that underlie this apparently childish use of color, and of course the child-perception hasn't been blunted as that of the adult has ——"

"Gosh, how these shoes pinch my feet!" groaned Mr. Brown.

Henrietta went about explaining those abstruse meanings; and the genuineness of her optimism is shown by the fact that, when Goof loudly contradicted each of her explanations of the motivation of his art, she merely smiled, patted his cheek and sang:

"Bless the little man, the lit-tle creative hands, and the lit-tle visionary heart!"

She drove her prisoners back into the living room and bubbled:

"Now I want you to sit on the floor in a big semicircle facing this chair. I'm sure you all love to sit on the floor—it's so Bohemian and informal—instead of in stiff, stupid chairs. Besides, there aren't enough chairs. That's right. Oh, Ysetta dear, come farther forward, if you can persuade the big handsome husband to get over his shyness and let us see him. Mrs. Bussle, make the doctor come away from that corner—what would we be without our doctor-man giving the little frolic such a nice scientific air! There we all are! Now that we're comfy and jolly, Goofy will give you each a little joy-token which I want you to wear."

The Hell Child, impassively treading upon the feet and ankles of the guests, distributed celluloid buttons bearing the legend "Somewhere the sun is shining, friends!" Mr. Brown inquired of Ysetta where that was. He desired, he said, to go there.

"Now," Henrietta went on, "I shall sit right here, in this big chair, just like a queen on a throne"—she smiled lavishly—"so I can see you all, and I'm going to give you the privilege of being the very, very first to hear part of my first novel, Joy-Joy. Just think how envious the editor-man would be if he knew you all had met my brain-child before he had the chance!"

There was a sound of mortal agony from Mr. Dennis Brown. Henrietta conjured a packet of note paper out of a trick pocket and started to read. From among the manifold nuggets of Joy-Joy we shall bestow only the scene in which the girlish heroine, who was prettily named Little Sunbeam, converted her father, the stern old professor of Greek in Yarvard University:

"Now that the professor was gone, Little Sunbeam went about dreaming of fairies and dear little elfkins and sugar and spice and everything nice, and especially of a teeny-weeny secret. She was sure that it was the dourness of the professor's study which made him write such dull and ill-selling books about the digamma and other stupidy things.

"She was going to change it from the Gloom Room to the Rosy-Posy Room!

"Old Micky O'Riley, talking to Mammy Jammy while he washed the carriage, saw Little Sunbeam go by, the little arms just crammed full with trinkets and ribbons and posies.

"'Now, bedad and begorra, phwat does the spalpeen bees up ter?' bumbled Micky in that quaint, whimsical dialect of his.

"'Yas-sah, that-air pickaninny sure am de love-chile, allus a-playin' wid her pretties,' caroled cookie in that darky way which always made one imagine they could just hear the mocking bird singing his little heart out in a shimmering sunshine of song in the magnolias.

"They tiptoed after Little Sunbeam, and, hiding behind the tapestries at the doorway of the professor's study, watched her in amazement. Little Sunbeam was pulling the professor's dusty brown books from the shelves and dropping them down the hot-air register with a gurgling little laugh as they went—bing! From the mysterious packing box over which Micky had been exclaiming 'Faith and begorra, phwat's that mount'in av a box?' she took out the sweetest books, in covers of lilac and pink and airy-fairy sky blue, with gilt lettering, and put them on the shelves, which just did look so surprised, poor old groaning shelves. She threw out of the window the professor's bottle of black ink, and replaced it with the charmingest inkwell of hand-painted china, with red ink on one side and bright green ink on the other. She dropped the professor's fountain pen behind the couch, and in its place put a quill pen tied with a big flopsy-dropsy bow of orange ribbon.

"'Ma word, ain't dat chile got lots of nerve! De professor am going to catechize her foh combobulatin' his room like dis-yere!' quaked Mammy Jammy from her hiding place, who, even in her fear, did not forget that funny use of long words which makes darky dialect so quaint.

"'Faith and bejabers, 'tis yerself phwat said it!' hammered Micky.

"Little Sunbeam was taking down the professor's pictures of Greek temples and other symbols of the fear-thought of dead conventions, and hanging up—oh, the cunningest pictures of kittens and bunny rabbits and Christmas!

"Then suddenly there was a roar from the front door of the study and they all turned pale, for the professor had unexpectedly come home! He glared through his big, cranky glasses. Then suddenly he professored:

"'What's all this?'

"'Oh, father dear, 'tis an experiment in manifesting joy,' faltered Little Sunbeam, her lips quivering in a funny twisted smile. 'Your books on Greek do not sell well; and oh, father, I'm sure you could demonstrate prosperity so much better if you wrote cheerful things about the welling of the inner radiance.'

"'Well, I am willing to try it,' grumped the professor. 'I will start out to faithfully and carefully endeavor to write an essay on the Bœotian Dialect in Homer, and if my pen is by the intangible currents of joy guided to more spiritual matters, let me not inhibit this identification of the subliminal.'

"While they three watched in awe he sat rigidly before his desk. Then suddenly his pen began to fairly dance across the dainty lavender paper, like a fairy in a sunny glade, and a smile, for the first time in years, kindled his face. Finally he even took off his glasses, and they saw with astonishment that his eyes had been blue and flecked with sunshine all the time! He stopped.

"'Read us what you have written, father!' begged Little Sunbeam.

"The Unillumined say that the age of miracles is past, but here is just what Professor Gunk, under the influence of the Symbols of Joy, had indited:

> "'*Joy, joy, glad, glad!*
> *The birdies are singing, and isn't it too bad*
> *That folks should be gloomy; so smile at each other,*
> *And to grouchy persons say: "The clouds have passed,*
> *brother."*'

"'Faith and bedad, I always knowed 'twas the good heart he did be havin' under his ribses!' shouted Micky, while Little Sunbeam clapped her hands and larked, 'Oh, father dear, what a splendid Thoughtform! 'Twill influence dark souls everywhere. We'll have it printed on cardboard, and I'm sure millions and millions of copies will be sold, for folks to hang them by their beds, so they can see it first thing in the morning; and we'll be rich, and you can give up your stupid professorship and just write joy-books for everybody.'

"'Don't call me father any more,' radianced the professor. 'Call me Popsy-wopsy!'"

The strange and powerful tale drew to its enthralling close. Mr. Dennis J. Brown ceased making low cries like different kinds of wounded birds, for he was sure that now they would have the dainty refreshments and he would be allowed to go home.

Henrietta thanked them for their praise and confided to them that maybe—she smiled archly—they had been wondering what had become of Daughter Kitkins the last few moments, especially as Kitkins was obviously in so many ways the model for Little Sunbeam. Well, now they were to see what the Little Elf had been up to. If they would all stand up and move back against the wall as far as they could—there, that's fine ——

Into the joyous grandeur of society sneaked the Mulebird, dressed in a garment that would scarcely have interfered with her taking quite a complete bath, at least a mid-week bath. Yet Mr. Brown was not shocked. There has never been anything more moral than the Mulebird's shins.

To the strains of an ancient talking machine, which Goof simultaneously let loose, the Mulebird danced a Chopin nocturne. It must have been the nocturne Chopin wrote at three A. M. after being out with George Sand and the other boys.

"Kitkins would make a fine ceiling painter," Mr. Brown murmured to Ysetta. "Do we get any grub after the setting-up exercises? This is getting to be more strenuous than Plattsburg."

Ysetta and six other women said "Sh-sh!" and Mr. Brown tried to retain his sanity by betting himself that there was more than a dollar in his change pocket.

When Katherine had completed her erroneous conception of the way nice little girls act when there is company, Henrietta said:

"Some of you know that I have original ideas about dancing, but you don't know that I have invented an entirely new form *du danse*. That is, the terpsichorean

(Continued on Page 73)

Ready for Service!

Home Duty calls for *Crystal White!*

A pure soap of concentrated energy! It makes quick work of cleansing—*everything!*

Millions of housewives know that *Crystal White* assures better results in each particular use—Kitchen, Laundry and household!

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.
KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

"say mister man"

Who's Your Tailor?

E. V. Price & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS CHICAGO U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 70)

interpretation of the theorems of geometry! Despite their supposed fame Miss Duncan and the Russian Ballette have never really added anything to the art; but I—I say it in all modesty—give freely to the world this new conception—which is the very first union of art and science—of the exquisite beauty of the dance and the great truths of mathematics. I will now dance the geometrical theorem, 'A straight line is the shortest distance between two points.' Mr. Brown and Mr. Bishop, will you please stand out here? Mr. Brown, you are Point A, and you, Mr. Bishop, are Point B. First we shall see the awakening of—well, I don't know just what they call it, but it's the thing in geometry that's always going between Point A and Point B."

Mr. Brown submitted to Ysetta the statement that he would rather be the Vanishing Point, but he was pushed out into the perilous center of the room, where he stood, looking foolish and wondering whether a geometrical point usually puts its hands in its pockets or folds its arms.

Henrietta stood in front of the table, which temporarily represented a geometrical Nirvana. Her arms hung by her sides. Her eyes were closed. The point of her chin—or what would have been the point if her chin had had one—was uplifted. She slept—my geometric lady slept! She opened her eyes. She gazed fixedly at Point A. She started. To Mr. Brown's extreme apprehension she rushed at him, stretching her arms wide and uttering low warbles of delight. Point A tried to step back, but he was penned in by the crowd, one of whom, Tom Fisher, was whispering in his ear: "Try for an arm hold." Henrietta didn't quite embrace him. She stopped in front of him, fanning his face with her fat, moist, pink hands while she crooned a lullaby.

She looked across the room at Point B, who ducked. With one hand pressing her brow and the other outstretched and groping, Henrietta stepped out high and fast, despite the overweight of her chassis. Even the dullest could understand the symbolism in her dance. She couldn't find the road to Point B. She leaped nervously to one side, as though the traffic were too thick. She climbed a purely imaginary peak and discovered an aërial butterfly. She regarded its flight with an irresponsible, childish cry, then pursued the exquisite thing, reaching out with the right arm and feinting with the left. All the while her spacious feet kept up a steady skip which sent through the awed and silent room a pleasant thudding like the pounding of a tough steak.

She bent down to pick a flower and held it up, secretly smiling as she plucked the dream petals one by one and let them flutter to earth. But she realized that all these tender joys of youth were delaying her in the quest of Point B, though Point B was not giving the slightest sign of impatience to see her. She revolved seven times; then, to the utter panic of Point A, rushed at him again.

She stared at Point B. At last she saw the way. With almost no difficulty in following the trail, she walked directly across to Point B, thus vividly and artistically demonstrating the truth, first laid down by Euclid and later reiterated in the brown pebbly book with the shiny-leather back, that a straight line is one of the shortest distances between two points.

After all this the expected and desperately needed refreshments consisted of drug-store Neapolitan ice cream and bakery cookies, with nine cream tarts, none of which was given to Mr. Brown. On the way home he did not trust himself to speak, till Ysetta mused:

"Henrietta puzzles me rather. Of course I realize that she is dreadfully crude, but really, the union of mathematical truth and æsthetic truth is strikingly original."

"Yuh. I thought her footwork and infighting were original too."

"Oh, of course she is nothing as an interpreter. She is essentially a creative force. She has something of the virile scorn of form that distinguishes the St. Louis vorticists and the Chicago imagists."

"Aw—rats—now—Bessy! Look—thunder! You know that female doesn't belong here. Hydrangea Park is really a classy suburb. Look at that ratty furniture of hers ——"

"That's one reason I like her. She reacts against these smug commuters ——"

"Say—gee—Bess—Ysetta—oh, whatever your name is, if you want to stake out some more of these intellectual interests, why don't you take up a course in piano-tuning, or study explosives, or something quiet like that? Think! If you stand for Hen, you'll plant the Hell Child and the Mulebird on our happy home ——"

"I shan't permit you to bully me into deserting Henrietta. She needs my subtler mind to enable her to attain a"—with horror Mr. Brown heard the fatal sentence—"free self-expression."

IV

THE Sunshine Party was followed by an epidemic of joy-joyousness throughout the town. Henrietta was seen motoring and dining. She attended a meeting of the Reading and Embroidery Circle, and interrupted the subject for that afternoon, which was The Literatures of Russia, Scandinavia and Holland, by advising her dear friends to give up such unpleasant books and read the more optimistic works of those English lady novelists who move in the best social and clerical circles and teach the lower classes to be content. Her words made a great impression, and she was invited to address the Ladies' Pansy Club on All for the Best in the Best of All Possible Worlds.

She now had enough influence to form a local branch of the Alliance for the Affirmation of the Loftier Life, which was to solve all social problems. At the first meeting she suggested that the town ought to devote its poor-fund to paying her for giving these low people classes in mastering their environment, thus curing their poverty and general lowness.

Ysetta and twenty other apparently sane women joined the alliance and sat about covered with joy and cake crumbs. Their husbands were covered, not with joy but with gloom. If a man dared to smile in the club car on the eight-seventeen everybody roared:

"Cut out that glad-grin! What d'yuh think this is? The Alliance for Affirmation, or a decent commuting train?"

Gloomiest of all was Mr. Dennis Brown, because he so much loved the real thing in joy that he hated the imitation which Henrietta pawed over with her damp hands. Whenever he was particularly tired at night, Henrietta was sure to be invited for dinner, and to gurgle about optimism, dancing, and a clever science called The Dynamic Psychology, which consisted in translating sound old lies like "Too many cooks spoil the broth" into "Interdependence is hung with the pall of the rajas-quality if it be not an effluence of Independence."

Ysetta was getting so that she talked the language also. Whenever she was absolutely wrong in an argument, she smiled gently and forgave Mr. Brown, which is one of the most underhand methods of getting your own way.

Something had to be done!

Now Mr. Dennis Brown was a low business man. He did not, therefore, seek a Dynamic Will. He sat down at his unspiritual flat-top desk and between telephone calls he briskly wrote out a plan. He filed it away in a steel cabinet, under the heading "Schedule for Putting the Skids Under High Thought," and called a taxicab. He drove to the office of the Daisy Dale Realty Company. He promised them that if they lured Henrietta to their new development, ostensibly as an attraction to intellectual home seekers, he would secretly pay her rent for a year. He drove to the Dynamic Psychology Center, which was a meeting room with books, healing, advice, and everything else that was in sight, for sale at reasonable terms. In charge was a pale gentleman with an Alpine forehead and a frock coat—a spiritual floorwalker, who held a nice, clean linen handkerchief between his fingers while he was talking.

"Pardon me if I rush the game, but I'm in a hurry. I understand you folks are a clearing house for all the nut religions. I want to buy the nuttiest book you have."

"Sir, I do not understand you!" The floorwalker dropped the handkerchief and did a triple loop-the-loop with his delicate hand, while he murmured with no apparent connection: "Withereth as the grass."

"I want your advice and I'll pay for it. I don't want any ordinary nut stuff about will power and optimism, that you can mix with being a Baptist or a plumber or a Republican. I want the real stuff—Hindu or Eskimo religion."

Mr. Brown permitted the edge of a yellow-backed bill to be seen.

"We do not accept money."

"Huh?"

"What is money to us, who live by the spirit—except as a symbol of your gratitude to the help that has been given you by the Dynamic Psychology? And, of course, if you really are grateful you'll give tithes to the faith ——"

"Tithe? Ten per cent? Nix! But if you'll steer me into a psychological Nick Carter I'll loosen up on ten good hard round symbols."

The floorwalker graciously received the yellow-backed object, once it was thoroughly understood that it was not money but a symbol. He daintily dusted his fingers and showed Mr. Brown a thin black book entitled Entering the Hermetic Silences, by R. Edgar Wassinghope Snalm, M. V. E. M. V. E. signifies Master of Vibrative Esotericism. The degree is not as yet bestowed by the hidebound old universities, but fortunately it can be purchased for twenty dollars cash from the Cosmic University of the Regenerative Will, Box 761, Hankton, Ohio.

It was a nice little book. The chapter headings were: The Strange Master Key of the Greatest Yogis of the Vedantic Religion; How to Demonstrate Ten Thousand Dollars a Year; How to Vivify the Solar Plexus; How to be an Artistic Genius; How to be a Success in Swell Society; Cosmic Force from Eating Bran; How to Enter the Secret Chamber of Power and Comprehend the Hidden Harmonies; and Five Hundred Hindu Household Hints.

Mr. Brown took his little book under his arm and went out to Hydrangea Park. They had planned to stay home that evening, because on the following night Ysetta was giving a little dinner and card party to the William Bishops, who are the sportiest people in the Park. She got into negligée and mules and yawned:

"Let's be quiet this evening."

"Great idea! I'll read aloud to you for a while." And he produced Entering the Hermetic Silences.

Ysetta was suspicious of his sudden interest in Yogis, the solar plexus, the Bhagavad-Gita and lentils. He explained that he did not believe in this dynamic stuff, but he did wish to be fair and he was looking into it. For five hours he read aloud from the little book. Ysetta was bright and interruptive, then somewhat subdued, finally desirous of going to bed. He calmly followed her, and sitting on the edge of her bed he read till one A. M., at which time she furiously pointed out that enough was quite enough, and resolutely buried her nose in her pillow.

Mr. Brown smiled gently and went to bed. Four hours later, at five of a damp, chilly winter morning, he arose, put on his dressing gown and slippers, and threw open the French windows leading to the upper porch. He felt as though he were shrinking to half his size as the wind flowed round him and down the neck of his dressing gown, but in the gray, grisly dimness out on the porch he sternly began to dance. Ysetta slept on. He returned to the room and knocked over a chair. She awoke, startled. He paid no attention to her, but tiptoed back to the porch and switched on the porch light.

For Five Hours He Read Aloud From the Little Book

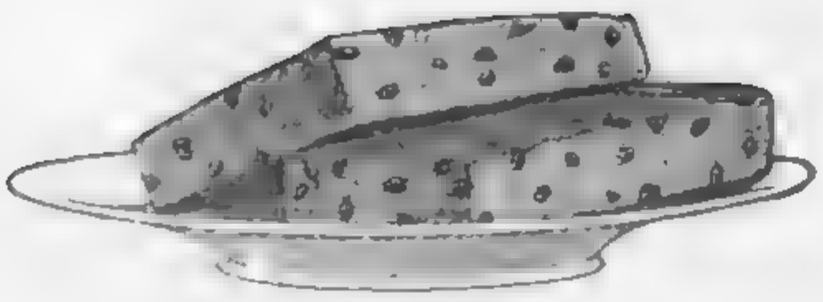
Mrs. Ysetta Brown, looking through the shivering air while the breeze crept down into the cherished warm places that four hours of sleeping had created in her bed, beheld this strange sight: Her husband had apparently gone mad. With a blankety green-and-red dressing gown ridiculously draped about his écru pyjamas, he stood on one leg and thrust the other straight out in front of him. He slowly revolved and began to hop from one end of the porch to the other. The dressing gown got tangled with his driving leg, he slipped, both legs shot up in the air, and he came down with a bump that shook the house. He said only one damn, then began to laugh and shout:

"It doesn't matter. Nothing can hurt me if the concept of self-expression up-soar the mere material. Ouch! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dennis Brown, what in the name of common sense do you think you are doing?" shrieked Ysetta.

(Concluded on Page 76)

-safe for Democracy"



Raisin Corn Bread

"SAVE one pound of wheat every week." This is the urgent word from Washington. The wheat thus saved by Americans is for a bigger thing than war. It is to save a people grappling with a man-made condition—a people struggling upward toward World Democracy, toward World Peace and the ultimate Brotherhood of Man. Ours is truly a beneficent mission: To help establish the most stupendous social readjustment in the history of the human race.

To reduce our wheat consumption we are urged by the Food Administration to eat more corn. And we are doing our best to obey. Corn plus American zeal will eventually achieve the national ideal: The world made safe for Democracy.

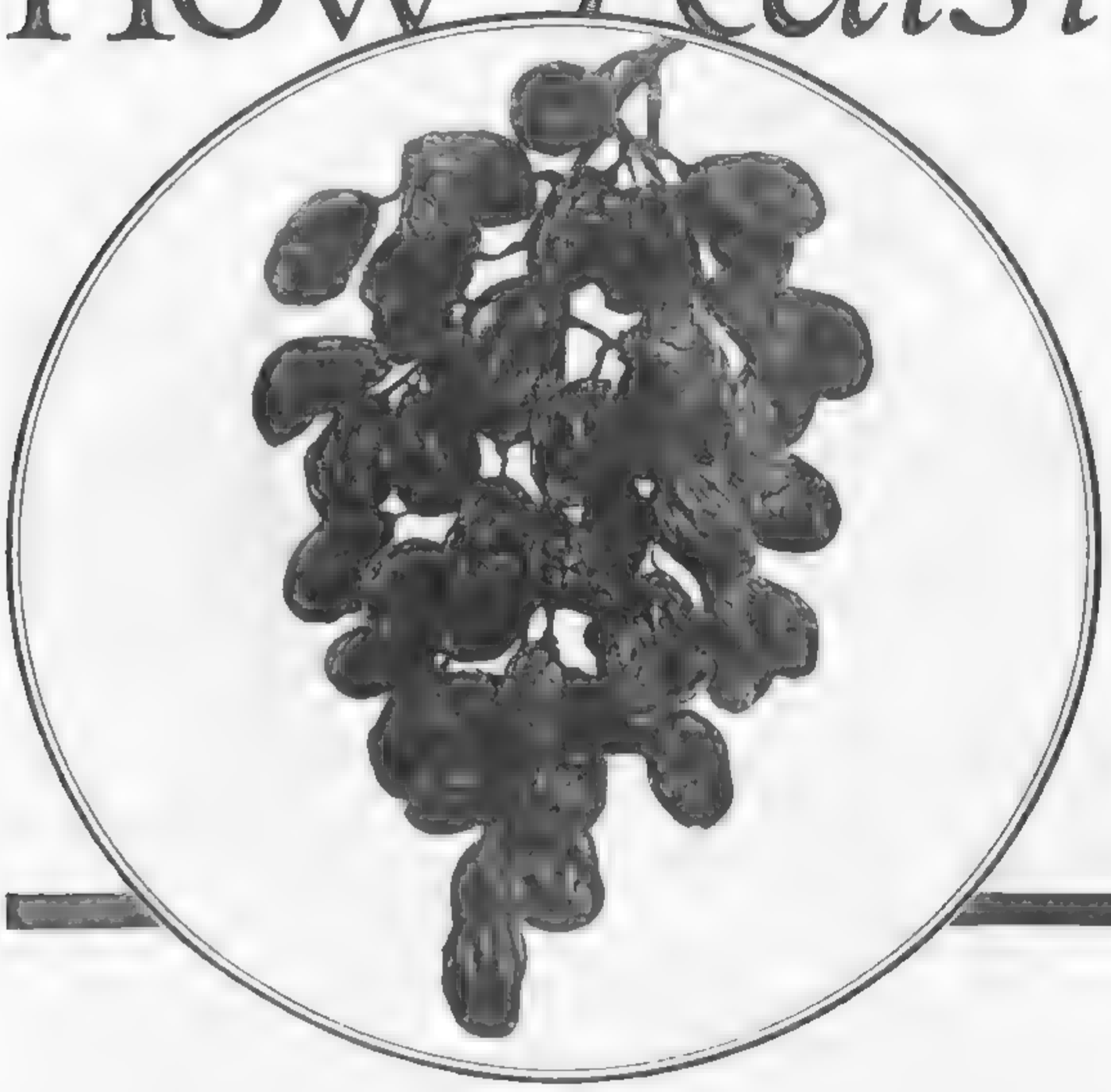
But, in our timely zeal, let us not forget the health and strength and the welfare of our growing boys and girls—the men and women of tomorrow. Let us safeguard health and strength by putting an appetite appeal and a tasteful zest into the plain foods of today. Make raisins perform this help, this duty, in your home. Raisins—Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins—add zest to the plainest foods. They exalt the wheat-saving dishes. Put raisins in Corn Bread and Johnny Cake. They add delicious flavor. Truly, raisins beautify food economy. This is how raisins help to save wheat for a noble cause.

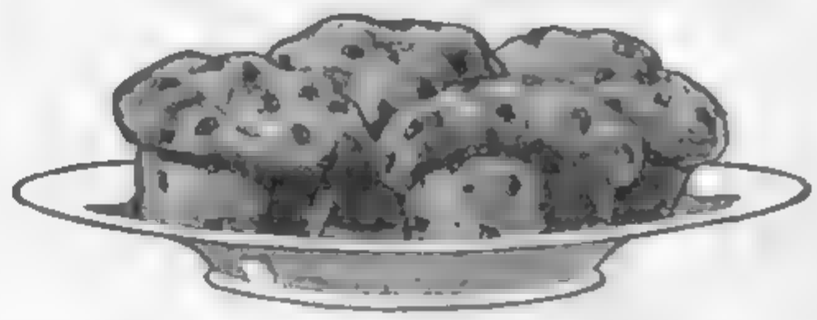
We repeat, with emphasis appropriate to the times, three outstanding truths about raisins:

Raisins save sugar. They are rich in grape sugar, the easiest of all sugars to assimilate. Raisins in plain foods make other sugar unnecessary, as they supply all requirements.

SUN-MAID

How *Raisins* Help





Raisin Corn Muffins

Raisins provide true food. They are rich in mineral salts, which assist in maintaining health. Raisins are concentrated food of highest value—nuggets of energy. A single pound of raisins contains 1560 food calories or units of food energy. And the average man requires a total of only 2000 to 3000 calories per day. Emphatically, raisins are true food.

Raisins save butter. Raisins in bread make butter unnecessary; children will eat it just as it is cut from the loaf.

Our government now urges all Americans to reduce their use of these three food necessities: Wheat, sugar, butter. Raisins will help you to perform this mission for all mankind.

Eat more raisins. They are good, and good for you.

Corn Bread with Raisins. Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins wonderfully improve the tastiness of Corn Bread and Johnny Cake. Raisins give these dishes a new appeal.

California Raisin Bread is a true Liberty Bread. Your baker can supply you.

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Sun-Maid raisins add nutriment and impart flavor to boiled rice. Children and grown-ups welcome rice with raisins.

Bread Pudding with Raisins

Old bread with Sun-Maid raisins makes a true dessert; appetizing and full of food value; and raisins save sugar.

Stewed Prunes with Raisins

Cook Sun-Maid raisins with prunes. Raisins give added food value. Try stewed raisins alone or with any breakfast food.

Sun-Maid Raisin Pie

Pie made of Sun-Maid raisins is the most nutritious and economical of all pies. It is sweet enough without sugar.

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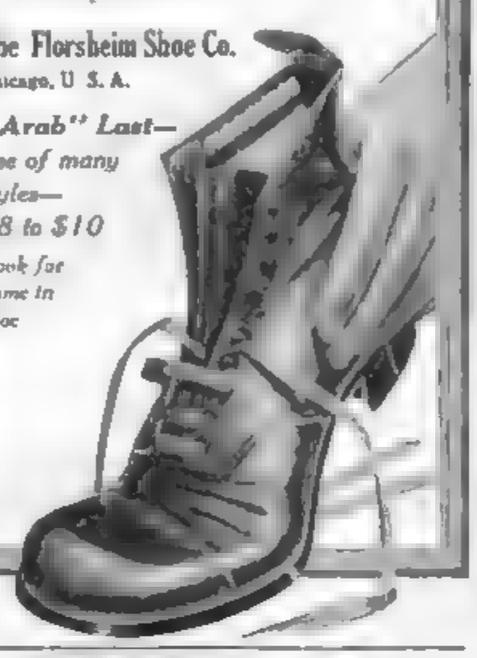

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(Concluded from Page 73)

Mr. Brown rose and hung his head. He said timidly:

"Oh, I didn't mean to wake you up. I was just trying this dancing stuff, and, by golly, I believe Henrietta has the right dope. I feel perfectly fine, not only from the exercise, but from the creation of a new art-form."

"Art-form! What art-form do you think you're creating?"

"I'm dancing the geometrical theorem that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. And to-morrow I'm going to do something with the equation x into the cube root of sixty-four and six-elevenths ——"

"Oh, of all the idiocies I ever heard of!" wailed Ysetta. "Waking me up at this beastly hour, when you kept me up so late last night, to make an insane, amateurish effort. Oh-h-h-h-h!"

"I didn't mean to wake you up. You can see for yourself. I went into the silences of the early morn, even before the sun had cast its rays ——"

Ysetta had bounced beneath the covers with an evident determination to go back to sleep though Mr. Brown should dance all of geometry, trigonometry, differential calculus, and "If it takes A two hours to do a certain piece of work, how long will it take Mrs. A to buy a hat?"

He was up again at six-thirty. He crept down to the kitchen and had a talk with cook, as a result of which he was able to consume an excellent cup of coffee, shirred eggs, marmalade on toast and the remains of a cold chicken before Ysetta came down to breakfast. When Ysetta did appear, with a hurt, glum look, cook sadly informed her that the stove would not draw and she could not get a hot breakfast. Cook proved the statement by bringing to the table underdone fried eggs, toast that was burnt on one side and raw on the other, and coffee that tasted like that last cup you try to squeeze out of the pot at the restaurant when the coffee has grown cold and the cream is all gone.

"After the way my sleep was broken last night, I think I might have a decent breakfast," mourned Ysetta. "By the way, what do I seem to remember you were doing at some unearthly hour this morning? Or was it a nightmare?"

"Not at all. I was improvising a free dance. To-morrow I'm also going to improvise some singing. And Ysetta, my deuh, how can you have this breakfast grouch? What if the coffee is bad? What does a material breakfast matter? As you can see, it doesn't bother me. I've had enough to eat with just a sip of coffee and half an egg. Use your will power, and be joyous in the thought of other glad breakfasts we have had. Ha, ha!"

He laughed cheerily, danced a step or two, and soared out to get his overcoat, while Ysetta snapped after him:

"Oh, I could slay you! Glad breakfasts! Animal!"

He departed in a whirlwind of gayety, gladness and optimism. At ten that morning and at two-thirty in the afternoon he telephoned to her from the office. Both times she whimpered that he had awakened her from a nap. He chuckled: "But what is a mere nap compared with the fact that I am beginning to feel a new light of abiding joy?" He himself sneaked in a nap of three hours and was able to come home fresh and radiant to the party dinner with the William Bishops.

Joy didn't seem to have abided so awfully well with Ysetta. Her eyes were red and blinky, and she was snappish while they were dressing, though Mr. Brown was one rotund ball of irritating joy. That was a pity, because Ysetta wanted to make an impression on the Bishops—in fact, she was not putting on one of her batik New Art costumes, but a New York frock, cut low and often.

William Bishop was president of the country club and his wife had been a schoolmate of Ysetta. Mrs. Bishop was given to smart gowns and to making fun of Ysetta's artistic aspirations. Ysetta had labored over the dinner, and she was having the Thomas Fishers come in at nine for a few hands of poker and some shrimp salad.

"For heaven's sake, don't go joyousing at the Bishops! I can stand it, but they will laugh at you," she begged.

"Well, then, they ought to be cured of their skepticism, same as I've been," he declared, and began a discourse on the Gospel of Gladness that lasted clear through dinner, despite the fact that Ysetta twice spoke to him about it and seven times secretly kicked him.

Ysetta had reason to be alarmed about his sanity. She hailed the arrival of the Fishers for poker and started them playing. From his normal interest in the game she was sure that it would make Mr. Brown forget about the Hermetic Silences. The hope seemed well founded. Mr. Brown attended strictly to the business of ante-snatching, and the others played close to the chest.

They reached the stage in the game where the tobacco smoke was thick, and they had all slipped off their pumps under the table. For three rounds a jackpot had been accumulating.

Ysetta opened it with repressed excitement. Bishop and Fisher stayed with her. Four times they raised. Their voices were curt and cool. The room was electric. Mr. Brown sneaked about the table and found that Bishop and Fisher were sitting tight with fulls and Ysetta with four sevens.

It was the time for which Mr. Brown had been waiting. He tiptoed out to the dining room and softly telephoned to Henrietta Flint to come right over. When he returned to the living room Ysetta was raising again. She was no longer sleepy. Then she jumped six inches in the air. From the doorway rolled the voice of Henrietta:

"And what are the nice neighbors doing? I thought I wouldn't ring, but just come in. Goofy, don't scratch the woodwork with the little tack any more, dear; that is anti-social behavior."

She sailed to Mr. Brown's vacant chair at the card table and went on:

"Well; well, what is this we're all playing? Cards? Isn't that nice; a friendly contest of wits. Wouldn't you like to invite me in and teach me to play too? I've been so busy with my studies that I've hardly learned to play cards at all. Mr. Flint always laughs and says I can't tell a ten-spot from a one-spot, but he really exaggerates. I can tell the cards, though I do sometimes get the men-cards mixed up—the king and the jack, isn't it?—but that doesn't matter so much, does it? And I occasionally play casino with the wee ones."

Ysetta, Bishop and Fisher sat hypnotized, pinching their cards and staring at the pot.

"What are all the cunning counters, all such bright colors—reddy, and whity, and the jolly blue?"

Henrietta took four assorted chips from the pot, examined them and dropped them so that they rolled all over the table. Bishop and Fisher, with the air of witnessing a frightful accident, laid down their hands and turned their eyes away from their stricken hostess. Mrs. Bishop glanced at Ysetta and giggled. Then did Mr. Brown rejoice to see the vicious look which came into Ysetta's face as she demanded:

"Mrs. Flint, we were in the midst of a hand. Will you kindly tell me what you wanted to see me about, before we go on with the game?"

Mr. Brown purred:

"I invited Henrietta. I am tired of cards. I thought that as soon as this hand was over I would read aloud from Entering the Hermetic Silences, and perhaps Henrietta would dance for us."

Perfectly blandly, ignoring Ysetta's glare, Henrietta agreed:

"Yes, and I do want to tell you about the horrid publisher who has rejected the child of my brain. I wrote him that he lacked the potential perception which would enable him to comprehend Joy-Joy, and said I would be glad to go on to New York and explain it to him; but he sent me—oh, the rudest letter; so now I am concentrating on the telekinesis ——"

Ysetta shot out of her chair. She cried:

"My dear madam, do you realize that we were playing cards? And do you see that that Hell Child of yours is tearing my de luxe copy of Swinburne? Will you be so kind as to take him home, and I shall be glad to hear your troubles any morning between eleven-thirty and twelve!"

Henrietta rose.

"So! It seems that my child and I are not welcome in this darkened household! I scorn—I mean I forgive—you and this ridiculous suburb. This decides me. The beautiful and select suburb of Daisy Dale is begging me to move there—they are so anxious to have me give them the proper tone that they have offered me free rent. So no matter how you may apologize and coax me, I shall be inflexible. I am going to move away!"

She rumbled to the door, forgivingly smiling to the last. Mr. Brown permitted the poker game to continue. He laid his little black book beside his chips, and Ysetta kept a terrified eye upon it, but he did not refer to it again.

The guests left rather early. The moment the door had closed, Ysetta dragged her husband to a big chair, sat on his knee, and begged:

"Oh, Dennis, Dennis dear, are you going mad? Don't you love me any more? Would you rather talk to that Flint woman than to me? I am so frightened that I can't argue about it, but I implore you to give up these horrid Hermetic Silences, and this expressive dancing, and especially this frightful joyousness at breakfast and poker parties and other most unsuitable times. Oh, will you—for my sake?"

"Would you have me give up my higher aspirations for low sports like golf and ——"

"Dennis dear, why don't you buy that billiard table now? Don't you remember you wanted me to learn to play? I'd be glad to."

"Well—well, I'll get the billiard table. And I'll try to break away from this mystic spell. But I'm going to keep my nice little book about the Silences. Maybe you'll get interested in the Dynamic Psychology again, dear, and then we can take it up together—can't we? Just think of that wondrous quotation from the Hindu Swami. He's a bird, that Master; he certainly said something: 'Anandadhyeva khalvimani bhutani jayante.'"

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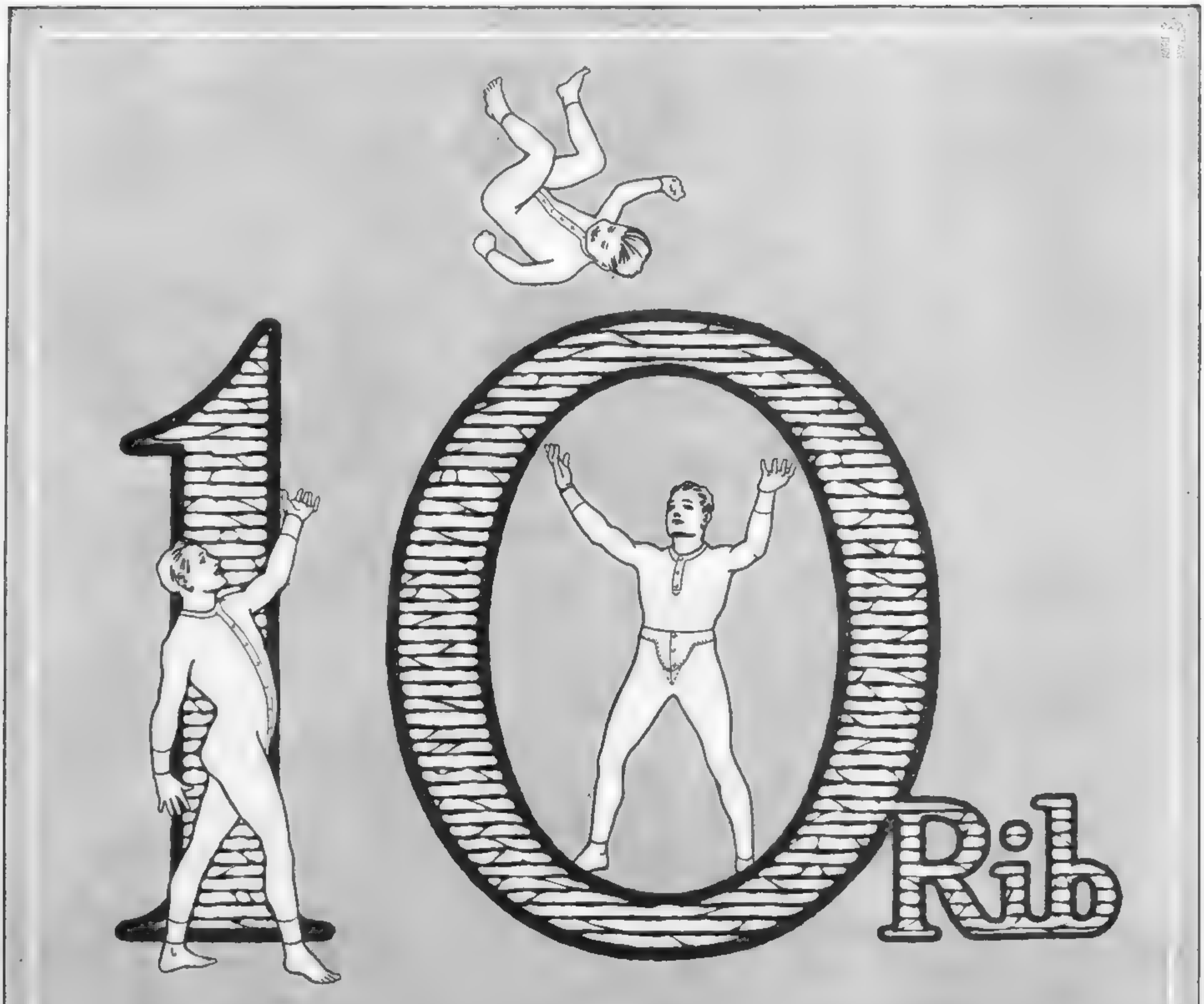

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Men's winter Union Suits *Men's winter Shirts and Drawers* *Boy's winter Union Suits*

THE LAW OF AVERAGES

(Concluded from Page 15)

and sickles and lawn mowers there in June. Under the law of averages a certain number of men out of every thousand who need lawn mowers buy new ones each year. But the number of those who decide to get new ones instead of making the old ones do depends on the luxuriance of the grass. So too there is a definite relation between a dry spring and the number of persons who will buy new lengths of garden hose.

Throughout the wheat-growing sections of the Northwest, this hardware company has found, there is an almost exact relation between the size of the wheat crop and the purchasing propensity of the average man on the street. It matters not whether a man in that section is a farmer or a journeyman plumber. He may not know it, but he spends his money according to the amount of wheat his neighbors have in their barns. When the wheat is sold a sum of money is placed in circulation. A certain definite ratio of this money goes to hardware merchants. These merchants, of course, buy new stock according to the amount of business they do. Hence the advantage to a big wholesale-hardware concern of knowing the size of the wheat crop without waiting until it is threshed to find out. They can tell almost to the penny how much they will sell in any small hamlet, as soon as they get enough facts about the weather in that section to enable them to forecast how much wheat will be harvested.

Inside their office this big concern applies the law of averages in another way: They take, each day, stacks of little sales slips that come in by mail from men on the road, and weigh the slips. Then they know how much money the sales for that day represent. Each ounce of the little slips means so many dollars. One slip may be for a bill of goods amounting to thousands, and the next slip may cover only a dime's worth of nails. But you take a stack of the slips and they are certain to average a certain amount. It never varies more than a few pennies.

McCoy's Accurate Estimates

A successful mail-order house in Chicago works the same scheme with regard to its mail. They can throw three or four big sacks of mail on the scales and tell not only the number of orders among the letters but the amount of money the orders represent. If they wished to do a little figuring they might perhaps even tell the amount of rainfall in a given section by the size and number of orders from there—for there is a relation between rain and mail orders. On rainy days a family on a rural free delivery route are likely to amuse themselves by reading their mail-order catalogues, and as they read them they think of things they wish to buy.

In the Treasury Department at Washington is a man by the name of McCoy, who, though he works in comparative obscurity, is one of the most notably useful men connected with the Government. He deals with statistics, and is by education an expert mathematician; but much more important than his knowledge of figures is his knowledge of the average man. It is the knack he possesses for translating human nature into figures that makes his work so valuable. Without McCoy the legislative committees that deal with the subject of taxation and the raising of revenue would feel practically helpless.

One of McCoy's tasks is to tell the Ways and Means Committee how much money a given taxation measure will bring in. That doesn't seem so difficult until you pause to think the proposition over. When a big revenue bill, such as the Underwood Tariff Bill, is drawn the men who prepare it would have to work entirely in the dark unless they were able to get fairly accurate information on how much each item will provide. If the entire bill were estimated to bring in a billion dollars more than it does in actual practice the Government would come out at the little end of the horn. There was a certain item of goods on which the import tax was ten per cent. It was planned to increase this tax to thirty per cent. Now it does not follow that the tripling of the tax would triple the revenue; for as a thing becomes more expensive fewer persons buy it. For example, if we charge ten cents admission to a picture theater we can get a big crowd and thus derive considerable revenue, but if we charged two dollars we might not get any paid admissions at all.

Some Startling Results

So it fell to McCoy to figure out what the income would be after various new revenue features of the Underwood Bill were placed in operation. And in almost every instance he estimated with almost uncanny precision. He was able to tell in advance about what the returns of the income tax would be. In 1915 he estimated that the corporation tax for the year ending June 30, 1915, would be in the neighborhood of thirty-nine million dollars. I do not now recall the exact figures, except that he came within a mere $144,000 of complete accuracy.

It was desirable for revenue reasons to know, in 1901, what the census of the United States would be in 1910. McCoy came within a fraction of one per cent of the figures that the Census Bureau obtained from an actual count of the population; in fact, McCoy was perhaps nearer to absolute accuracy than the Census Bureau itself was, for even in making a count there is an inevitable element of error. And yet he made his estimate nine years in advance!

How does he do these things? Simply by utilizing his knowledge of everyday human nature—and the law of averages. When he sought to know how much the population of the entire United States would grow in nine years I'll venture to say that he first examined the rate of growth along the street where he lived. Then he took other streets and compared them—and rural communities, picked at random. He probably figured that what would be true of these sample streets and localities would be true all over, for human nature is practically alike everywhere. He found out what kind of men were having large families, and how numerous such men were in the average community. And he looked into the conditions that might increase immigration to this country.

One afternoon McCoy might have been seen standing on a street corner counting the number of automobiles and pedestrians that went by. Then he took a pad and pencil and did a little figuring. In a few minutes he had an estimate of the number of automobiles in Washington. He got the actual figures from the District government and found that his estimate was practically correct. How could he tell that after seeing only the autos that passed one corner? Simply by comparing the number of autos and pedestrians with the total population of Washington. Later he went further and made a guess as to the number of autos in use in the United States. And he was not far off either—as a more complete investigation proved. His figures were used as a tentative basis for a proposed war tax on automobiles. Think of a man's standing on a street corner and telling, just by means of what he can see there with his own eyes, how many automobiles there are in the whole United States!

Of course I do not wish to be understood as saying that he could make an accurate guess without taking various factors into consideration. He gave not a little thought to the relative purchasing powers of people in the city and in the country, the kinds of roads in different parts of the continent, and the amount of gasoline annually consumed in the United States. But always his chief guide toward accuracy was the simple law of averages, and the fact that human nature is much the same no matter where found.

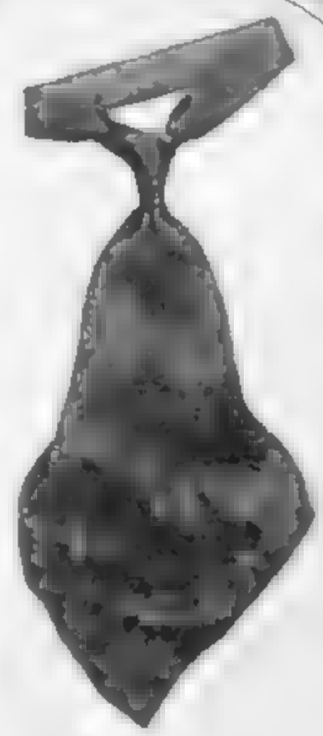
When there was talk of a war tax on club dues and admissions to moving-picture theaters McCoy was asked to submit estimates of the number of persons who belong to clubs and attend the movies. He had the figures the next day, and they were fairly accurate. In arriving at the number of clubs men belong to he simply made inquiry of every man he met. He found that one man out of every so many is a member of some kind of club. There are a great many more clubs, by the way, than people realize. It is not uncommon for one man to belong to several clubs, which brings up the average.

Can the Little Law be Harnessed?

In trying to tell how many persons each day go to see the celluloid drama McCoy started his inquiry simply by asking his wife how often she went to a movie. Then he asked her how often her friends went. He happened to see a comic strip in the evening paper about a woman who went down town ostensibly to do shopping, but who attended three picture shows, one after another. That set him thinking, and he made inquiry as to the number of women who go to more than one show each day, thus boosting the average.

He didn't have to ask in Kansas or California, but right in his own neighborhood—among people he knew. For he was willing to assume that if there are men or women in Washington who can't get enough movies to satisfy their craving there will be just such men and women out in Idaho and elsewhere. Well, McCoy figured it out that twelve million people each day in the United States witness the moving pictures. Some of the big picture producers and officers of their organizations were at first inclined to dispute McCoy's figures. But after they had examined into the thing thoroughly, checking up every available record, they gave it as their opinion that McCoy had somehow or other contrived to hit the nail on the head. And he had found all this out, mind you, just by casual conversation. He let the law of averages do most of his work for him.

It is within the realm of things conceivable that this funny little law of averages may some day be harnessed up and made to perform vitally important service that nobody thus far has ever dreamed of. Like electricity, it is a force that lurks about us all the while, and the extent of its use is limited only by our ability to see the possibilities of its application.



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Are Bonds on the Bargain Counter?—By Albert W. Atwood

EVERY now and then unusual conditions make it possible for investors to buy sound securities on terms that are extremely favorable but only temporary. Such situations are common enough, and easily recognized and accounted for in private and personal life; but the size and more remote character of the stock and bond markets obscure what is plain elsewhere. There is no mystery when John Smith sells his house at a sacrifice because he expects to move a thousand miles away, or a vanload of excellent furniture goes for a song at auction because the owner suddenly decides to take a trip to Australia, or when the local charity has hard sledding because all available funds have gone to the Red Cross.

Just so there are situations in the security markets that result in sacrifice sales without necessarily reflecting on the merit of the goods offered. It is easy to see why good furniture brings less at forced sale than when displayed for months in a clever dealer's window. It is not so easy to explain the fall in hundreds of high-grade bonds because of some change in the complexion of intricate national and international affairs. But we do know that, almost as far back as the Napoleonic Wars, there have been swings, upward and downward, in the price of bonds, which can be accounted for only in part by changes in the actual value of the property behind the bonds.

For some months now the bond market has been a thing to despair of. At least, that is the way dealers in bonds and corporation treasurers express it. It has been impossible to sell new bonds and the prices of those already on the market have drooped and drooped to panic levels. Time and time again in the last fifty years or more bonds have been on the bargain counter. Perhaps they are there once again.

One of the most stimulating indoor sports for high browns nowadays is to guess what the rate of interest will be after the war. There are two opposing schools. The larger school numerically takes the view that interest rates after the war will be high. This means, of course, that, on the whole, bond prices will remain low, perhaps very low. The other school, smaller numerically, but loud and rather plausible, takes precisely the opposite view. Into this intricate, abstract and theoretical discussion I do not propose to enter. It is a waste of time, because there are too many unknown quantities—too many *x*'s.

Historical Parallels

It might be supposed that arguments from history would help; but frankly they do not prove of more than minor value. And even though precedent does afford some light, it is dim indeed when we try to thread the surprises and newnesses of this war. Prof. Irving Fisher, a great authority on all questions relating to interest rates, is strongly of the opinion that interest will be high—at least he was a few months ago; but even he admitted that the outcome depended on seven different conditions which could be only partially foreseen. And Mr. John Moody, who very strongly holds to the other view, after trying to prove it from Civil War parallels, makes this admission:

"Any interpretation of events, even if those happenings—assassination of President Garfield, failure of the Marine Bank, and so on—could have been known in advance, would surely have failed. For instance, the reconstruction rise in the bond market from 1866 to 1872 occurred in face of a long series of events so unfavorable as to be disastrous. Likewise the bull market in bonds from 1873 to 1877 took place in face of the severest business depression. . . . Still further, the heaviness of bond prices from 1880 to 1884 occurred notwithstanding the greatest apparent prosperity."

On the one hand, it is argued that the rebuilding and reconstruction which is sure to come after the war will make for heavy borrowing and high interest rates. Moreover, Government bonds will dominate all markets; and if high rates should be paid on new issues before the war is over corporations will have to pay still higher rates. But the other side argues that, with uncertainty and fear out of the way, and building going on everywhere, a demand for bonds will spring up, owing to renewed confidence.

Another suggestion is that the reconstruction work may be carried so far as to result in an unhealthy boom; which, in turn, will result in a general collapse, including bond prices. After this collapse a period of rigid economy and depression is suggested, during which capital will seek investment in bonds, because of its fear of more speculative uses.

What a hopeless task—to read the future! But we do know that the purchase of high-grade bonds in past periods of declining prices has resulted in profit. The panic of 1907 was such a time, and so were the short-lived panic of 1903, and the outbreak of the European War and the period immediately following up to the spring of 1915.

Mr. Morgan's Saying

It will be found that the average price of a dozen representative bonds fell, say, six points after August, 1914; rose about seven points during 1915 and 1916; and has fallen perhaps eight points since. One of the strongest bonds in the country—the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé general 4s—has fallen from 97 to 85. No one can think up any argument against the safety of this bond. Its decline, then, must be due to other causes.

But there is a point beyond which intrinsically sound securities will never fall. There is always a bargain price somewhere on the way down. No human being knows where it is in many instances; but there is evidently no more truthful remark than that credited to J. P. Morgan: "He who remains a bear on America is sure to go broke."

Even in the Civil War, bonds stopped falling after a few months of conflict, though many of the most depressing and apparently almost fatal military reverses occurred at a later date. A list of three hundred and eighty-seven representative British securities fell a total of three and a half billion dollars from the outbreak of the present war up to about the first of this year; but since then they have risen nearly half a billion dollars.

A great part of any severe decline in bond prices is commonly due to psychologic causes, to mere scare and unreasoning fright. Nothing is more common than for speculators and investors to be merely scared out of their holdings. The first sales may be due to short selling, even in bonds; to the necessary clearing up of an estate; to the hasty gathering in of resources by an individual who is in business difficulties; to the everyday operations of banks that need funds in the ordinary course of business for other purposes, or to the operations of a speculator who has been disappointed because prices have not gone up.

These may be the initial causes of a decline; but their effect often is to dislodge other holdings from owners who have no reason whatever for selling except the sight of those who are selling. Now it is obvious that such unreasoning dumping of securities is just as likely to come to an end as hastily and unreasonably as it starts. Such, indeed, is almost always the case. Then people become just as eager to buy as they had been to sell.

Naturally the fall in bond prices in the last few months has been primarily due to the war financing this country has entered upon. First of all, we had the huge foreign markets cut off. Before the European War any corporation in good standing and many in very bad standing were able to dispose of millions of bonds abroad. This is now completely estopped. Then we had to raise vast sums to loan to the allied countries, and now we are raising even vaster sums for them and for our own war preparations. Investment in bonds has also been held back by pending tax measures and Government price fixing.

The one chief cause of the bond-market decline was the issue of Liberty bonds and the certain prospect of another similar or larger output. It is impossible to sell five or six billion dollars of Government bonds in a few months without deterring other bond investments. It is not so much that rich men sold other bonds to buy Liberty 3½s and 4s—though there was some selling of that sort—as because they refrained from buying other bonds.

More important yet was the fact that savings banks, insurance companies and other large investment institutions held back from their usual purchases. They are always the backbone of the bond market, anyway; and they are waiting to see how large a portion of their funds must go into Government bonds. They were not expected to subscribe much to the first Liberty Loan; but if the war continues for several years it may be necessary for these institutions to assume an increasingly larger function in Government finance, just as they have in England and Germany.

Finally, it may be remarked that the professional operators in bonds, the investment bankers, dealers, brokers, and so on, have been in the market as little as possible. Their holdings have steadily fallen. All their predictions have come to naught. The leading investment houses in America were selling bonds—good ones, it is true—from five to ten points higher a year ago than now. They are discouraged—I am writing as of the middle of September—and certainly, for the most part, are not buying.

It need hardly be repeated that present low prices are most unlikely to continue indefinitely. War bonds will not be issued forever. Naturally purchasers now may see their holdings go lower with the fortunes of war; but those who can hold on for some years are the persons who should buy. In previous articles I have referred to opportunities in the bonds of the reorganized railroads. But the decline in prices has been no respecter of persons. The downward sweep has hit the most staunch and prosperous as well as the weak or convalescent. All classes of bonds have been affected—rails, municipals, industrials and public utilities.

Gilt-Edged Railroad Bonds

For the ultraconservative there are the first-mortgage gilt-edged railroad issues, of the legal-for-savings-bank type. These bonds are safe from almost any contingency that can be thought of, except perhaps a complete destruction of all our railroads by the German Army. Even government ownership would leave them unscathed. In that case watered stock might suffer, and even the junior bonds might be scaled down; but the best of the real first mortgages represent so much more property than the face value of the bonds that they would be sure to receive different and preferential treatment. Their position is that of the owner of a first mortgage for five hundred dollars on a house worth five thousand. The owner of the house may fail to pay his debts and the holders of the second and third mortgages may have to worry; but the man who has the first call loses no sleep.

Bonds of this class often sell high enough to pay only from four to four and a half per cent; in fact, many of them have been that high within a year. Now they pay from four and three-quarters to five per cent. It is possible to give only a very partial list, including Atchison general 4s; Atlantic Coast Line first 4s; Central Pacific 4s; Union Pacific refunding 4s; Southern Pacific refunding 4s; Baltimore and Ohio 3½s and 4s; Burlington general 4s; Pennsylvania consolidated 4½s, Northern Pacific 4s; and Louisville and Nashville unified 4s. The last named have fallen eleven points in a year. Kansas City Southern first 3s, which are almost in the same class as the others, sell at 60, to pay five and a half per cent.

By picking out the bonds of divisions of great railroad systems, instead of those covering the entire system, a far higher return may be secured; and yet, if the division is an important and prosperous section of its railroad, the bonds will be as safe as any. Even legal-for-savings-bank bonds of this type may be had to pay five and a half per cent; and a recent advertisement offers a block of fifty thousand dollars in bonds of an important section of a rapidly improving Southern system to pay seven per cent. Investments of this type should be bought only through a reliable firm of bankers, whom the customer knows and can trust.

Numerous railroad bonds pay six per cent at this writing, or even more, without rousing any doubt as to their safety. Southern Pacific convertible 4s, which pay more than six per cent, appear amply secure. The company disburses and fully earns nearly ten million dollars a year in dividends on its stock, and this would all have to stop before the bonds were threatened. Kansas City Southern refunding 5s and Southern Railway general 4s net 6.40 and seven per cent respectively, though both companies pay dividends on their preferred stock issues, which come after the bonds. Bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio also may be had to yield from six to seven per cent; and the company is paying a small dividend on its stock. Its junior bonds must be considered rather speculative, however.

High-Grade Short-Term Notes

Among the industrial bonds paying from six to seven per cent are the United States Rubber first and refunding mortgage 5s. Bonds of England and France, and of the French cities of Paris, Bordeaux, Lyons and Marseilles, may be had to pay from seven to eight per cent. Several of these issues are secured by the deposit of collateral stocks and bonds of American corporations or of neutral countries.

By far the most popular and one of the wisest investments just now is in a good short-term note, which is practically a bond running for only one, two or three years. There are times when short-term notes indicate weakness on the part of the corporation putting them out. It is not so now, because it would be foolish for a corporation to sell long-term bonds at the present high interest rates and thus commit itself to a heavy burden for many years to come, when it might be able to tide itself over the war with notes and then sell low-interest bonds to pay off the notes.

The advantage to an investor in the short-dated note is almost too obvious to require explanation. Besides getting a good rate of interest—for a corporation can easily afford a high rate for a short time without reflecting on its credit—he is sure to receive his money back intact in a few years. Another striking advantage is the fact that the best short-term notes practically never decline in price, whereas the best long-term bonds do. The reason can better be illustrated than stated: A long rope stretched between two supports will sag, no matter how strong it is; but a short piece will far more easily remain taut.

The very best of the notes to pay a good return are the General Electric, and Great Northern Railway, netting about five and a half and 5.80 per cent respectively. The credit and standing of these two companies are of the highest. Bethlehem Steel notes pay 6.20 per cent and seem entirely safe. No one has ever raised a doubt that the Baltimore and Ohio, Southern Railway, Erie, and Brooklyn Rapid Transit notes, to net 6.10, 6.80, 7.05 and 7.20 per cent respectively, will be repaid. The Baltimore and Ohio notes, especially, are secured by gilt-edged collateral of great value.

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You Can Now Save $8

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"World's Easiest Easy Chairs"

YOU men have seen scores of times when you'd give *anything* for a real honest-to-goodness *"comfy"* chair that your wives would let you *have around!*

Well, men, here's the chair! It's the very last word in *comfort*—a chair in which you can relax at the end of the day and with pipe or paper *forget* your troubles. And it's just as beautiful and *artistic* as it is comfortable and *inviting!* At least one of these comfort chairs should be in every home and office; and prompt action now *brings* it to *yours* at a *saving of $8.00!*—a special offer being made to further introduce

Royal Easy Chairs

TRADE MARK "PUSH THE BUTTON BACK RECLINES" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Because of Exclusive Comfort Features, Known Everywhere as the "World's EASIEST Easy Chairs"

Go to your furniture store. Drop into the roomy luxurious depths of one of these chairs. Pull out the concealed foot or leg rest. Up with your feet! Now, without rising, "Push the Button"—

The back quietly reclines to any desired position from *upright* to *full reclining*, where it *locks* until released by another gentle finger pressure. Your limbs are at ease. Every inch of your body, including head, shoulders and arms, is supported in an easy, natural position by cushions which are soft and yielding. You're entirely *relaxed*. Nerves untangle! *Rest?* Why, you can just *feel* it stealing over you!

Royals are durable as well as stylish. They are built from choicest material, handsomely upholstered and finished and will last for years. Patented Push Button (in right arm of chair) is simple, silent, trouble-proof. No other chair affords such sheer, unadulterated, *bodily bliss!*—nor such *service*. And here's a chance to enjoy one of these chairs in *your* home.

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He will gladly accept the coupon as $1 cash on the No. 1 or No. 2 SPECIAL Royal Easy Chair, both of which are shown herewith, and have already been reduced $7.00 for this offer. That means a total saving of $8.00 if you act NOW!

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It pictures not only the two SPECIALS but many other artistic Royal models. Also tells startling truths about "Conscious Rest" and its effect upon health! With booklet goes name of Royal Dealer nearest you. *Write Now!* When you take the coupon to the dealer, insist on seeing the name "Royal" stamped on Push Button. All Royals are fully guaranteed.

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Note to Dealer: Return this coupon properly marked to us and receive $1 as per agreement

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Sturgis, Mich.

No. 1 Special

A big comfortable easy chair. Luxuriously overstuffed [illegible] Spanish leatherette. Supplied in choice of tapestry—over mahogany wood panel Push Button Leg Rest, Brass Trim and Brass Casters. Regular $37.50 value. Introductory price, after deducting $1 coupon—$29.50. ($3.00 extra Denver and West.)

No. 2 Special

A low, deep den chair—in Fumed Oak. Spanish Leatherette cover only. Fitted with Push Button, Leg Rest and Brass Casters. Regular value $27.75. Introductory price, after deducting $1 coupon $19.75. $3.00 extra Denver and West.)

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Extra Blades 6 for 30¢

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A GREAT LITTLE OLD UNDERSTANDER

(Continued from Page 18)

But Irene Budds took the scratch—if a scratch was intended—with placid cynicism, though her delicate oldish cheeks did indeed acquire a small flare of pink.

"Buddsy's thoughts are all her own," she remarked mildly, yawning also as she gave a friendly little shove to small freckled Hatty, who hung by in avid enjoyment of this dialogue of her elders. "Run along, little one. Such conversation isn't for fourteen-year-old ears."

Hatty, giggling, furtively obeyed. Irene yawned again.

"You musta been out late last night," accused Alenna. "Doncha know you can't burn the candle at both ends, dearie, when you're 'way past your early twenties? It leaves lines!"—with a pert, satisfied glance at her own lineless reflection in a near-by pier glass.

"I know!" said Irene carelessly. "But Smith leaves town to-morrow for a long trip. I thought I might as well dance while I had a good partner."

"She calls him by his first name," mocked Alenna to Jeanette. "So soon!"

"She's lucky," laughed Jeanette. "With his salary, he's worth calling."

Irene laughed idly. Two hours later, going out for lunch, she smiled idly as she met Latimer Budds. But there was a bit of surprise and a certain annoyance in her smile.

"I'm here now," he explained. "I've left Wendelcooper's and come here to the big store. Been thinking of doing it for some time. And—I gave your name as reference on my application card. D'ye mind?"

"Not at all"—carelessly.

"And I've got the same lunch hour as you"—eagerly. "So we can go out together every day."

"Oh, Lat!" She sighed impatiently, after giving a little start.

"It'll seem like old times—won't it?"

She made no rejoinder. Presently she could not suppress a sharp little yawn. The night before, with Smith Tinsley, had been the third in succession.

Latimer Budds' eyes widened suspiciously. They were at a cafeteria table.

"You must've been out late last night!"—in Alenna's own words; but his tone was fierce, where Alenna's had been blandly idle.

"And if I was?"—sharply.

He succumbed instantly and became humbly apologetic.

"Oh—I know! But it riles me to think of you being out all hours of night with another man."

She interrupted, with a good humor that had something of an old liking in it:

"Dear me, Lat, I got home at twelve-thirty! And I can remember waiting up at home later than that for you."

"You'd never have to wait again, Reny. I swear it!" he broke in earnestly, his thin, discontented face flushed with ardor.

"Now, Lat, it's of no use"—remonstratingly.

"Oh, Reny, let's ——"

"No, no!"

"Oh—because of that Smith Tinsley, I suppose!" said he angrily.

"Not necessarily"—coolly, though with a slight flush.

"D'ye think he's apt to give you more than a few months out of his life?" Latimer Budds demanded bitterly.

"I don't think"—flippantly—"about anything, except maybe my sales-total nights."

"Never?"—pointedly.

"Sometimes"—calmly, nibbling suspiciously at a currant tart—"I think of some poor foolish devil that Gerritts nabbed when taking a gown or a blouse; and I thank my stars I'm not so bad off as some other folks."

"Oh, a couple of shoplifters were nabbed in the basement this morning," he told her incidentally; then harked back to his own concerns: "Reny, I'm darned lonesome for you! I laid awake most of last night thinking of old days. Let's try again, Reny!" he pleaded, his eyes going affectionately over her delicate oldish face.

Afterward Irene Budds liked to remember that, at the time, she was genuinely touched by his pleading; that, for the moment at least, she was half inclined to listen to it. Smith Tinsley and his gay loquacity—well, her pulses went faster at the thought of him and his gay protestations; but it was no proof that his pulses were unduly feverish because of her tired oldish self. Whereas Lat, shabby, unsuccessful, discontented though he might be, really cared; asked only that it might be "for better or for worse."

Life was a long road—and lonely. So, moved by a feeling that was partly a genuine aftersurge of the old liking and partly gratitude for Lat's genuine longing for her, she half yielded. Afterward she hugged this half yielding to her consciousness; it justified, in a way, her wild hysterical hurrying to Lat when ——

There was no thought of Lat in her mind two hours later, however, when she glimpsed Smith Tinsley's waved hand from an adjacent aisle. She was merely wishing absently that Miss Jones Jonesby, for whose capricious benefit she was laying forth a score of silver-and-maroon tulle dancing frocks, would make a selection and depart, leaving her—Irene—free to scurry over to the next section and select for herself a six-dollar blue crêpe de Chine blouse. The frayed blue crêpe had finally succumbed to the wearing clasp of many a fox trot.

Alenna sauntered past, pretty powdered hands deep in the billowing hip pockets of a copper-and-claret Monte Carlo smoking jacket, and mocked friendlily:

"Fie, fie! Mustn't look bored with customers round. By the way, I saw friend ex-husband in attendance again this noon. Oh, you old romance!"

Irene smiled languidly. Alenna's jeers were beginning to be a bit boresome. But something moved her, while Miss Jones Jonesby pondered, to scribble absently, mechanically, on the back of her sales-check book, Mrs. Latimer Budds. Again and again she scribbled it abstractedly: Mrs. Latimer Budds!

Once it had been written by her with frank emotion and the giggling gayety of a twenty-year-old girl who feels important because she is happy, and happy because she feels important.

With a slow, half-cynical, half-regretful smile, Irene ceased her scribbling, and erased it when Miss Jones Jonesby finally boredly gestured her selection of a two-hundred-and-sixty-dollar gown.

She called Hatty to take the silver-and-tulle thing to be boxed for delivery. Then she expeditiously hastened to attend to her own modest purchase. Jeanette smiled after her in yawning camaraderie:

"Going to be all dolled up in a new blouse for his last night in town?"

"You guessed right!" acknowledged Irene with a flush.

Two hours later an errand boy sought the gowns section and told Irene Budds that she was wanted at once in Banding the manager's office.

She went rather leisurely. Old Mrs. Deweybilt detained her on the way to ask a question about an expected importation of jet décolletés.

She entered the office unconcernedly. Possibly there was something about this importation—or there had been some complaint over a belated delivery of a gown.

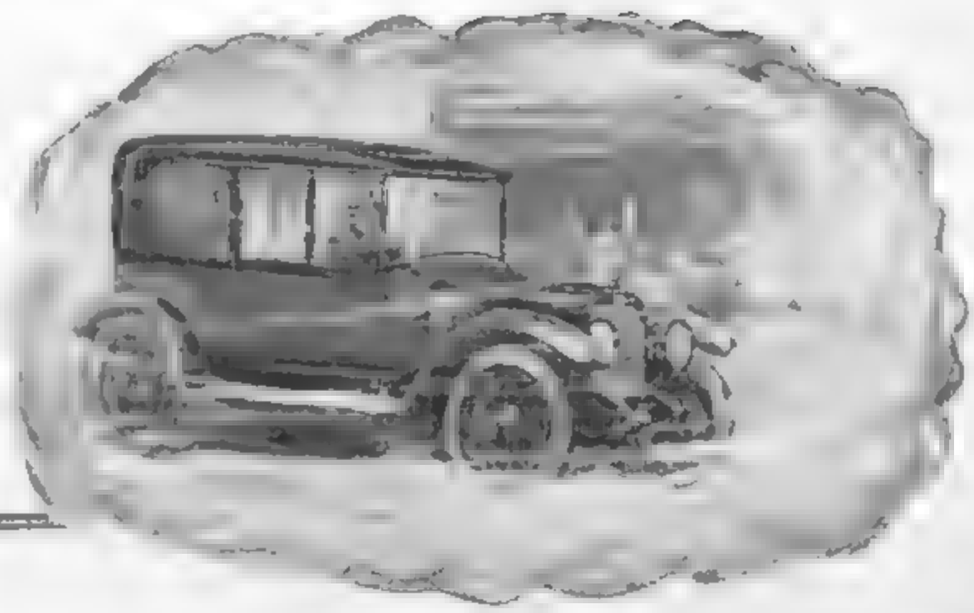
And unconcernedly she met Banding's sharp staring eyes. Lean-jowled Banding's eyes were always sharp and ominously staring—even over trifles, such as a cash boy's occasional tardiness.

Then she saw that Gerritts stood in the office also. Gerritts was smiling. Something in that smile sickened her. It flung premonition into her.

The store detective was a chunky, rodent-like little man, with a network of facial wrinkles that appeared or disappeared according as the blood under the epidermis moved tautly or laxly. When he was about to turn a professional coup the blood underneath puffed his skin a little, giving his middle-aged face a repellently incongruous youthful look. Also, at such occasion his chunky jaws protruded and his eyes wore a certain slatily glazed gleam—as they did now.

"What has happened?" Irene asked involuntarily.

Gerritts continued to smile uglily.



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"Oh, don't try to pull any 'My Gawd, I am innocent!' stuff," he suavely advised. "And I must say, m' dear, it was a clumsy job!"

"What?" demanded Irene, wide-eyed.

Gerritts, smiling, disdained to make an explanation, which he evidently considered superfluous. But Banding grimly stated:

"A few hours ago Miss Jones Jonesby bought a two-hundred-and-sixty-dollar gown. A few minutes later you bought for yourself a six-dollar blouse. But the gown, instead of the blouse, was addressed to Mrs. Latimer Budds, La Salle Avenue."

And grimly he extended to her the two significant sale slips.

"A clumsy job, m' dear," blandly remarked Gerritts. "Awfully clumsy!"

Irene stared at the slips. And then memory flared back like a lighted fuse. That absent-minded mechanical scribbling—

"Why, it's a mistake!" she began hastily. "I was—was thinking" stammeringly.

"Just so!" smiled Gerritts. "You were thinking!"

"Honestly! Let me explain."

"Oh, m' dear, it was so clumsy!"

"No, no! I tell you"—excitedly.

"Aw, cut it out!" sneered Gerritts. "We've got the evidence."

"No! Let me tell you just how— "

But even Irene admitted helplessly that her explanation was lame; also, weak. Oh, very weak! Banding glanced dryly at Gerritts. Gerritts smiled dryly at Banding. Banding commented curtly:

"Heretofore in the store you have called yourself Miss. Yet here you put Mrs."

"I am divorced"—with white lips. "And it seemed more—more convenient to use the Miss. It—it is customary; many women who work ——"

"Er—yes," agreed Banding grimly.

"Are you addicted to the fox-trotting cabarets, Miss—Mrs. Budds?" asked Gerritts dryly. "Or do you spend your evenings quietly at home?"

"Why, lately—occasionally ——" She began to stammer.

"Er—yes," smiled Gerritts. "So I have heard."

Ten minutes later she was allowed to go back to the gowns-and-coats section, but not—for the present—to leave the store.

Now there may happen to occur in a modern big department store a case of cholera, or of smallpox, and there will result a certain great excitement, a fear of contagion. But the excitement is not excessive; for one may get well of cholera, while modern science has almost eliminated the likelihood of a pock-marked countenance.

But thievery—that is different! That sends spirits cold with fear; for beyond thievery lies the black list. And in this, the noble age of industry, life and health and happiness are minor matters. One's job is the hub of existence!

When Irene Budds reached her section the news was there before her. Such news in the big store always spreads like fire through an August-dry prairie. As she came tongues were going; sentences were handied to and fro—furtive, fearful sentences.

"I've lunched with her twice in the last week! S' help me, if Gerritts connects me with her ——"

"Gerritts'll try to drag others in." This from Jeanette, shrill and tense.

"Gerritts is a hound on connecting innocent parties." This viciously from Alenna, her bronze head quivering with horror.

"I don't know her hardly at all! And nobody can say I do!"

"Me, either!"—frightenedly. "Everybody knows I don't!"

"I coulda dropped dead when I heard it! All the years she's been here."

"But don't you remember that last case at Wendelcooper's, down the street? Twelve years that woman had been there, and never suspected once!"

Small freckled Hatty trembled silently.

"I've seen for a long time that she's been crazy for clothes," she told Alenna hysterically. "Ever since she's been running round with Tinsley."

And then their voices shot into silence. "Shot" is the perfect descriptive word.

Irene stood there gray of face, except for each cheek, where her usual faint oval of rouge stood out like raw paint; toneless of expression, except for the hot light in her eyes; stiff of body, except for the twitching of her hands, hanging at her sides. Her hot eyes traveled the circle of theirs.

"It's all a mistake!" Her voice was hysterically low. "It's only a mistake!"

But Jeanette, avoiding Irene's hot, seeking eyes, had expeditiously crossed the section and was busying herself rehanging a rack of already neatly hung gowns. And small Hatty frightenedly slunk after Jeanette.

"I know you won't believe it," continued Irene, forcing a smile at Alenna; but Alenna was speedily sauntering to another aisle.

The others followed silently; even Miss Greet, happening to bring an altered gown for a waiting customer, did not seem to see Irene at all.

Irene stood stock-still a moment. The spots of rouge in her cheeks stood out more rawly. Suddenly she turned blindly and made her way to the nearest elevator. Lat! She'd tell Lat! Not Smith Tinsley! Oh, never him! Her face flamed like fire. Oh, she could die before Smith Tinsley's knowing, judging, believing! But Lat would help her—stand by her.

"Don't leave the store yet," warned Gerritts, appearing from somewhere.

"No," she promised faintly. "I—I merely want to see a—a friend downstairs."

"Oh—a friend!" sharply. "Well, that's all right"—following her.

Downstairs she hurried to Lat, who stood idle, hands in pockets, behind his counter. His eyes brightened at sight of her.

"Ah, Reny! Did you at last get down to look me up? You're late—but as welcome as the flowers in May! Say" wheedlingly—"been thinking it over? Reny, honey, if you knew how darned lonesome ——"

"Lat! They think I tried to steal an expensive gown! Isn't it ridiculous, Lat? It's ——"

"What!"

"It's a terrible mistake! It's—it's a silly mistake, of course" trying to force her twitching lips into a smile. "It's so silly ——"

"Have they got any proof?" asked Latimer Budds, staring horrifiedly at her.

"Oh—I don't know—it's just a mistake—you know that, Lat. I hardly know what to do."

"Oh, my Lord!" repeated Mr. Latimer Budds in the same tone of horror.

Some of the gray receded out of her face. He was horrified. Of course he was! The very thought of such a thing in connection with her! And other people would be horrified, too, as soon as they reflected. They would reflect presently that such a thing was impossible in connection with her. She put her hand out to Lat. The hold of his hand would help her, strengthen her, clarify her hot sickish thoughts.

"Good Lord!" repeated Latimer Budds in horror.

"Yes, Lat ——"

"And"—oh, the great, great horror in his voice!—"And I used your name as one reference on my application card!"

"Lat! You don't mean you believe ——"

"They may connect me with you!"—horrifiedly. "And I've told several you used to be my wife! Wasn't I the fool?"

"Oh, Lat—please—for the sake ——"

Impetuously Mr. Latimer Budds jerked his hand from her clasp and put it, with the other, behind his back, where she could not reach them.

"Say," he then demanded hysterically, "what da y' mean by coming down here straight to me? That's a dirty trick! Say, I want you to get away from here! It's the rottenest trick ——"

"No, no, Lat! You don't mean what you're saying! Oh ——"

"Go 'way!" he shrilled at her, backing behind his counter clear to the shelves. "Go 'way from me! You ain't going to drag me into this!"

"Lat!" she appealed faintly, though she hardly knew that she voiced the appeal.

"It's a dirty trick! To come right down here and try to blacken my name too!"

"No, no! I didn't think of that."

"Go 'way, then!" shrilly. "Go clear away! I won't be connected with it. I'll kill you if you drag me into this!"

Stiffly, with a face as gray as a dead woman's except in her cheeks, where the faint rouge spots seemed to leer—Irene Budds went away from the counter and back upstairs. She hardly knew where she was going. She had only one clear thought in her hot sickened mind, and that was to avoid, if possible, meeting Smith Tinsley.

As he was leaving town the next day for a trip of several months, any future meeting would not be likely. When he returned she would be out of the store, of course.

(Concluded on Page 89)

EVEREADY DAYLO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The light that says
"There it is!"

RUNNING in from an advanced post, at night

Longshaw R. Pointt, of the American Ambulance Field Service, with two wounded men in his car, traveled a road that was less than a kilometer distant and in full view of the enemy lines.

Suddenly the engine stopped dead. To light a match would have revealed his position, with the result that at any instant a shell might sweep across the road and wipe the car and its two wounded occupants off the map.

But he had his DAYLO with him and, using his hand as a shade, was able to throw light all over the engine without attracting enemy shell-fire. In half a minute he located the trouble; in three minutes more was on his way to the hospital—SAFE!

when all other lights fail

when the motor stalls and the trouble must be located instantly

when you're looking for something in that dark corner of the attic

when a fuse blows and all the lights go out

when you can't see to read a sign post or house number

when you wish to see who is coming up the walk to the house

when you're searching the dresser drawer

when you go down the cellar for something

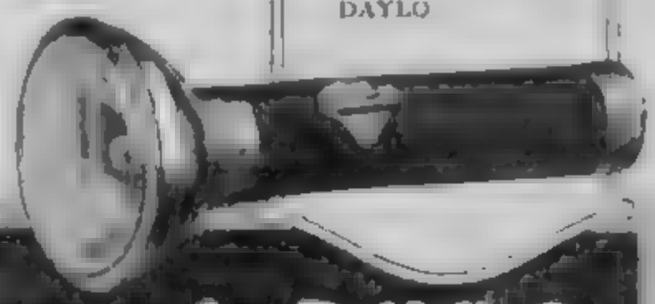
whenever you need instant, portable light, indoors or out, you need an Eveready DAYLO

* * *

And for every emergency of the night—from the breaking storm that sends you scurrying to shut the windows, to the suspicious noise that calls for immediate investigation—DAYLO is always dependable. Made in 77 different styles at prices from 75c up. (In Canada 85c and up.) Sold by the better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, stationery and jewelry stores everywhere.

Don't let your ... [illegible] ... and mail the ...

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Co., Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y. Chicago Atlanta San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario



Don't ask for a "flashlight"—get an Eveready DAYLO

The Soldier and his Teeth

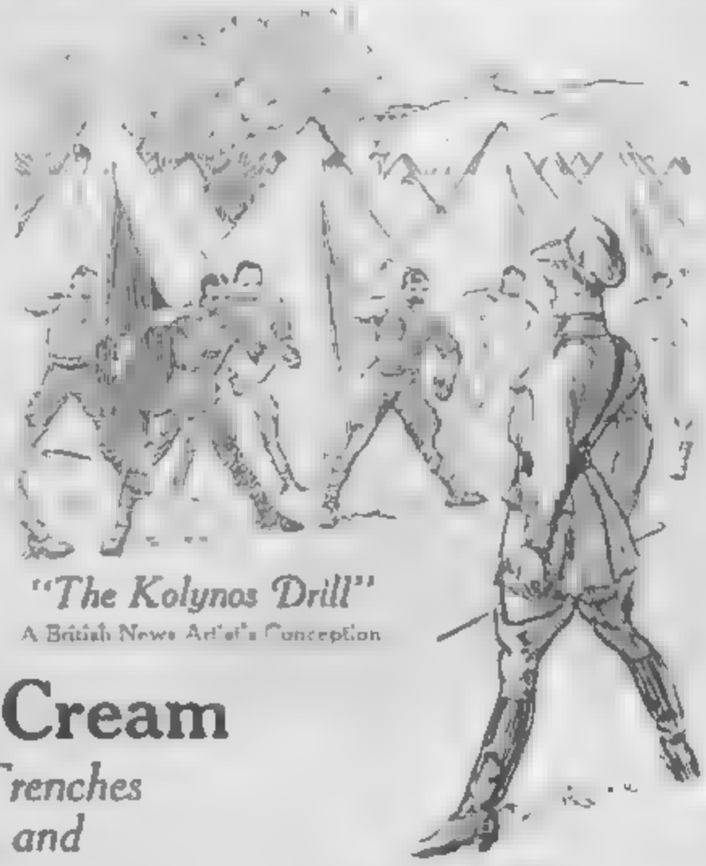
There are between 45,000 and 46,000 Dentists in America, Many of whom have been Preparing the Teeth of the American Soldiers for the Stress of War. Over 39,000 of the Profession in the United States have Recommended Kolynos.

WHILE America is providing herself with the teeth of war, every man who has been given the privilege of serving her has already found how necessary it is to put his own munition plant in order.

If you are permitted to serve your country in its Army or Navy, your teeth and your mouth must be in good condition. Diseased teeth cannot deal with Army rations under the strain of a hard campaign.

When you get among military men on the other side, you will learn quickly what the British and French troops have learned—that one of the greatest boons on the march, in the camp and in the trench, is that efficient, antiseptic, refreshing dental cream, Kolynos—one of the best known American products in Europe.

It is recognized as a dentifrice which perfectly cleanses the teeth and also acts as an antiseptic and germicide. It leaves the entire mouth and throat in a sweet, clean, refreshed and sanitary condition, and this healthful condition endures for hours



"The Kolynos Drill"
A British News Artist's Conception

Kolynos Dental Cream

Is the Dentifrice of the Trenches of the Field Hospitals and of the Battleships of the Leading Military Nations of the World

Over four-fifths of the entire dental profession in America and over three-fifths of the profession in England have used and recommended it in their practice.

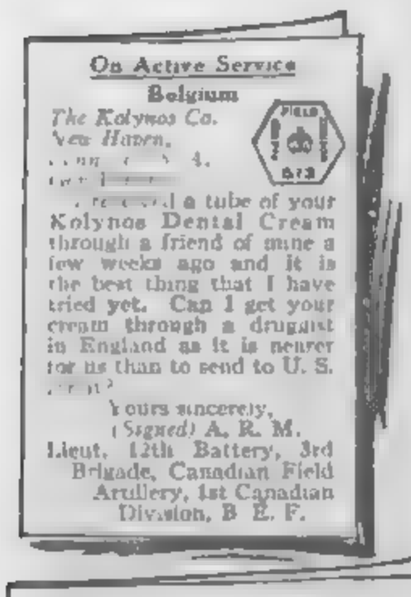
In military hospitals, especially in base hospitals, where jaw and mouth wounds are numerous and every precaution must be taken against infection, Kolynos is supreme.

As a soldier, on land or sea, keep Kolynos in your kit. It will be a friend in your hour of need. Brush your teeth with it systematically several times a day—preferably after meals and before taps.

We have supplied the British Expeditionary Force in France, on order, with hundreds of thousands of tubes of Kolynos. This is in addition to other hundreds of thousands of tubes sent to the men personally in their "parcels" from home, and great quantities used in the military hospitals in England.

Include a tube in your next parcel.

The Kolynos Company
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

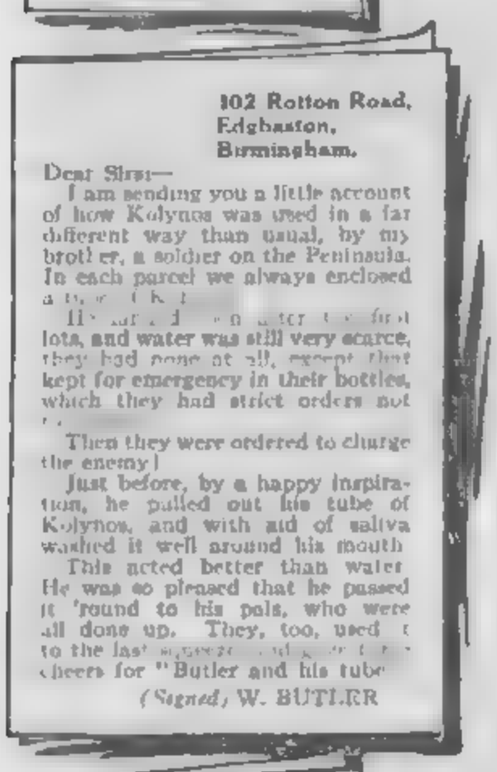


On Active Service
Belgium

The Kolynos Co.
New Haven,
Conn., U. S. A.

I received a tube of your Kolynos Dental Cream through a friend of mine a few weeks ago and it is the best thing that I have tried yet. Can I get your cream through a druggist in England as it is nearer for us than to send to U. S. A.?

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) A. R. M.
Lieut. 12th Battery, 3rd Brigade, Canadian Field Artillery, 1st Canadian Division, B. E. F.



102 Rotton Road,
Edgbaston,
Birmingham.

Dear Sirs:—

I am sending you a little account of how Kolynos was used in a far different way than usual, by my brother, a soldier on the Peninsula. In each parcel we always enclosed a tube of Kolynos.

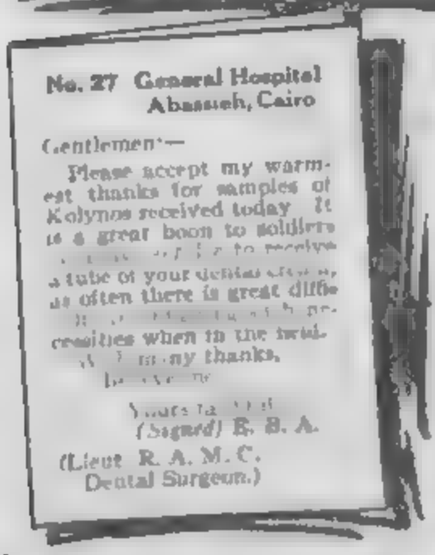
He received one after the first lots, and water was still very scarce, they had none at all, except that kept for emergency in their bottles, which they had strict orders not to touch.

Then they were ordered to charge the enemy!

Just before, by a happy inspiration, he pulled out his tube of Kolynos, and with aid of saliva washed it well around his mouth.

This acted better than water. He was so pleased that he passed it 'round to his pals, who were all done up. They, too, used it to the last squeeze, and gave three cheers for "Butler and his tube."

(Signed) W. BUTLER



No. 27 General Hospital
Abassieh, Cairo

Gentlemen:—

Please accept my warmest thanks for samples of Kolynos received today. It is a great boon to soldiers [illegible] to receive a tube of your dentifrice [illegible] as often there is great difficulty [illegible] necessities when in the trenches.

Yours thankfully,
(Signed) R. B. A.
(Lieut. R. A. M. C.
Dental Surgeon.)

4th Batln. Royal Scots,
Attached 156th Brigade
Machine Gun Company
B. M. E. F.

Gentlemen

I happened to be in Port Said today, purchasing some articles to substitute articles lost some few days ago when we had rather a sharp brush with the enemy. Along with other things I purchased a new tube of my usual tooth paste "Kolynos," and with it I received the enclosed card asking for the names of people to whom you would send samples of your tooth paste.

We are situated in the centre of the desert and Port Said, which is over 40 miles distant, is our nearest town, so it means both time and money for the average "Tommy" to get into town, and the majority of them can't afford the luxury.

You have no idea how great trouble we have out here with the men's teeth and I think a good deal of the trouble is caused by the men not having proper tooth paste. Furthermore, things out here are ever so much dearer than at home. Kolynos [illegible] out here.

Consequently I am taking the liberty of asking you if you could see your way to send out [illegible] and I feel sure that they will be appreciated far more than were they sent to people at home.

I hope you will not take this letter as presumptuous but I am really speaking in the interests of my men, knowing the power of Kolynos as I do.

I beg to remain, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) J. M. B.,
Lieutenant

The
Kolynos
Co.
New Haven,
Conn., U. S. A.

Please send a free trial tube of *Kolynos Dental Cream* to:

(Name)

(Address)

(Fill in this coupon and mail it at once for your friend or yourself)

If you have a son or an acquaintance who has entered the service, fill in his name and address in this Coupon and Mail it to us so we may provide him gratis with a trial tube, as we provided soldiers of Great Britain and France.

If you already know about Kolynos, do him the great service of buying him a half dozen tubes at thirty cents each, at the nearest druggist, and send them to him. Don't neglect it.

"KKK"

"Keep Kolynos in Your Kit"

(Concluded from Page 86.

But as she stepped out of the ascending elevator she met him.

"Hello! I've been looking for you."

His tone was casual. He seemed not to have heard. She moistened her lips with her hot tongue in order to speak.

"Sorry. I can't stop to talk. I'm busy ——" She broke off, wondering whether she really had swayed—or was it only mental dizziness?

"Oh, I've heard!" he said directly.

Her hot sickened eyes wavered away from his. The same horror that she had seen in Lat's! Again she moistened her dry lips. She was quite sure she had swayed then; but she steadied herself, calling all her will to her aid.

"It's—it's a mistake!"

Her voice was barely a whisper; she saw only blurredly the outlines of his big tweed-clad form. Ah, if she had only escaped meeting him again!

"It was a darned clumsy mistake!" said Mr. Smith Tinsley composedly. "And I told Banding so."

"What—what do you mean?" She was not swaying then; she was standing rigidly immobile. "How do you know it was a mistake?"

"How do I know? Oh, ho, ho!" Mr. Smith Tinsley laughed shortly. "My dear girl, I've made it my business for quite a few years to know things. That's what I draw a fairly excellent salary for. I'm the greatest little knower running round loose, though you may not believe it. And any time I'm real well acquainted with a person and don't happen to know what that person's liable to do under any given set of circumstances —— Why, my darling girl, d'ye mean to say it was in your head that I might think ——"

"Oh!" Her voice was broken, her eyes wet. "I didn't know!"

But presently she fretted:

"Gerritts, though ——"

"Gerritts! That little runt of a sleuth!" Mr. Smith Tinsley snapped his fingers. "Let him wiggle his chunky jaw toward the girl I'm going to marry—and I'll spank him!"

THE FALSE FACES

(Continued from Page 22)

"I do not know. Such a blow might easily fracture the skull, possibly bring about concussion of the brain. Regard, likewise, his laborious breathing. I most assuredly advise consulting competent authority."

She did not immediately answer, turning back undivided attention to her task; but he noticed that her hands were tremulous, however dexterously they finished dressing and bandaging the hurt; and deep distress troubled the handsome eyes she turned to his when she rose.

"You are right," she murmured; "unquestionably right, monsieur. We must have the surgeon in ——"

But when Lanyard advanced a hand toward the bell push to call the steward she interposed in quick alarm:

"No—if you please, a moment; I must have time to think!" Her slender fingers writhed together in her agony of doubt and irresolution. "If only I knew what to do!"

Lanyard was dumb. There was, indeed, nothing helpful he could offer, who was without a solitary tangible or trustworthy clew to the nature of this strange business.

He owned himself sadly mystified. In the light—or rather, the shadow—of this latest development his revised suspicions seemed unwarranted to the point of impertinence; unless, of course, one assumed the unknown assailant to be a rejected lover or wronged husband.

And somehow one did not, in the presence of this clear-eyed, straight-limbed, courageous young Englishwoman so wanting in self-consciousness.

And yet—what the deuce was she to this man whom, indisputably, she followed against his wish? And what conceivable chain of circumstances linked their fortunes with his, and that double burglary of the first night out with this murderous assault of to-night?

Nor was to-night's work, considered by itself, lacking in questionable features. Why had Thackeray carried that sound arm in a sling? How had its bandages come to be unwrapped? Not in struggles before being placed *hors de combat*, for he had never had a chance to resist! Had his assailant, then, unwrapped it subsequently? If so, with what end in view?

Why had this Miss Cecelia Brooke, surprising the thug at his work, joined battle with him so bravely and so madly without calling for help?

What hidden motive excused this singular hesitation to summon the ship's surgeon, this reluctance to inform the officers of the ship?

What duplicity was that which the girl had paraded concerning her procrastination when Lanyard had surprised her on her knees out there on the landing?

If this were what Lanyard had first inclined to think it, secret-service intrigue, surely it was weirdly intricate when an English girl hesitated to safeguard an Englishman by taking into her confidence the officers of a British ship, British manned!

Nevertheless, and however much he might wonder and doubt, Lanyard would never question her. Never of his own volition would he probe more deeply into this mystery, take one further step into the intricacies of its maze.

So in silence he waited, passively courteous, at her further service if she had need of him, content if she had not, tolerant of her tacit prayer for time in which to think a way out of her difficulties.

After some few moments he grew uncomfortably aware that he had become the object of a speculative regard not at all unfavorable. He indulged in a mental gesture of resignation.

Then what he had feared befell, not altogether as he had apprehended, but in the girl's own fashion, if without material difference in the upshot.

"I am afraid," said she in an even voice, so quietly pitched as to be inaudible to any eavesdropper, "this becomes a task greater than I had dreamed of, more than my wits dare cope with. Monsieur Duchemin ——"

She hesitated. He bowed slightly. "If mademoiselle can make any use of my poor abilities she has but to command me."

"We—I have much to thank you for already, monsieur—much more than I can ever hope to reward adequately ——"

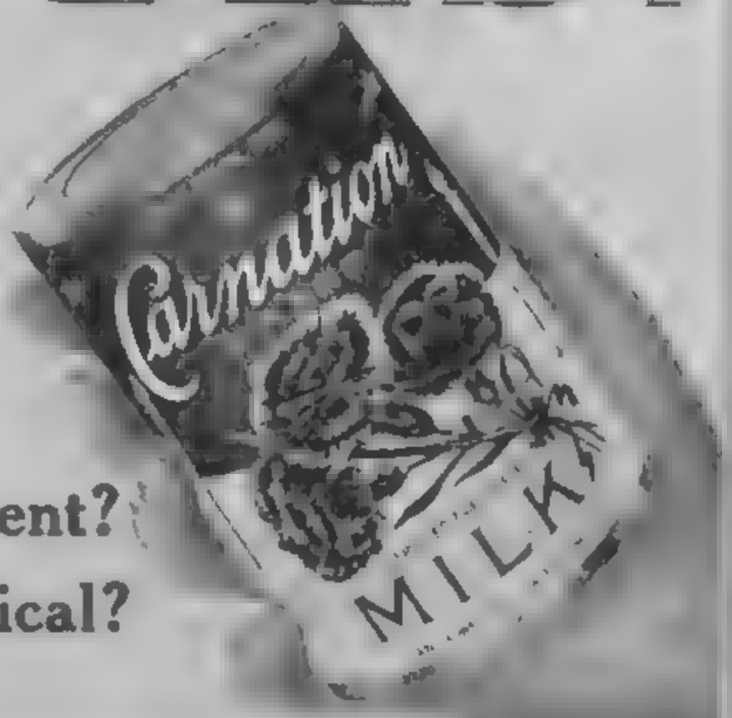
"Reward?" he echoed. "But, mademoiselle ——"

"Please don't misunderstand." She flushed a little, very prettily. "I am simply trying to express my sense of obligation, not only for what you have already done but for what I mean to ask you to do."

Again he bowed, without comment, amiably receptive.

YES!

Is it pure?
Is it safe?
Is it sweet?
Is it clean?
Is it rich?
Is it convenient?
Is it economical?



There is no waste in
Carnation Milk

It will keep until opened and several days thereafter—when kept in a cool, dry place—it "stays sweet" to the last drop.

Carnation Milk answers "Yes" to any milk question—because every safeguard is taken to guarantee it from contamination.

The clean, sweet cow's milk is evaporated in a vacuum to the consistency of cream, sealed airtight in new cans and sterilized. Nothing is added to the milk; nothing except part of the water is taken out, thus all the original food values are retained. This protects it absolutely and makes it the *safe milk* for your home.

Try Carnation Milk for making soups, creaming vegetables, gravies and sauces. Make candy and desserts with it. Dilute it for the children to drink. Use it for your coffee and cereals, and every other milk use. Simply add pure water to reduce its richness to the degree desired for drinking, or for cooking purposes. Its quality and delicious flavor will please you. If you are not already a user of Carnation Milk, order a few cans from your grocer today. Convince yourself that Carnation is the answer to the pure milk question.

Free Recipe Book

Write for our recipe booklet containing over 100 choice recipes for everyday and special dishes. Sent free to you upon request. Carnation Milk Products Co., 1032 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U. S. A. Sold in Canada. Condenseries in Ontario.

Remember—Your Grocer Has It!

CARNATION MILK CORN PUDDING

1 can corn, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 4 tablespoonfuls flour, ½ teaspoonful salt, ⅛ teaspoonful white pepper, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 2 eggs. Chop the corn, add the milk, and mix well. Sift flour, salt, pepper, and baking powder together, and add to the corn mixture; add the yolks which have been beaten with an egg beater until thick, then cut and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Put in a buttered baking dish and bake 30 to 45 minutes in a medium hot oven.

Carnation Milk

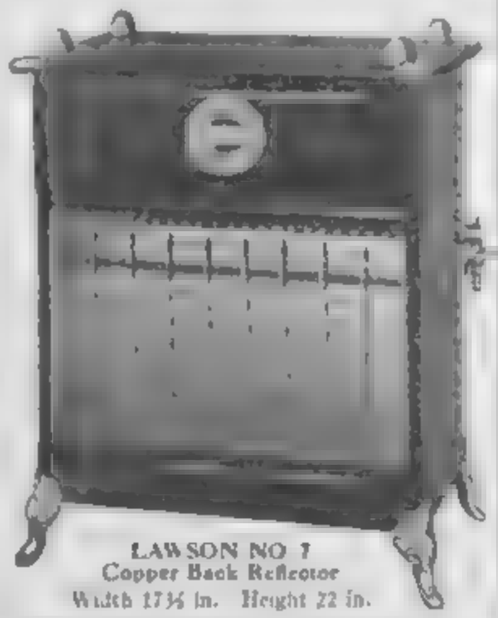
The answer to the Pure Milk Question

Which Gas Heater Will You Buy

That question is important—in these days of scarce coal, when the householder is turning to gas for fuel. It is a question of efficiency, fuel saving, economy. A winter-long question, too.

We have been manufacturers of gas heaters for nearly a quarter century; and it is in your service and for your benefit that we raise the question and state the plain facts.

We make both "Reflector" stoves and the "Lawson Odorless." It is for you to decide which you shall buy.



LAWSON NO 7
Copper Back Reflector
Width 17¾ in. Height 22 in.
Made in sizes for rooms from 6 x 9 ft. up to 18 x 20

The first of the two stoves on this page is the LAWSON REFLECTOR. Built with solid copper reflector back and sides. No sheet iron with thin copper plating used. Trimmings of pure aluminum; won't rust or discolor. Guaranteed unsurpassable in room-heaters of the reflector type.

It is a time-honored type, designed in the early gas days. Reflector stoves have simply a gas burner, with open flame—no combustion chamber whatever; no "radiant" heat.

The lower illustration shows the LAWSON ODORLESS. The latest type, most improved gas room-heater. Smaller by a third than the Reflector (for same size room). Lower priced. Lasts longer. Gives more heat. **No open flame.** No odor. No reflection and flickering—nothing to get on the nerves. Designed strictly for utility; *scientifically engineered* for gas heating efficiency. Yet the handsomest gas heater produced: the one and only really individual design.

Note, please! The LAWSON ODORLESS is different in idea and principle. It is built around a *combustion chamber!* This combustion chamber is the "heart" of the heater. In it gas burns under high temperature and is *thoroughly consumed.*

It is a *glowing* "heart." A steady, cheerful, comforting glow is seen through the perforations in the heater's steel jacket. The combustion chamber becomes red hot, giving out a "radiant" heat—like the heat produced by the rays of the sun, and differing entirely from the heat given off by a Reflector.

You'll enjoy cozying up to the LAWSON ODORLESS when Jack Frost comes tapping at the window pane.

Remember, the LAWSON ODORLESS is compact, occupying little space, and economizing on gas, yet giving more heat than old-style heaters of larger size and higher price.

Made in sizes for all rooms up to 18 x 20 ft.

The *Lawson* Odorless

assures economy, convenience and satisfactory results. Your Gas Company or Dealer can supply you. Or we will see that you are supplied.

WRITE for leaflet illustrating and describing Lawson Gas Room-Heaters, both "Reflector" and "Odorless," giving sizes, prices, etc.

Lawson Mfg. Co. of Pittsburgh

Also makers of the renowned Lawson Water Heaters. Write for booklet, "Plenty of Hot Water for Everybody"

Lawson Odorless Gas Heater

She resumed with perceptible effort: "I can trust you ——"

"You must make sure of that before you do," he warned her, smiling.

"I am sure," she averred gravely.

"You know nothing concerning me, mademoiselle—pardon! For all you know I may be the greatest rogue in Christendom. And I must tell you in all candor, sometimes I think I am."

"What I may or may not know concerning you, Monsieur Duchemin, is immaterial so long as I know you are what you have proved yourself to me, a gentleman, considerate, generous, brave and—not inquisitive."

He was frankly touched. If this were flattery, tone and manner robbed it of fulsomeness, rendered it subtle beyond the coarser perceptions of man. He knew himself for what he was, knew himself unworthy; and that part of him which was unaffectedly French, whether by accident of birth or influence of environment, and so impulsive and emotional, reacted in spontaneous gratitude to this implicit acceptance of him for what he strove to seem to be.

"Mademoiselle is gracious beyond my merits," he protested. "Only let me know how I may be of use ——"

"In three ways: Continue to be lenient in your judgments, and ask me no more questions than you must because—I may not answer ——" Her hands worked together again. She added unhappily, in a faint voice, "I dare not."

That, too, moved him, since he had been far from lenient in his judgments. He responded the more readily, "All that is understood, mademoiselle."

"Please go at once back to your stateroom, and as quietly as possible. There is a bare chance you were not recognized, that nobody knows who came to my aid tonight. If you can slip away without attracting attention, so much the better for us—for all of us. You may not be suspected."

"Trust me to use my best discretion."

"Lastly—take and keep this for me till I ask you for it again. Hide it as secretly as you can. It may be sought for; it is certain to be if you are believed to be in my confidence. It must not be found. And I may not want it again before we land in New York."

She extended a hand on whose palm rested a small and slender white cylinder, no longer and little thicker than the toy pencil that dangles from a dance card, a tight roll of plain white paper inclosed in a wrapping of transparent oiled silk, gummed fast down its length, and at either end sealed with miniature blobs of black wax.

"Will you do this for me, Monsieur Duchemin? I warn you, it may cost you your life."

He took it, his temper veering to the whimsical. "What is life?" he questioned. "A prelude—perhaps merely an overture—to that great drama, Death? Who knows? Who cares?"

She heard him in a stare. "You place no value on life?"

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I have lived nearly thirty years in this world, three years in the theater of war, seldom far from the trenches of one Front or another. I tell you I know death too well ——"

He shrugged and put the roll of paper away in a pocket.

"You understand it must not be taken from you under any circumstance? As a last resort it must be destroyed rather than yielded up."

"It shall be," he said quietly. "Is there anything more?"

She shook her head, thoughtfully knuckling her underlip.

"How can I communicate with you in event of necessity after we get to New York?" she asked.

He told her the name of a hotel at which he expected to stop for a week or two.

"If anything should happen"—with a swift glance of anxiety toward the motionless figure in the berth—"if anything should prevent my calling for it within a week after our arrival you will be good enough to deliver it to ——" She caught herself up quickly, the unuttered words trembling on her lip. "I will write down the address of the person to whom you will deliver it and slip it underneath the door between our rooms—first making certain you are there to receive it—if I do not ask you to return the thing before we land."

"That shall be as you will."

"When you have memorized the address you will destroy it?"

"Depend on that."

"I think that is all. Thank you, Monsieur Duchemin—and good night."

She extended her hand. He saluted it punctiliously with finger tips and lips.

"If you will put out the light, mademoiselle, it may aid me to get away unseen."

She nodded and offered him Thackeray's pistol. "Take this. Oh, I have another with me."

Lanyard accepted the weapon and, when she had darkened the room, opened the door, slipped out, and closed it behind him so noiselessly that the girl could not believe he was gone.

Nothing hindered his return to Stateroom Twenty-nine.

Fully two minutes after he had locked himself in he heard the distant clamor of the annunciator, calling a steward to Stateroom Thirty.

VI

HE SAT for a long time on the edge of his berth, elbow on knee, chin in hand, unstirring, gaze fixed upon that little cylinder of white paper resting in the hollow of his palm, in profoundest concentration pondering the problems it presented: What it was, what possession of it meant to Michael Lanyard, what safe disposition to make of it pending welcome relief from this unsought and most unwelcome trust.

This last question alone bade fair to confound his utmost ingenuity.

As for what it was, Lanyard was well satisfied that he now held the true focus of this conspiracy, a secret of the first consequence, far too momentous to the designs of England to be intrusted, though couched in the most cryptic cipher ever mind of man devised, even to cables or mails that England herself controlled.

Solely to prevent this communication from reaching America, Lanyard believed Germany had sown mines broadcast in all the waters the Assyrian must cross, and had commissioned her U-boats, without fail and at whatever cost, to sink the vessel if by any accident she won safely through the mine fields.

In the effort to steal this secret, German spies had sailed on the Assyrian, knowing well the double risk they ran—of being shot like rats if found out, of being drowned like neutrals if the ship went down through the efforts of their compatriots.

It was the zeal of Potsdam's agents, seeking the bearer of this secret, that had caused the rifling of Miss Brooke's luggage when she fell under suspicion, thanks to her clandestine way of coming aboard; and through the same agency young Thackeray had been all but murdered when suspicion, for whatever reason, shifted to him.

To insure safe transmission of this communication England had held the Assyrian idle in port, day after day, while her augmented patrols scoured the seas, hunting down ruthlessly every submarine whose periscope dared peer above the surface, and while her trawlers innumerable swept the channels clear of mines.

To prevent its theft Lieutenant Thackeray had invented the subterfuge of the wounded arm, amid whose splints and bandages, Lanyard never doubted, the cylinder had been secreted.

Finally, it was as a special agent deep in her country's confidence that this English girl had smuggled herself aboard at the last moment, bringing, no doubt, this very cylinder to be transferred to the keeping of Lieutenant Thackeray or perhaps another confrère, should she find reason to think herself suspect, her trust endangered.

Nothing strange in that; women had served their countries in such capacities before; the secret archives of European chancelleries are replete with their records. Lanyard himself remembered many such women, brilliant *mondaines* from many lands, domiciled in that Paris of the so-dead yesterday to serve by stealth their respective governments; but never, it was true, a woman of the caste of Cecelia Brooke; unless, indeed, this were an actress of surpassing talent, gifted to hoodwink the most skeptical and least susceptible of men.

And yet ——

Lanyard's train of thought faltered. New doubt of the girl began to shadow his meditations. Contradictory circumstances he had noted intruded, uninvited, to challenge overcredulous conclusions concerning her.

Would any secret agent worth her salt attract suspicion by making such a conspicuously furtive embarkation, by such

(Continued on Page 93)

"What wizardry that can carry vision to the fields of France; can paint the scene—the ancient abbey, the group of brave young hearts; nay! even more, can summon his very presence"

THE MAGIC OF MUSIC

INEXPRESSIBLE, the comfort my Vocalion is to me during these lonesome evening hours!

"By day I am busy, and in a tiny way I hope, helpful. But the evening—the time which seems to belong to him, would be almost unendurable were it not for the solace that the music of the Vocalion brings to me.

"After he had been gone a few weeks, a letter came from 'somewhere in France' which told me of *his* evenings.

"and we made up a very tolerable quartette, with a burr and a brogue, a drawl and I suppose a twang from yours truly. The boys seem to prefer the old songs—'Sweet and Low' is, I think, the general favorite."

"Nothing, not even his letters, seems to bring him so close to me as to sit down with the Vocalion and play this dear old song.

"As softly, with tones that are real and beautiful, the Vocalion begins to play. I draw out this wonderful expression control, the Graduola, until the full, virile voices come to me softened to tenderest pianissimo—

"*Sweet and low, sweet and low,*
Wind of the Western sea—

"Then I press the Graduola gently and the lovely old melody sweeps out more and more broadly with (to me) Billy's rich baritone clearly discernible:

"*Over the rolling waters go*
Come from the dying moon and blow
Blow him again to me—

"Now I draw out the Graduola again, and slowly the music floats away to its tender, soothing close—

"*While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps*

"What wondrous wizardry is this, that in the quiet of the lonely evening can carry vision across the weary miles of tossing ocean to the fields of France; can paint the scene—the ancient abbey, the group of brave young hearts; nay! even more, can summon *his very presence?*"

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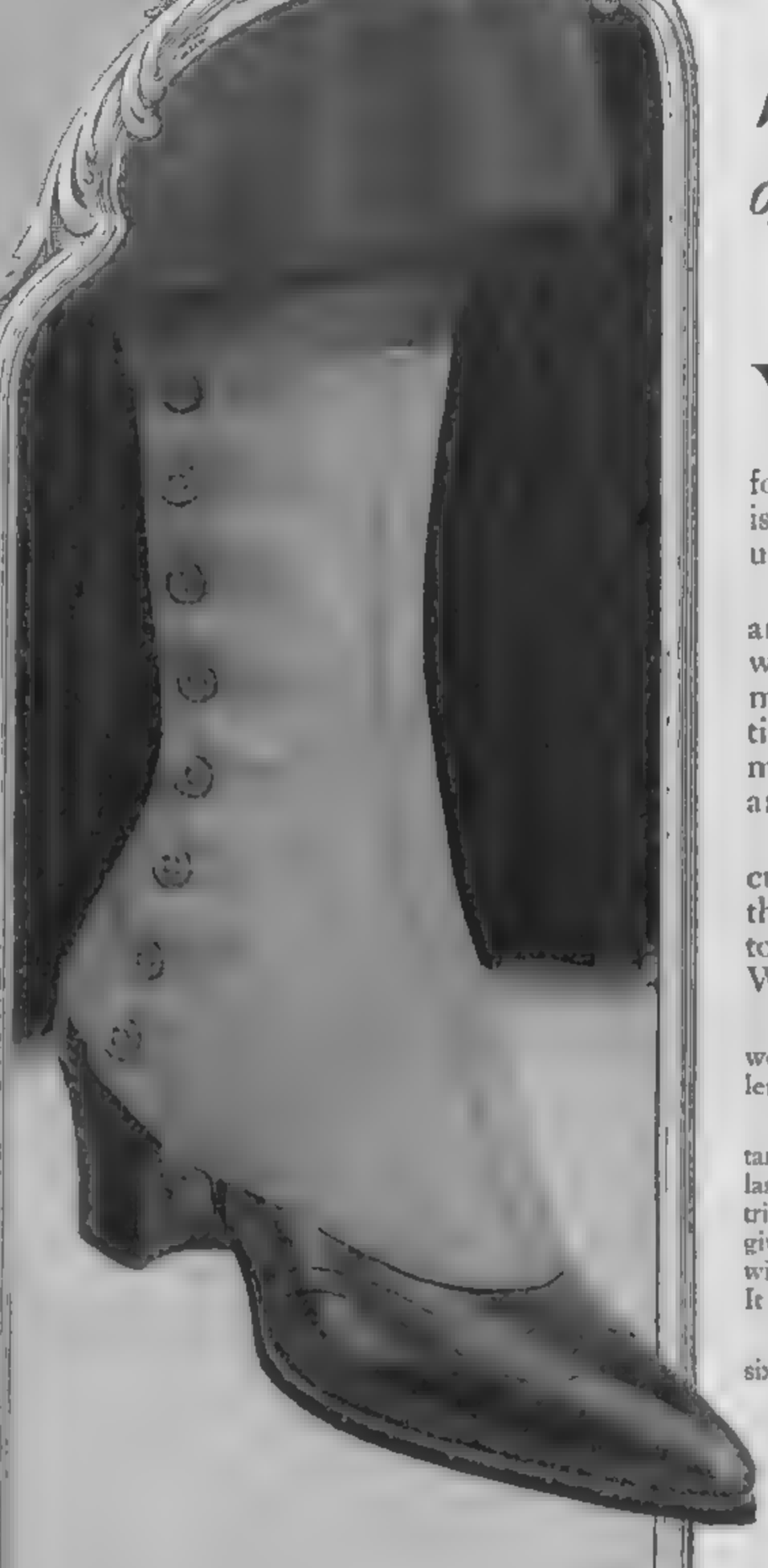

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The war somehow has put an extra emphasis on foot-wear. Women's boots are more noticed and more noticeable. Smart foot-wear is a more important part of woman's dress than ever before.

The war has had another curious effect. It is causing thousands of young women to change their bootmakers. We will tell you why.

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REGAL SHOES

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

(Continued from Page 90)

ostentatious avoidance of her fellow passengers, by surrounding herself with an atmosphere of such palpable mystery? Would such a one confess she had a secret to an utter stranger, as she had to Lanyard the first night out? Would she, under any conceivable circumstances, intrust to that same stranger that selfsame secret, upon whose inviolate preservation so much depended? And would she make love trysts on the decks by night?

Would a brother agent take her in his arms, then reprove her with every symptom of vexation for her madness, her insanity, her nonsense that was like to "drive me mad"?—Thackeray's own words!

Vainly Lanyard cudgeled his wits for some plausible reading of this riddle.

Was this Brooke girl possibly (of a sudden he sat bolt upright) a Prussian agent infatuated with this young Englishman and by him beloved in spite of all that forbade their passion?

Did not this explanation reconcile every apparent inconsistency in her conduct, even to the intrusting to a stranger of the stolen secret, the purloined paper she dared not keep about her lest it be found in her possession?

Lanyard's eyes narrowed. Visibly his features hardened. If this surmise of his were in any way justified in the outcome, he promised Miss Cecelia Brooke an hour of most painful penitence.

Woman or no, she need not look for mercy from him, who must ever be merciless in his dealings with Ekstrom's crew.

To be made that one's tool! The very thought was intolerable.

As for himself, possession of this paper meant that pitfalls were digged for his every step. If ever the British found cause to suspect him his certain portion would be to face a firing squad in dusk of early day. If, on the other hand, these Prussian agents on board the Assyrian ever got wind of the fact that the cylinder was in his care, his fate was like to be a knife between his ribs the first time he were caught alone with his back to the assassin.

Two courses, then, were open to him: The most sensible and obvious, to go straightway to the captain of the Assyrian, report all that he knew or surmised, and turn over the paper for safe-keeping; one alternative, to hide the cylinder so absolutely that the most drastic search would overlook it, yet so handily that he could rid himself of it at an instant's notice.

But the first course involved denunciation of the Brooke girl. And what if she were innocent? What if, after all, these doubts of her were the specious spawn of facts misinterpreted, misconstrued? What if she proved to be all she seemed? Could he, even though what he had warned her he might be—the greatest rogue unhanged—be false to a trust reposed in him by such a woman?

As to that there was no question in his mind: He would never betray her lacking irrefutable conviction that she was an employee of the Prussian spy system.

Then how to hide the paper?

Kneeling, Lanyard drew from beneath the berth his bellows bag, selected from its contents a black japanned tin case containing a rather elaborate though compact trench medicine kit, the idle purchase of an empty afternoon in London. Extracting from its fittings a small leather-covered case, he replaced the kit, relocked and shoved the bag back beneath the berth.

Then, standing over the hand basin, he opened the leather-covered case. Its velvet-lined compartments held a hypodermic syringe and needle and a glass phial of twenty-four one-thirtieth-grain morphia tablets.

Uncorking the phial, he shook out all the tablets, replaced three, then slid the paper cylinder into the tube; it fitted precisely, concealed by the label of the manufacturing chemist, leaving room for six more tablets. Lanyard inserted four on top of the cylinder, moistening the lowermost slightly to make it stick, recorked the phial and returned it to its compartment.

Next he dissolved three morphia tablets in a little water in the bottom of a glass, filled the syringe with the strong solution, fitted on the needle, squirted most of the contents down the waste pipe, and consigned the remainder of the tablets to the same innocuous fate.

Finally he replaced needle and syringe in the case, let the glass that had held the solution stand without rinsing, and put the open case upon the shelf above the basin.

A light tapping sounded on the panels of his door.

"Well? Who's there?"

"Your steward, sir. Captain Osborne's compliments, an' 'e'd like to see you in 'is room as soon as convenient, sir."

"You may say I will come at once."

"'Nk you, sir."

A summons to have been expected as a sequel to the surgeon's report after attending Lieutenant Thackeray; none the less Lanyard had not expected it so soon.

Authority, he reflected, ran true to form afloat as well as ashore. It was prompt enough when required to apply a pound or so of cure. Surely the officers, at least the captain, must have been advised why this voyage was apt to be an exceptionally hazardous one; and surely in the light of such information it had been wiser to set armed watches on every deck by night rather than permit the lives of passengers to be imperiled through the possible activities of Prussian agents among them incognito.

And now that he was reminded of it, was not this, perhaps, but a device of the enemy's to decoy him from the comparative safety of his stateroom?

It was with a hand in his jacket pocket, grasping Thackeray's automatic, that he presently left the room.

The alleyway, however, was deserted but for his steward, who, as he appeared, turned and led the way up to the boat deck.

Rounding the foot of the companionway, Lanyard contrived a hasty glance down the port alleyway. The door to Stateroom Thirty was on the hook; a light burned within. Outside a guard was stationed, a sailor with a cutlass—the first application of the pound of cure!

At the heels of his guide he approached a door in the deckhouse devoted to officers' accommodations, beneath the bridge. Here the steward knocked discreetly. A heavy voice rumbling within was stilled for a moment, then barked sharp invitation to enter. The steward turned the knob, announced dispassionately "Monseer Duchemin," and stood aside. Lanyard entered a well-lighted room, simply but comfortably furnished as the captain's office and sitting room; sleeping quarters adjoined, the head of a berth with a battered pillow showing through a door a foot or so ajar.

Four persons were present. The notion entered Lanyard's head that a fifth possibly lurked in the room beyond, spying, eavesdropping; not a bad scheme if Thackeray had an associate on board whose identity it was desirable to keep under cover.

The door closed gently behind him as he stood politely bowing, conscious that the four faces turned his way were distinguished by a singular variety of expression.

Miss Cecelia Brooke was nearest him, by a chair from which she had evidently just risen, her pretty young face rather pale and set, a scared look in her candid eyes.

Beyond her the captain sat with his back to a desk—a broad-beamed, vigorous body, intensely masculine, choleric by habit and just now in an extraordinary grim temper, his iron-gray hair bristling from his pillow and his stout person visibly suffering the discomfort of wearing night clothes beneath his uniform coat and trousers. Bending upon Lanyard the steel-hard regard of small, steel-blue eyes, he drummed the arms of his chair with thick and stubby fingers.

To one side, standing, was the third officer, a Mr. Sherry, a youngish man with a pleasant cast of countenance that temporarily wore a look, rarely British, of ingrained sense of duty at odds with much embarrassment.

Lastly Mr. Crane's lanky person was draped, with its customary effect of carelessness, on one end of the lounge seat. He looked up, nodded shortly but cheerfully to Lanyard, then resumed a somewhat quizzical contemplation of the half-smoked cigar which etiquette obliged him to neglect in the presence of a lady.

"This is the gentleman?" Captain Osborne queried heavily of the girl. Receiving a murmured affirmative he continued: "Good morning, Monsieur Duchemin. Thanks, Miss Brooke. We won't keep you up any longer to-night."

He rose, bowed stiffly as Mr. Sherry opened the door for the girl, and when she was gone threw himself back into his chair with a force that made it enter a violent protest.

"Sit down, sir. Dare say you know what we want of you?"

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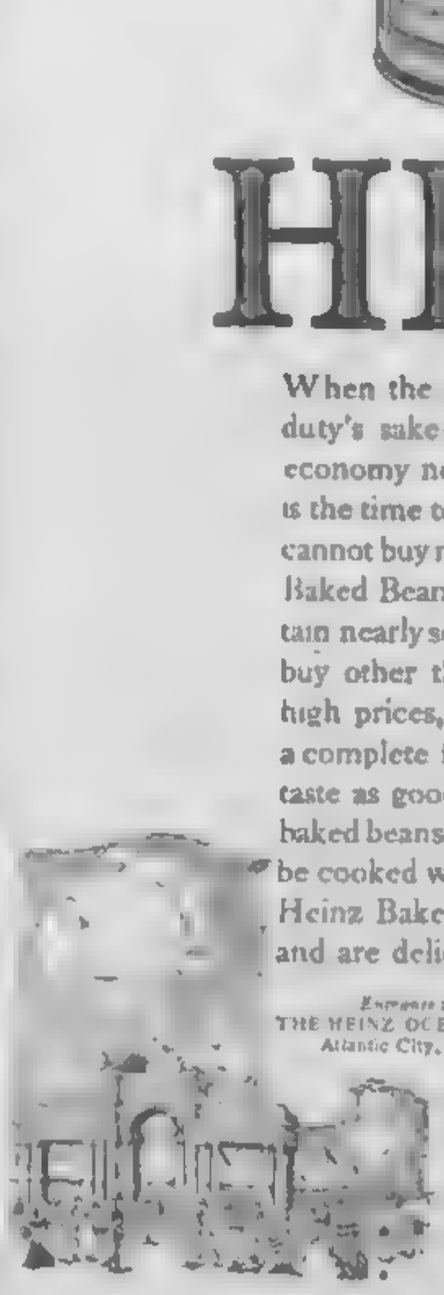

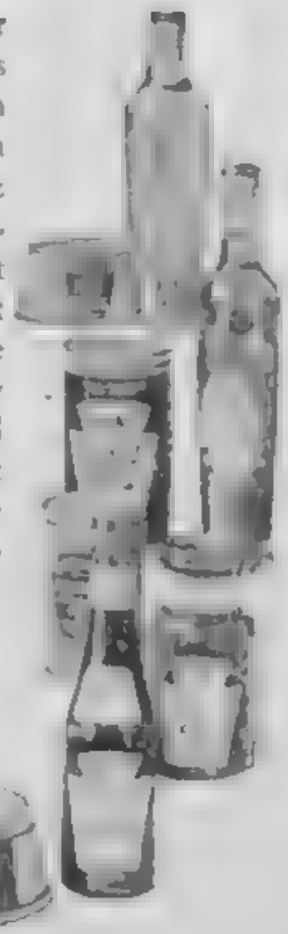

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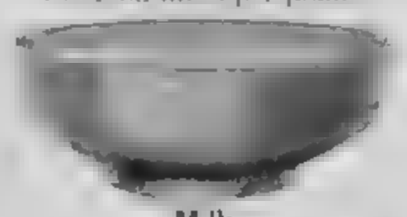

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"It is not difficult to guess," Lanyard admitted. "A sad business, monsieur."

"Sad!" the captain iterated in a tone of harsh sarcasm. "That's a mild name to give murder!"

Even had it not been blurted violently at him, that word was staggering. The adventurer echoed it blankly. "You can't mean Lieutenant Thackeray ——"

"Not yet, though doctor says it may come to that; poor chap's in a bad way—concussion."

"So one feared. But monsieur said murder ——"

Captain Osborne sat forward, steely gaze mercilessly boring into Lanyard's eyes. "Monsieur Duchemin," he said slowly, "Lieutenant Thackeray was not the only passenger to suffer through to-night's villainy. The other died instantly."

"In heaven's name, monsieur—who?"

"Bartholomew."

"Mr. Bartholomew!" A memory of that brisk little body's ruddy, cheerful, British personality flashed athwart the screen of memory. Lanyard murmured "Incredible!"

"Murdered," the captain proceeded, "in Stateroom Twenty-eight. Lieutenant Thackeray and he were friends—shared the suite. Apparently Mr. Bartholomew heard some unusual noise in Thirty and left his berth to investigate. He was struck down from behind as he approached the communicating door. The murderer had got in by way of the sitting room, Twenty-six."

Mr. Sherry added in an awed voice "Frightful blow—skull crushed like an eggshell."

There was a pause. Crane thoughtfully relighted his cigar and wrapped his right cheek round it. The captain glared glassily at Lanyard. Mr. Sherry looked, if possible, more uncomfortable than ever. Lanyard pondered, aghast. Ekstrom's work, of a certainty; this was his way, the way he imposed upon his creatures; Ekstrom, ever a killer, obsessed by the fallacious notion that dead men tell no tales. And Bartholomew had been in this mess with Thackeray, both of them operatives of the British secret service!

"Miss Brooke has given her version of the attack on Lieutenant Thackeray," the captain pursued. "Be good enough to let us have yours."

Succinctly Lanyard recounted the happenings between the moment when premonition of evil drew him from his stateroom and the moment when he returned thereto.

He was at pains, however, to omit all mention of the cylinder of paper; that, pending definite knowledge to the contrary, was a sacred trust, a matter of his honor, solely the affair of the Brooke girl.

The captain squared himself toward Lanyard, his face lowering, his jaw pugnacious.

"How did you happen to be up and dressed at that late hour, so ready to respond to this—ah—premonition of yours?"

"I sleep not well, monsieur. It was my intention to go on deck and endeavor to walk off my insomnia."

Captain Osborne commented with a snort:

"Why did you leave Miss Brooke alone before she called the doctor?"

"At mademoiselle's request, naturally."

"You'd been deuced gallant up to that time. I presume it didn't occur to you the young woman might need further protection."

Lanyard shrugged. "It did not occur to me to refuse her request, monsieur."

"Didn't it strike you as odd she should wish to be left alone with Lieutenant Thackeray?"

"It was not my affair, monsieur. It was her wish."

"Excuse me, cap'n." Crane sat up. "I'd like to ask Mr. Lanyard a question."

But Lanyard had prepared himself against that and acknowledged the stroke with a quiet smile and the hint of a bow.

"Monsieur Crane ——"

"U. S. secret service," Crane informed him with a grin. "Velasco spotted you—had seen you years ago in Parus—tipped me off."

"So one inferred. And these gentlemen ——?" Lanyard indicated the captain and third officer.

"I wised them up—had to, when this happened."

"Naturally, monsieur. Proceed."

"I only wanted to ask if you noticed anything to make you think perhaps there was an understanding between Miss Brooke and the lieutenant?"

"Why should I?"

"I ain't curious why you should. What I want to know is, did you?"

"No, monsieur," Lanyard lied blandly.

"The little lady didn't seem to take on more'n she naturally would if the lieutenant'd been a stranger, eh?"

"How to judge when one has never seen mademoiselle distressed on behalf of another?"

Crane abandoned his thankless task.

"Now we come to the point, Monsieur Lanyard, or whatever your name is."

"I have found Duchemin very agreeable, *monsieur le capitaine*."

"I dare say," Captain Osborne sneered. He hesitated, glowering in the difficulty of thought. "See here, Monsieur Duchemin—since you prefer that style—I'm not going to beat about the bush with you. I'm a plain man, plain spoken. They tell me you reformed. I don't know anything about that. It's my conviction, once a thief, always a thief. I may be wrong."

"Right or wrong, monsieur might easily be less offensive."

The captain's dark countenance became still more darkly congested. Implacable prejudice glinted in his small eyes. Nor was his temper softened by the effrontery of this offender in giving back look for look with a calm poise that overshadowed his arrogance of an honest, law-abiding man.

He made a vague gesture of impatience.

"The point is," he said, "this crime was accompanied by robbery."

"Am I to understand I am accused?"

"Nobody is accused," Crane cut in hastily.

"You have found no clews ——?"

"Nary clew."

"What I want to say to you, Monsieur Duchemin, is this: The stolen property has got to be recovered before this ship makes her dock in New York. It means the loss of my command if it isn't. It means more than that, according to my information: it means a disastrous calamity to the Allied cause. And you're a Frenchman, Monsieur—Duchemin."

"And a thief. *Monsieur le capitaine* must not forget his pet conviction."

"As to that, a man can't always be particular about the tools he employs. I believe the old saying, set a thief to catch a thief, holds good."

"Do I understand," Lanyard suggested sweetly, "you are about to honor me by utilizing my reputed talents, by commissioning a thief to catch this thief of to-night?"

"Precisely. You know more of this matter than any of us here. You were at handgrips with the murderer—and let him get away."

"To my deep regret. But I have told you how that happened."

"Seems a bit strange you made no real effort to find out what the scoundrel looked like."

"It was dark in that alleyway, monsieur."

The captain made an inarticulate noise, apparently meant to convey an effect of ironic incredulity. More intelligible comment was interrupted by a ring of the telephone. He swung round, clapped receiver to ear, snapped an impatient "Well?" and listened with evident exasperation.

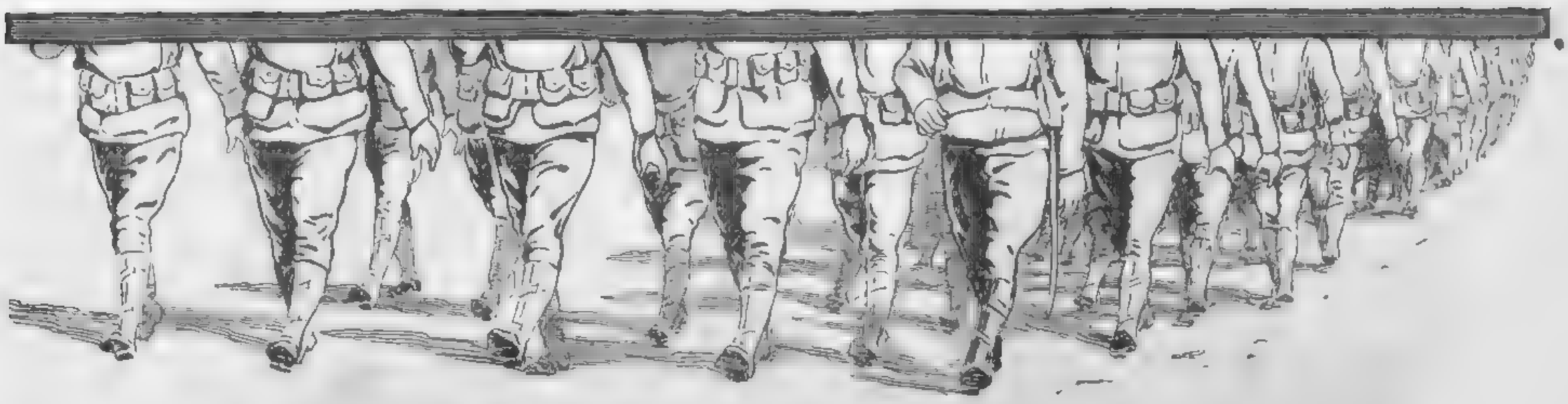
Lanyard's eyes narrowed. This business of telephoning was conceivably well-timed; not improbably the captain was receiving the report of somebody who had been sent to search Stateroom Twenty-nine in Lanyard's absence. He wondered and, wondering, glanced at Crane, to find that gentleman watching him with a whimsical glimmer that he was quick to extinguish when the captain said curtly "Very good, Mr. Warde!" and turned back from the telephone, his manner more than ever truculent.

"Mr. Lanyard," he said—"Monsieur Duchemin, that is—a valuable paper has been stolen, an exceedingly valuable document. I don't know which carried it, Lieutenant Thackeray or Mr. Bartholomew. But I do know such a paper was in their possession. And to the best of my knowledge we three were the only ones on board who did know it. And it has disappeared. Now, sir, you may or may not be deeper in this affair than you have admitted. If you are I'd advise you to own up."

"*Monsieur le capitaine* implies my complicity in this dastardly crime?"

Osborne shook his head doggedly. "I imply nothing. I only say this: If you know anything you haven't told us my advice is to make a clean breast of it."

(Continued on Page 97)



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THE ALLEN MOTOR COMPANY, FOSTORIA, OHIO

(Continued from Page 94)

"I have nothing to tell you, monsieur, beyond the fact that I find you, your tone, your manner and your choice of words, intolerably insolent."

"Then you know nothing ——"

"Monsieur!" Lanyard cried sharply.

"Very good," the captain persisted. "I'll take your word for it—and give you till we take on our pilot to find the real criminal and make him give up that paper."

"And if I fail ——"

"Not a soul on board leaves the Assyrian till the murderer and the thief are found—if they are not one."

"But that is a general threat; whereas monsieur has honored me by making this a personal matter. What punishment have you prepared for me specifically if I fail to accomplish this task that baffles your—shrewdness?"

"I'll at least inform the port authorities in New York, tell them who you are, and have you barred out of the country."

"I want to say, Lanyard," Crane interposed, "this isn't my notion of how to deal with you or in any way by my advice."

"Thank you, monsieur," the adventurer replied icily without removing his attention from the captain. "What else, Captain Osborne?"

"That is all I have to say to you to-night, sir. Good night."

"But I have something more to say to you, *monsieur le capitaine*. First, I desire to give over to you this article, which it will doubtless please you to consider stolen property." Lanyard placed the automatic pistol on the desk. "One of Lieutenant Thackeray's," he explained; "at Miss Brooke's suggestion I borrowed it as a life preserver, in event of another brush with this homicidal maniac."

"She told us about that," Osborne said heavily, fumbling with the weapon. "What else, sir?"

"Only this, *monsieur le capitaine:* I shall use my best endeavor to uncover the author of these crimes. If I succeed, be sure I shall denounce him. If I succeed only in securing this valuable paper you speak of, be equally sure you will never see it; for it shall leave my hands only to pass into those that I consider entirely trustworthy."

"The devil!" Captain Osborne leaped from his chair, quaking with fury. "You dare accuse me of disloyalty ——"

"Now you mention it ——" Lanyard cocked his head to one side with a maddening effect of deliberation. "No," he concluded; "no, I wouldn't accuse you of intentional treason, monsieur; for that would involve an imputation of intelligence."

He opened the door and nodded pleasantly to Crane and the third officer.

"Good night, gentlemen," he said silkily. "Oh, and you, too, Captain Osborne—good night, I'm sure."

VII

IN SPITE of his own anger, something far from being either assumed or inconsiderable, Lanyard was fain to pause, a few paces from the deckhouse, and laugh quietly at a vast and incoherent booming that was resounding in the room he had just quitted—Captain Osborne trying to do justice to the emotions inspired in his virtuous bosom by the cheek of this damned jailbird!

But suddenly, reminded of the grim reason for all this wretched brawling, Lanyard shrugged off his amusement. Beneath his very feet, almost, a man lay dead, another perhaps dying, while the beast who had wrought that devilishness remained at large.

He comprehended in a wondering regard that wide star-blazoned arch of skies; that wide, dark, restful mystery of waters; that still, sweet world of peace through which the Assyrian forged, muttering contentedly at her toil while murder with foul hands and slavering chops skulked somewhere in the darkened fabric of her, somewhere beyond that black mouth of the deck port yawning at Lanyard's elbow.

From that same portal a man came abruptly but quietly, saw Lanyard standing there, gave him a staring look and grunting nod, and strode forward to the captain's quarters—Mr. Warde, the first officer.

Lanyard recollected himself and went below.

Still the sailor guarded the door in the port alleyway; but now it stood wide, and Cecelia Brooke was on its threshold, conversing guardedly with the surgeon. Even as Lanyard caught sight of them the latter bowed and turned aft, while the girl went back into the room and refastened the door on its hook.

Thus reminded of Crane's shrewd questions, Lanyard was speculating rather foggily concerning the reason therefor as he turned down the passage to his own quarters. What had the American noticed or been told to make him surmise covert sympathy between the girl and the lieutenant?

He caught himself yawning. Drowsiness buzzed in his brain. He had an incoherent feeling that he would now sleep long and heavily. Entering his stateroom he put a shoulder against the door, pushing it to as he fumbled for the switch. The circumstance that the lights were no longer burning, as he had left them, failed to impress him as noteworthy in view of his belief that, by the captain's orders, Mr. Warde had been combing his effects in his absence.

But when no more than a click answered a turn of the switch, the room remaining quite dark, Lanyard uttered an imprecation, abruptly very wide-awake indeed.

Before he could move he stiffened to positive immobility. The cool, hard nose of a pistol had come into contact with his skull, just behind the ear.

Simultaneously a softly modulated voice advised him in purest German: "Be quite still, Herr Lanyard, and hold up your hands—so! Also, see that you utter no sound till I give you leave. . . . Karl, the handkerchief."

Lanyard stood motionless, hands well elevated, while a heavy silk blindfold was whipped over his eyes and knotted tight at the back of his head.

"Now your paws, Herr Lone Wolf—put them together behind your back, prudently making no attempt to reach a pocket."

Obediently Lanyard permitted his wrists to be caught together with a second silk handkerchief. He could feel a slight sensation of heat upon his hands, and guessed that this was caused by the light of a flash lamp, held close to the flesh. None the less he took the chance of clenching his fists and tensing the muscles of his wrists.

"Tightly, Karl."

The bonds were made painfully fast. Still it did not seem to occur to his captors to oblige their prisoner to open his hands and relax his wrists. Lanyard perceived a glimmer of hope in this oversight; the enemy was normally stupid.

"Now the lights again."

After a little wait, during which he could hear the bulbs being pressed back into their sockets, the switch clicked once more.

"And now, swine dog!"—the pistol tapped his skull significantly—"if you value your life—speak and speak quickly. Where is that document?"

"Document?" Lanyard repeated in a tone of wonder.

"Unless you are eager to explore the hereafter tell us where we may find it without delay."

"Upon my word, I don't know what you're talking about."

"You lie!" the German snapped. "Face about!"

Somebody grasped his shoulders roughly and swung him round to the light, the nose of the pistol shifting to press against his abdomen.

"Search him, Karl."

Unseen hands investigated his pockets cunningly. As they finished, the man who answered to the name of Karl became articulate for the first time, following a grunt of disappointment:

"Nothing—he has it not upon him."

"Look more thoroughly. Did you think him idiot enough to carry it where you'd find it at the first dip? Imbecile!"

For the purpose of this second search Lanyard's garments were ripped open and the enemy made sure that he carried nothing next his skin more incriminating than a money belt, which was forcibly torn off and examined.

"His shoes—see to his shoes!" the first speaker insisted irritably. "Sit down, Lanyard!"

A petulant push sent the adventurer reeling across the cabin to fall upon the lounge seat beneath the port. With some effort he assumed a sitting position, while Karl, kneeling, hastily unlaced and jerked off his shoes and socks.

"Nothing," was the report.

"Damnation! Continue to search his luggage. Leave nothing unexamined. In particular look into every hole and corner where none but a fool would attempt to hide anything. This fine gentleman imagines

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How are these qualities secured in ROBERT BURNS?

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His Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Our special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

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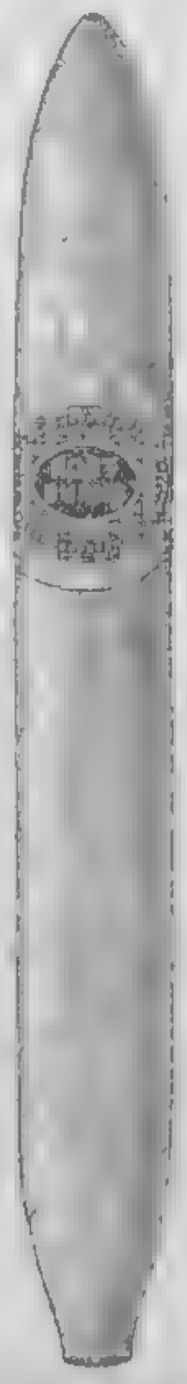

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we value his intelligence too highly to believe he would leave the paper in plain sight."

To an accompaniment of sounds indicating that Karl was obeying his superior, this last resumed in a tone of lofty contempt:

"How is it you have abandoned the habit of going armed, Herr Lone Wolf? That is not like you. Is it that you grow unwary through drug using? But that matters nothing. We have more important business to speak over, you and I. You will be very, very docile, and answer promptly—also in a low voice, if you would avoid getting hurt. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," Lanyard replied, furtively working at the bonds on his wrists.

"Good. We speak together like good friends—yes?"

"Naturally," said Lanyard. "It is so conducive to chumminess to be caressed with an automatic pistol—you've no idea!"

"Oblige by speaking German. Our ears are sick with all this bastard English. Also, more quietly speak. Do not put me to the regrettable necessity of shooting you."

"How regrettable? You didn't stick at braining those others ——"

"Hardly the same thing. You are not like those English swine. You are French; and Germany has no hatred for France, but only pity that it so fatuously opposes manifest destiny. In truth you are not even French, but a great thief; and criminals have no patriotism or loyalty to any state but their own—the state of moral turpitude."

The speaker interrupted himself to relish his wit with a thick chuckle. And Lanyard's jaws ached with the strain of self-control. He continued to pluck at the folds of silk while concentrating in effort to memorize the voice, which he failed utterly to place. Undoubtedly this animal was a shipboard acquaintance, one who knew him well; but those detestable German gutturals disguised his accents quite beyond identification.

"For all that, you are not wise so to try my patience. I permit you five minutes by my watch in which to make up your mind to surrender that document."

"How often must I tell you," Lanyard inquired, "all this talk of documents is Greek to me?"

"Then you have five minutes to brush up your classical education and translate into terms suited to your intelligence. I will have that document from you or—in four more minutes—shoot you dead."

To this Lanyard said nothing. But his patient attentions to the handkerchief round his wrists were beginning perceptibly to be rewarded.

"Moreover, Herr Lanyard, you will do yourself a very good turn by confessing—entirely aside from saving your life."

"How is that?"

"Providing you persuade me of your good faith, I am empowered to offer you employment in our service."

Lanyard's breath passed hardly through a throat swollen with rage, chagrin and hatred, all hopelessly impotent. But he succeeded in preserving an unruffled countenance, as his captor's next words demonstrated.

"You are surprised—yes? You are thinking it over? Take your time—you have three minutes more. Or perhaps you are sulky, resenting that our cleverness has found you out? Be reasonable, my good man. Think! You cannot be insensible to the honor my offer does you."

"What do you want of me?"

"First, that paper: thereafter to use your surpassing talents to the glory of God and Fatherland. In addition, you will be greatly rewarded."

"Now you do begin to interest me," Lanyard said coolly. Surely he could contrive some way to slay this beast with his naked hands! He must play for time. . . . "How rewarded?"

"As I say, with a place in the Prussian secret service, its protection, freedom to ply your trade unhindered in America, even countenanced, till that country becomes a German province under German laws."

"But do I hear you offer this to a Frenchman?"

"Undeceive yourself. Men of all nations to-day, recognizing that the star of Germany is in the ascendant, that soon all nations will be German, are hastening to make their peace beforehand by rendering Germany good service."

"Something in that, perhaps," Lanyard admitted thoughtfully.

"Think well, my friend. . . . Yes, Karl?"

The voice of the other spy responded sullenly: "Nothing—absolutely nothing."

"Two minutes, Herr Lanyard."

Of a sudden Lanyard's face was violently distorted in a grimace of terror. He lurched his shoulders forward, openly struggling with his bonds.

"You can't possibly be so unreasonable!" he protested in a voice of horror. "I tell you I haven't got your paper!"

A loop of the handkerchief slipped down over one hand.

"Be still! Cease your struggles. And not so loud, my friend!" The peremptory voice dropped into mockery, as Lanyard, pale and exhausted, sat back, trembling. And a second loop of silk dropped over the other hand. "So you begin to appreciate that we mean business—yes? One minute and thirty seconds!"

"Have mercy!" the adventurer begged desperately—and licked his lips as if he found them dry with fear. Now both hands were all but wholly free. True: he remained blindfolded and covered by a deadly weapon. "Give me a chance. I'll do anything you wish! But I can't give you what I haven't got."

"Be silent! Here, Karl!"

There was a sound of unintelligible murmuring as the two spies conferred together. Lanyard writhed in apparent extremity of fear. His hands were free. He sought hopelessly for inspiration. What to do without a weapon?

"Be grateful to Karl. He urges that perhaps you know nothing of the document."

"Don't you think I'd tell if I did know?"

"Then you have one minute—no, forty seconds—in which to pledge yourself to the Prussian secret service."

"You want me to swear?"

"Certainly."

"Then hear me," said Lanyard earnestly: "You damned *canaille!*"—and in one movement tore the bandage from his eyes and launched himself, head foremost, at the man who stood over him.

He caught part of an oath, drowned out by the splitting report of a pistol that went off within an inch of his ear. Then his head took the man full in the belly, and both went sprawling to the deck, Lanyard fighting like a maniac for possession of the weapon.

Sheer luck had guided clawing fingers to the right wrist of his antagonist, round which they shut like jaws of a trap. At the same time he wrenched the other's arm high above his head.

Momentarily expecting the shock of a bullet from the pistol of the second spy, he found time to wonder that it was so long deferred, and even in the fury of his struggles, out of the corner of one eye, caught a fugitive glimpse of a tallish man standing back to the forward partition in a pose of singular indecision, pistol poised but wavering.

Then the efforts of his immediate adversary threw him into a position in which he was unable to see the other.

Of a sudden the stateroom was filled with the thunder of an automatic, its seven cartridges discharged in one brisk rippling crash.

It was as if a white-hot iron had been laid across Lanyard's shoulder. Beneath him the man started convulsively, with such force as almost to throw him off bodily, then relaxed altogether and lay limp and still, pinning one of Lanyard's arms under him.

Its visor displaced, the face of Baron von Harden was revealed, features distorted, eyes glaring, a frozen mask of hate and terror.

His arm free, the adventurer rolled away from the corpse in time to see the square of the open window port blocked by the body of the other spy.

Gathering himself together, he snatched up the pistol that had dropped from the inert grasp of the dead man and leveled it at the port.

But now its space was empty.

He rose and paused for an instant, his glance instinctively seeking the ledge above the hand basin.

The hypodermic outfit was there, but minus the phial.

In the alleyway sounded a confusion of running feet and shouting tongues. A heavy banging rang on the door to Stateroom Twenty-nine. Crane's nasal accents summoned Lanyard to open.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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It gives the Knight idea the added benefit of six years of intensive refinement in a plant noted for the thoroughness of its methods.

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It accentuates the Knight's inherent smoothness and silence by the accuracy of its shop processes.

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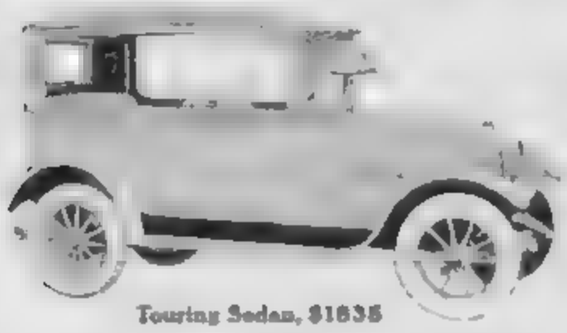

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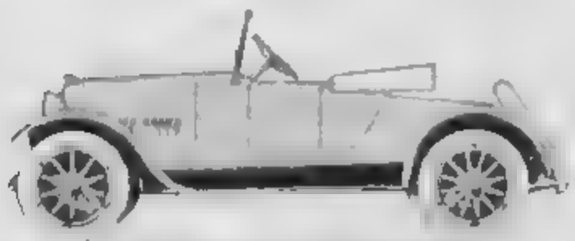

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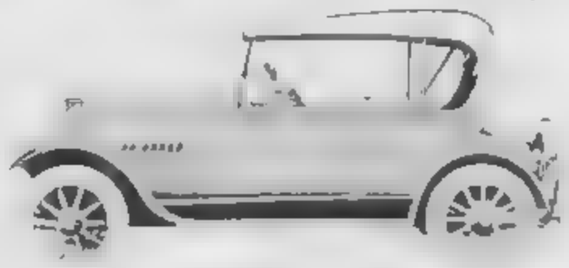
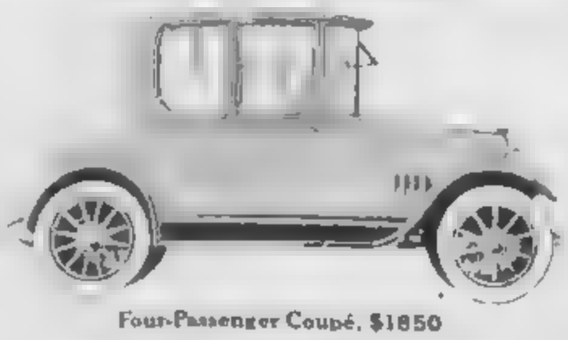
You will find the new models at all Velie Dealers' *today*. See them. Try them. Test their marvelous riding qualities. Experience the exhilaration of excess power and learn for yourself why the new Velie Six marks an epoch in motor car values.

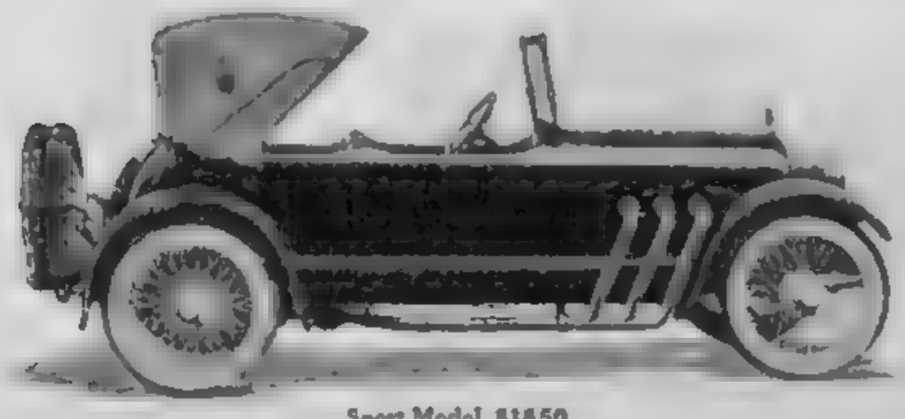


Four-Passenger Roadster, $1265



Four-Passenger Coupé, $1850

Three-Passenger Cabriolet, $1750



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Model 39—Seven-Passenger, $1595

Velie Motors Corporation, Moline, Ill.

THE WORLD AND THOMAS KELLY

(Continued from Page 25)

she accomplished that which a less worthy quality, however alluring, might have failed to achieve. Giving way utterly to fatigue, loneliness and spiritual dejection Tom threw himself on his knees before her and buried his face in her lap.

"Oh, Lulie!" he sobbed. "I'm so miserable!"

"You poor, poor boy!" she answered, stroking his hair. "What has upset you so? You seemed quite happy only last night."

He pressed close to her without answer. Just what her feelings toward this pompous, egotistical, yet somehow attractive boy were she could not have told. She liked him—probably because he liked her. He was a decent sort and she had lured him on instinctively, ready to play with him to the limit. He amused her. He thought he loved her. But if she unconsciously entertained any contempt for him, his childish abandonment and apparent helplessness momentarily brought out all that was good in her.

"I'm so sorry, Tom!" she murmured gently, caressing his temples with her hands. She had never before given any such sign of affection for him; had, indeed, hardly felt any. She had played the game on the basis of being the pursued—endeavoring to outwit her pursuer and keep him at arm's length. And now because he had come to her for consolation she had taken him in her arms—her better self paving the way for her worst self to follow. Thus angels sometimes unlock the door by which devils enter the fortress of the soul.

Soon he became calmer. The touch of Lulie's cool light fingers, the faint smell of hyacinths that permeated her tea gown, and its soft texture against his cheeks soothed and comforted him. He felt a new tenderness for her. Unconsciously his arm had sought her waist and now he drew her down toward him and lifted his head to hers.

"Lulie! You do love me, don't you?" he besought her. It was the same challenge that Pauline had put to him not an hour before. Instantly her old attitude reasserted itself. She was quite ready to be a little mother to Tom—to anyone really in distress—but there was something in his voice that frightened her. She realized that no banter would satisfy him. He had come for his answer, and no equivocation would suffice. She was not ready to give that answer, had never been ready to give it on the occasions when other men had called upon her for it, and her woman's instinct of self-preservation drove her instantly into retreat.

Drawing gently away from him she shook her finger reprovingly before his eyes.

"You mustn't behave this way!" she declared. "The servants might see you. Sh-h! I hear one of them coming."

Tom scrambled to his feet just as the butler returned.

"Dinner is served, madam," said he.

Tom offered Lulie his arm and led her to the dining room, where a small round table, gleaming with silver and just large enough for two, was laid before another of the soft-coal fires that she liked. He raised her hand as it lay upon his arm and kissed it in the hallway, behind the butler's back, and when he soberly took his place a moment later opposite her at the table it seemed to him as if he were acting a part. He wasn't a mere guest! He was something more. It was just as if he and she were married. If they were married he would be coming home every evening just like that and probably be saying, "Well, darling, what have you been up to to-day?"

However, he was very careful as to what he did say to her before the butler, and only allowed himself the preliminary liberty of pressing her foot gently beneath the table. While the oysters were being served he told her about his cruise with the Selbys, and between them they managed to keep the conversation going on a politely conventional basis so long as either of the menservants were in the room.

The stimulus of Lulie's presence and the relief of being once more in a sympathetic atmosphere had driven away his headache and he was even able to enjoy the delicious meal that her chef had prepared. He drank a glass or so of champagne, and his depression passed from him as a cloud shadow drifts across a summer landscape. He was almost happy—nervously so, but happy. He felt that in spite of her not having said so, Lulie must love him. Wingate had made a wrong diagnosis. He did not understand his wife. What he had said about the unfortunate limitations of her upbringing might have been true enough, but as to her sincerity he was entirely wrong. He was a jealous ass, that was all.

Tom emptied his champagne glass as fast as the butler replenished it, failing to observe that Lulie hardly touched hers. He had a feeling of possession regarding her—of almost proprietary right in her apartment. He belonged there. Had he not discarded Pauline and her fortune for Lulie? His act at that moment seemed to him almost noble. He had made a great sacrifice, had thrown away a career—all for a woman. As he gazed at her across the table through half-lowered lids he told himself that she was worth it. His glance lingered on her slender neck and white shoulders, the tiny lobe of her ear as it peeped from beneath the black, undulating masses of her rebellious hair. He had difficulty in restraining himself from getting up from the table and clasping her in his arms. Oh, well! He could wait until the butler should have left them for good. Lulie smiled with arch eyes at him, under lids raised significantly at the glass that he was lifting to his lips. He drained it with a laugh, however. To-night he would do as he liked.

He lit a cigarette when the salad was brought and gave himself over to the delicious contemplation of Lulie's features and such of her figure as was visible. What white little hands she had! And what a piquant little nose! The champagne was doing its work; so were the many weeks of idleness, high living and frivolity that he had spent in that circle which Parradym had called "the spindrift" of society—the spray blown by the winds of fortune from the crests of life's waves.

Lulie had passed through several similar experiences, not all of them pleasant. Her different victims had acted quite differently when she had refused to pay the price of their adoration and for that reason had deliberately broken the spell of her own enchantment. Some had meekly accepted their fate, others had become abusive—but all had taken the dénouement as the anticlimax of a game where anticlimaxes were within the code. But with Tom Lulie realized it was somehow different, and that realization terrified her, particularly as she saw his confidence growing under the influence of the champagne.

She was not ready to let him go—did not wish to break with him—but her emotions were not ripe for anything else as yet. Wingate had been very good to her, more than forbearing. She knew she had treated him abominably. Tom was nothing but a boy! It was really only his passion for her that attracted her to him. Its strength she did not doubt. She knew that at that moment she could have done with him as she liked. He would have jumped out of the window had she asked him to do so—and she could not bring herself to surrender the fascination of her power over him. She was ready neither to yield to him nor to dismiss him, and being unwilling to do either she recognized that momentarily, in spite of herself, Tom might become a factor in a situation that she could no longer control.

So instead of leaving the table at the end of dinner she ordered coffee and liqueurs in the dining room and lingered on, hoping to postpone until later what she now in terror recognized as the inevitable. When the moment arrived she did not know what she was going to do. If she could only delay it long enough, she told herself fatuously, something might happen.

Ten o'clock came. The butler had been sent away, and still Lulie dallied on at the table, its mahogany top a safe barrier against Tom's ardor. He had been leaning on his elbows devouring her with his eyes while she, like Scheherazade, talked against time.

Suddenly he got up.

"Why sit here?" he demanded suggestively. "Isn't there any better place?"

Her heart fluttered in spite of herself. What was she going to do with her young Turk now that he believed himself to be her master? Yet she had no logical excuse for sitting half the night at a dinner table from which the dishes had not yet been removed. So Lulie slowly rose.

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In all there are 15 conveniences never before combined in any cabinet!

Before you think of buying any cabinet inspect the incomparable Sellers "Special" at your dealer's store. Compare it for convenience, durability and beauty of design with any other cabinet. *Then note the low price.*

15 Star Features

Combined In No Other Cabinet

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"What a long time we have talked!" she exclaimed as if in surprise, though her wrist watch had kept her fully informed of the passing of the hours. "Why, it's after ten o'clock!"

She was on the point of finding an excuse for hinting that he should go home, but the absurdity of it was too apparent. No; Tom intended to bring things to a head, and if there was to be a scene it must not be in the open drawing-room.

"You haven't seen my little library," she said, and she led him to the other end of the corridor and threw open the door of a small room furnished entirely in rose. It was a boudoir rather than a library, though a small bookcase filled with de luxe volumes gave it a colorable claim to the latter designation. A thick carpet, a couple of upholstered chairs, a taboret holding a gold box of cigarettes, an ornately gilded mirror, several lamps shaded in rose, and a divan with hangings of the prevailing color made up its inventory. The reflection of the lamplight upon the draperies and carpet gave heightened color to Lulie's cheeks and made her seem as ravishing to Tom as a beautiful gypsy girl. It was the same effect as had been produced by the curtains in the hallway of the bachelor wing at Beausejour the first time he had held her in his arms. He recalled the scene vividly.

Lulie struck a match and lighted the tip of a cone of incense that stood before a little jade god on the top of the bookcase, and a thin blue column of vapor rose tremulously toward the ceiling. A bizarre, Oriental odor floated through the room. Lulie pushed the cigarettes toward Tom, lit one and threw herself at full length among the cushions of the divan. She felt curiously that Fate had taken the game out of her hands—that she was only a pawn. Her actions had become automatic.

Tom closed the door.

"Do you know when I last saw you look like that?" he inquired meaningly.

She shook her head and let the smoke of her cigarette pour slowly from her delicate nostrils.

"In the passage—that night—at Beausejour!"

She smiled and put one of her arms behind her head.

"You were very bad that night!"

"Not half so bad as I can be!" he informed her, sinking into a chair beside the divan. "Not half so bad as I'm going to be!"

"You mustn't talk that way!" she answered nervously. "You are going to behave yourself quite properly after this; in fact, I am going to scold you a little for the way you have been acting the last few days. It really must stop."

"Stop?" cried Tom. "Stop? Why, it's only begun!"

He rose and seated himself on the divan beside her. The last cordial he had taken had made him a little dizzy—or was it Lulie?- The moment had come. He would know where he stood. She would have to choose between him and Wingate. He assured himself that he would gladly sell his immortal soul for her.

"Lulie!" he whispered, leaning over her, "Lulie!" and tried to take her in his arms.

All real desire to resist had gone from her, but, temporizing still, she lifted the hand that held her cigarette above her head.

"Look out!" she cried, laughing. "You'll be burned."

"I'm burned to a crisp already!" he cried, dragging her to him and pressing his lips to her hair.

Steps sounded in the hall outside and there came a rap upon the door.

"Excuse me, madam," said the muffled voice of the butler, "but I have a telegram for Mr. Kelly."

Tom swiftly extricated himself.

"Curse Wertheim!" he cried, but he smoothed his hair and, opening the door, removed the yellow envelope from the salver in the man's hand.

"Excuse me!" he muttered, and ripped it open impatiently. At first he found difficulty in focusing his eyes and he stepped over to one of the lamps. It did not bear Wertheim's name—that was funny! Suddenly his vision cleared.

Your mother is dying Come home

BRIDGET MALONE

XXIX

AT FIRST Tom thought there must be some mistake, that the telegram could not have been meant for him. Who was Bridget Malone? The name was unfamiliar. And then, much as if some huge, icy wave had dealt him a terrific blow and hurled him along, gasping for air and staggering for a footing, the meaning of these six black words on this yellow sheet crashed down upon him, tearing at his brain with iron claws.

His mother was dying! The telegram was from Bridget, the cook. He had never known her last name. His mother was dying with only an ignorant Irish servant at her bedside, where he should have been. She might already have passed away—alone, neglected! He gave a half sob, half groan of anguish. Mother! He saw her little figure lying there in the walnut bed, the old knitted shawl across her body, her patient face gazing toward the Madonna upon the wall.

Again he groaned, hiccuping forth meaningless words of love and remorse. He no longer knew where he was. He did not see Lulie, or hear her voice asking him sharply what was the matter. He did not smell the incense or the cigarette smoke of that erotic atmosphere. Uttering great, shaking sobs he groped his way toward the door of the apartment. There was a train for Boston at eleven o'clock—he must catch it. He stumbled to the hallway, threw his overcoat over his arm and put on his shiny tall hat.

He had but fifteen minutes to catch the train. Slipping and half falling, he hurried down the stairs to the street. It was still raining. He had forgotten his overshoes and had on only his low-cut patent-leather pumps and orange silk stockings. There was no time to wait for a street car or to seek a cab. Sobbing and whimpering, he floundered forth and ran down the Avenue—a ridiculous and painful figure—at one instant splashing through a mud puddle, at the next clutching at a lamp-post to save himself from falling. Once—opposite the Cathedral—he did fall and his hat rolled into the gutter, but he fished it out and kept on with no thought but to catch the train. He began to sweat profusely, while the cold rain soaked through his shirt front and ran down his body. His legs were drenched to above his knees. His breath came only in painful gasps.

The policeman and ticket sellers gazed at him contemptuously as he rushed to the window to buy his ticket, thinking him a drunken collegian returning home after a debauch. It was fortunate that he had enough money. Then he drew on his overcoat and walked to the train, a garter dangling below his trousers leg and a gardenia drooping from his buttonhole.

The thought of sleep was anathema and he refused to allow the porter to make up his berth. He pulled his hat down over his forehead, thrust his feet into the corner of the opposite seat and stared fixedly at the windows as the train rattled through the night. Self-revelation had come to him. He saw himself as he was, and the sight filled him with loathing. Had it not been possible that his mother was still alive he would probably have thrown himself to his death between the wheels.

It was inconceivable that his mother should be really dying. She was rarely ill—an unusually vigorous woman for her age. He tried to comfort himself with the idea that the telegram might be an overstatement of the situation due to panic on the part of the cook. Probably his mother had had an attack of indigestion or something and, being alone in the house with her, Bridget had become hysterical. But she shouldn't have been there alone with her. He should have been there himself with his mother. It was unbelievable that such retribution should be visited upon him—that the last and greatest of a long life of effacements should occur without his having a chance to explain to her! He had not meant to neglect her—he had merely wished to take advantage of his opportunities, to make a career. Opportunities? For what? Making a beast of himself! A career? As a cheap bounder, a hanger-on of wealthy people, a "pet cat," a parasite!

Sitting there in the half darkness, he reviewed the various sordid episodes of the past six months—his low intrigue with Lulie, his mercenary affair with the Selbys, his humiliating connection with Mrs. Jones, the whole disgusting performance at Newport, where he had posed as a sophisticated man of the world, and his dallying with debauchery during the last few weeks, while his mother had been gradually becoming more and more feeble, until now she was dying. He was rotten all through. A heartless, cold-blooded sycophant! And now he

(Continued on Page 105)

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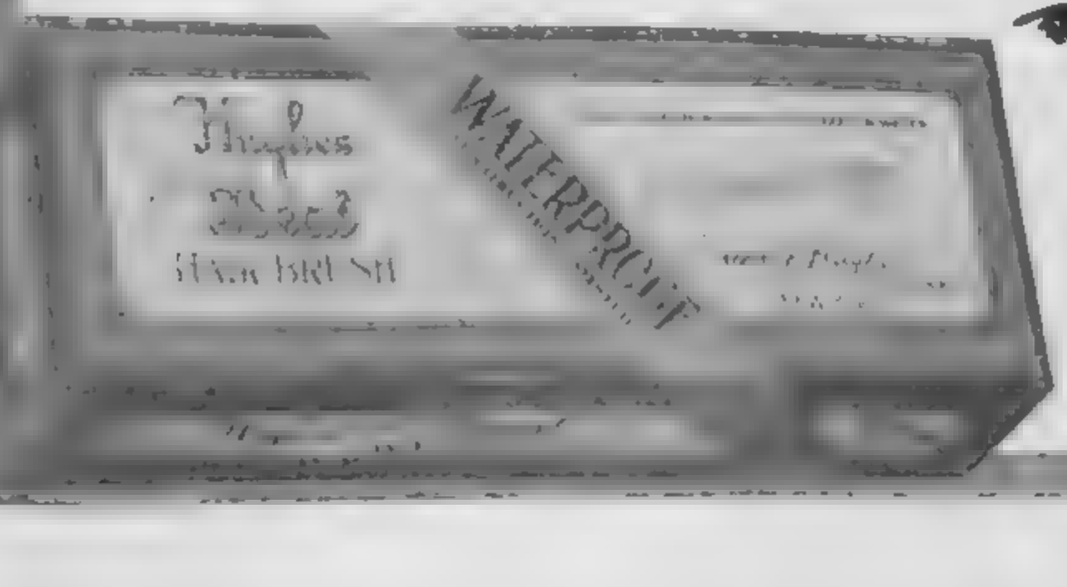

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HOW we hate to throw anything away!

Hardly a home in this country but has a storeroom cluttered with unusable junk. Hardly a factory but has some machines that have outlived their usefulness.

Many factory experts now figure the life of a machine in the value of the parts that it turns out. This establishes a period of usefulness based upon the lowest operation cost of which the machine is capable.

After that period is over—it is cheaper to throw it away and get a new machine than to constantly repair and readjust and rebuild the old.

But how the average manufacturer hates to do it!

* * * *

If money is lost on a machine that has passed its period of greatest economy, how much more can you lose on a belt that never had such a period?

There are many manufacturing plants which are identical in every apparent way, yet between them there is the greatest difference in the *quantity of output and the cost of producing it* over a given period.

The difference lies altogether in the production and transmission of power.

There is a sight more to belting than the material that is in it. It takes judgment and experience to place the right belt in the right place.

Nobody has ever been able to *standardize* "gray matter" and sell it through dealers.

* * * *

There was a time, over thirty years ago, when any material which could turn a wheel was good enough for a belt.

Waste power was nothing because every manufacturer was on the same level.

About this time the first Leviathan came upon the market—the first scientifically designed belt, taking into account the relation between load, speed, size of pulleys and working conditions.

Anaconda came later, to meet conditions which Leviathan was not built to meet!

Of over a million Leviathan-Anaconda belts of all types and sizes sold, not one has ever been placed except to transmit power or convey material at a lower cost. In order to do this it has been necessary to have expert judgment in every individual case.

Leviathan-Anaconda belts are always sold on a Service basis. They are sold direct to the user because the knowledge that is behind them cannot be transmitted to a third party. The "clever" salesman does not make a good Leviathan-Anaconda representative. The business of our representative is to make the right application of an invaluable power-saving device. He is not a peddler of belting-by-the-foot. He is already virtually on the production staff of over eight thousand plants, where he is helping in the attainment of true belt and power economy because he is applying his great fund of varied experience to each particular case.

He will not place a Leviathan or an Anaconda on every belt position he is consulted about. But where he does place either Leviathan or Anaconda, it is far and away the best and most efficient belt which could be used for the service. And because our men can belt more positions efficiently with Leviathan-Anaconda than with any other single make of belt, they are representing Leviathan-Anaconda rather than other belts.

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Leviathan-Anaconda belts themselves are totally unlike any other belts in the world—various-ply, of solid fabric, so impregnated with a special composition, treated, stretched and aged as to form a pliable belting material well-nigh indestructible.

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"How the belt-man saved the business" is the title of a true story which illustrates, better than anything we can say, just what our representatives bring to a factory problem. It is worth reading by any man who is even remotely connected with a factory organization. We shall be glad to send you a copy at your request.

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LEVIATHAN and ANACONDA BELTING — ELEVATING TRANSMITTING CONVEYING

(Continued from Page 102)

was being punished for it. His mother was being taken from him without his having even an opportunity to beg her forgiveness. He raised his hands involuntarily in the dim light, crying out his repentance to God:

"Forgiveme! Forgiveme! Forgiveme!"

The colored porter, peering from the vestibule of the car, wondered at the strange sight of a disheveled youth in a dress suit and tall hat gesticulating and uttering unintelligible sounds.

"Oh, mother! Mother! Forgive me!" the boy, in fact, kept repeating. "Oh, God! Forgive me!"

At last, exhausted, his head against the corner of the seat, he slept. But his sleep was broken and fitful, until in the early dawn he fell into a profound slumber, in which he dreamed that it was morning and that the train had reached Boston.

He hurried to the platform, hired a cab and drove to the house on Newbury Street. The sidewalks were deserted and the curtains were still down in all the windows of the neighboring houses. Sick with fear he looked for the knob of the bell to see if there was a crape upon it. There was none, but the bell plate was iridescent from neglect, and the name Kelly almost black. He paid the driver, a somnolent nighthawk, and crossed the uneven red brick of the sidewalk. Well, at least he was in time. His mother was still alive! Perhaps, after all, it was as he had hoped—merely a case of panic. His sense of relief was unutterable.

He sprang up the stone steps and almost joyfully entered the tiny vestibule, the door of which was ajar. And then his hand touched something soft but rough, and he drew back with a stifled cry, for on the knob of the door hung a long, black, flaunting horror—the barbaric flag of death.

He awoke with a shriek and found himself cowering between the seats of the sleeping car, with the New England autumn landscape sweeping smoothly by, bathed in sunlight beneath a sky blue and peaceful as that of midsummer.

"Thank God!" he muttered. "Thank God!"

There was a stirring all along the berths as the occupants prepared to make their exits. Collarless men, clasping bundles of heterogeneous clothing to their bosoms, pushed their way along the aisle. The porter came by with an expectant brush, saying "Boston in twenty minutes!" The train passed Blue Hill, and Tom recognized the observatory; then it entered the nearer suburbs and presently was crossing the streets of the West End. He had turned his back upon the occupants of the car, realizing the spectacle that he presented, but he did not care. His only thought was to escape from the train as soon as possible. He must get home. Would he be in time or would his dream prove to be true? Dreams went by contraries, he told himself. But there was nothing upon which he could pin the hope that his mother was still alive except the vague impression that people didn't die quickly like that. It took quite a long time; even if you were going to die—and, so far, there was no reason to suppose his mother actually was going to die.

"Boston! Boston!"

Stiff and lame, Tom turned up his coat collar and left the car, followed by many amused and significant glances. Among the line of waiting cabbies one seemed familiar to him, and nodding to the man he followed him to his blowsy hack and clambered inside. It was stuffy with a combination of stale beer and damp rug. The man's head appeared in the window as he inquired the address, and in that instant Tom recognized him as the cabby of his dream—the somnolent nighthawk—there was no doubt of it. It was the same ramshackle cab, the same moth-eaten rug. An uncanny fear crept up his spine. Had he experienced what he had heard Aunt Eliza call a warning? Had he lived over in his dream what he now was to experience in fact? Such things were of record. Was his mother already dead, then? They were rattling over the cobblestones without making much headway—the action of the cab horse appearing to be vertical rather than horizontal—and Tom opened the door and urged the man to go faster. He felt that he must get out and run. They reached Boylston Street and then the Public Gardens. He was almost there now. In his dream Newbury Street had been deserted, the curtains down. He scanned the windows apprehensively. Yes, it was so—just like the dream. His heart sank!

Tom stepped to the sidewalk and paid the man without looking round. The cab was half a block away before he dared raise his eyes to the front door. It was ajar, but the stained bell plate and the name Kelly were as he had dreamed them. He climbed up the steps with trembling knees and paused, unable to bring himself to look inside the vestibule. Inch by inch his glance stole along the door until it reached the handle. There was no crape there. His mother was alive!

The reaction was intense. But in the midst of his relief came the sickening thought that Fate might be fooling him just as it had fooled him in the dream. The dream had been all true so far—why not that too? Suspiciously he searched out every nook and cranny of the vestibule. No; there was no crape anywhere. Thus he stood, shivering alternately with relief and fear, on his own doorstep, like a dissolute stranger after a prolonged debauch, with stained and disordered clothes, his hair hanging in strands across his forehead, his face gaunt, his eyes hollow and bloodshot—ignorant whether his mother was alive or dead, and doubtful whether or not to ring the bell. And as he hesitated the knob rattled and Bridget Malone opened the door.

She was dressed in a manner different from her usual one; her hair was done in a strange way; and he instantly realized that her costume and get-up were in recognition of some new condition of affairs demanding greater formality. His fears returned. Bridget had not spoken to him, but her face wore a look of helpless sorrow. Tom tried to speak, but only gave vent to a sort of cluck. Then he stammered in a thick tone:

"Is she—is she ——" He could not finish.

Bridget shook her head.

"Your mither is still alive," she answered stiffly. Then she gave a sob and cried out brokenly:

"Oh, Tom! Tom! Don't go to her like that wid the marks of yer sin upon ye! Don't go to her in yer shame! Put on some of the ould clothes in the closet and go to her as she knew ye—her own!"

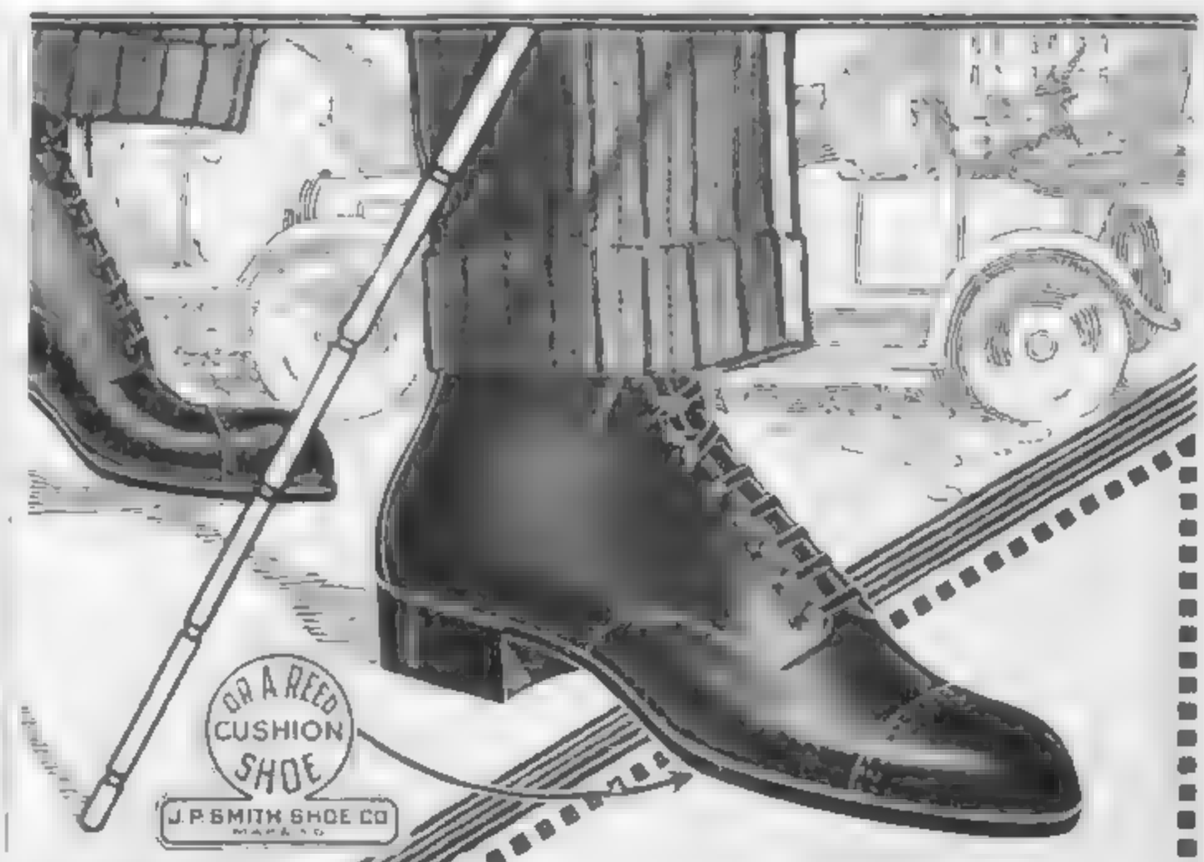
Thus for the first time did Tom know the full depths of his degradation.

With swimming eyes he tiptoed up the stairs to the little back room that had been his from the time he was old enough to sleep alone until he had gone to college. He had always thought of it as ample and comfortable. It had always had the same straw carpet upon the floor, the same white iron bed with the wooden slats, the same pine washstand stained with intersecting rings left there by a couple of generations of tooth mugs. There were no curtains and no pictures upon the walls, but it was clean. From a single window he could see the familiar chimney pots of the houses on Commonwealth Avenue that he had watched from his bed every morning for nearly twenty years.

It was all exactly the same, but now it seemed as small as a prison cell. Yet it had a quality of actuality, seemed bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. To touch the iron bed was like touching his own foot. It was the nearest feeling he would ever have of belonging to the soil. Here he belonged. These thoughts flashed in a single impression across his mind as he entered and began to rummage in the closet for a change of clothes. There was nothing there except the old high-water trousers and the jacket with the abbreviated sleeves that he had worn during his freshman year at college, but, like the room, they seemed to be part of himself, and he dragged them forth, tore off his dress suit and put them on.

If he could only discard his recent past as easily as he could cast off these trappings of his humiliation! If only by stepping out of these new clothes and donning the old he could rehabilitate his character! He could not shed the skin of degradation, yet this changing of his outer garments was the preliminary to a baptism of sorrow. He was ready now to go to his mother, leaving his shoes at the door of the temple. Backed by grief and bowed by self-abasement he, nevertheless, as a consequence of this simple act, which had somehow taken on a symbolic character, felt himself less contaminated, less defiled.

As he descended the stairs he ran his left hand tenderly along the cheap pine balustrade. There on the painted wall beside him were the finger prints his tiny hands had made as a child, too numerous to be eradicated. How many times he had seen his mother come out of the door below, at the foot of that flight of stairs, and heard



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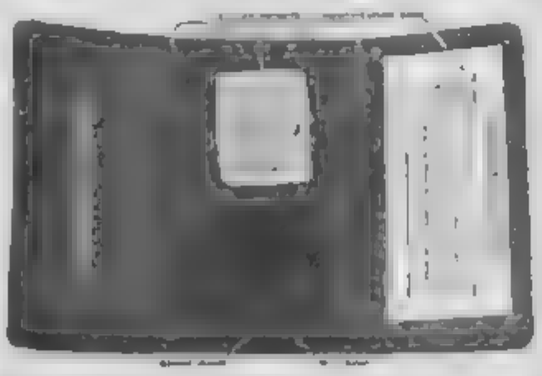

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her call up to him "Tom, are you coming down to see mother?" He choked and the tears blinded him. He was going down to see mother probably for the last time. "O God!" he moaned aloud; "O God! Don't let mother die!"

The door of her room was closed, and a new fear seized him. Perhaps—— But he thrust his misgivings aside and turned the knob. He had expected to see—what sometimes he had seen before—his mother propped up in bed, surrounded by bottles and basins, looking desperately ill, and giving evidences of much physical suffering. Usually on these rare occasions there were one or two old women, rocking disconsolately in corners or officiously rendering doubtful services—Aunt Eliza or some of the cousins. The room had always been overheated, and had smelled of alcohol, gruel and medicines.

Now for a moment he thought that he must be in the wrong room. It was bright with sunlight and seemed almost empty. The air was cool and fresh. All the knick-knacks and useless furniture had been removed. No cardboard remembrances dangled from the gas jets. Somehow it frightened him to see the room so neat and bare—as if its contents had been or were about to be put away forever.

A trained nurse in a stiffly starched dress rose from beside the bed and came toward him. She gave an almost imperceptible nod, seeming to expect him.

"I will leave you with her," she said simply, and went out.

At first Tom did not recognize his mother. Could that be she—that fragile figure among the pillows—that wisp of thistledown? Was that small, shrunken, brown face hers? Were those wrinkled cheeks the ones he had kissed as a little child? He took a step nearer. She was upon her back, her thin gray hair lying about her face, her eyes fixed upon some point above his head. Her breath came irregularly. He could hardly see any movement of the coverlid. He sank beside the bed, sought and found her hand amid the sheets.

"Mother!" he whispered. And all the repressed love of twenty years surged into his heart. "Mother! I'm here! Tom!"

The delicate hand tightened upon his, but there came no change upon her face. She was looking at something across the room upon the wall, and her glance never wavered. He wondered that her eyelids did not flicker.

"It's me—Tom!" he repeated, throttling his grief. "Your—boy!"

He watched her face hungrily for some sign of recognition. What was she looking at with such patient intentness? Did she want something? No; her expression was too full of peace. His eyes followed hers—toward the same riffles of sunlight upon the ceiling that he had peered at as a child, dancing and melting into one another, to where, below, hung the picture of the Madonna holding the Child in her arms, her great eyes, full of a sad and tender mystery, gazing down upon them. Over the door the red worsted motto enjoined him as of old to look and be saved. He looked back again to his mother's face. She was staring at the Madonna as if waiting for her to do something—step down out of the frame perhaps, or to speak. Then presently, as if she had seen what she expected to see, a little smile gathered round her lips and she closed her eyes with a tiny sigh of contentment.

As if at an altar rail, Tom continued to kneel and hold his mother's hand. He was numb with sorrow, overwhelmed and dumb in the presence of approaching death, which had already drawn a curtain between his mother and himself. He had come too late! Retribution had fallen upon him.

He could never repay the debt he owed her. She had given her life for him. Sleeping and waking, for twenty years he had been her only thought, her only care. She had saved and slaved for him. And what had he done for her in return? He had been ashamed of her. The brutal truth stared him in the face. He had thought of her as old-fashioned, fussy, ill-educated—vulgar almost. He bit his lips and his eyes burned with hot tears.

Could she ever have been young and pretty? He had thought her so, as a child. He remembered how firm and smooth and cool her face had been when she had come up to kiss him good night in the old days. Once she had been twenty, like himself—full of strange stirrings and romantic dreams! He winced as he recalled the girlish pieces she had played to him upon their jangling old upright piano. And somewhere in a dusty corner was a harp! She had told him of parties and sleigh rides that she had participated in as a young lady. Then she had fallen in love with his father, and had borne him in anguish to be her idol, her joy—the realization of all her hopes and yearnings. Her universe had centered about him. And now she was dying!

The little body beside him stirred uneasily, and a flicker of discomfort passed over her face. Was she suffering? Should he call the nurse? Unutterable anguish possessed him. Still holding her hand, he rose upon one knee and leaned over the bed. Something was troubling her. Her lips moved noiselessly. Was she calling him? Was she at last conscious of his presence? He prayed fervently that she was. The sunlight dimmed for a moment, then blazed forth again. At the same instant Tom experienced a sensation of there being someone else besides his mother in the room—the nurse perhaps. He looked over his shoulder, but there was no one there. The nurse had not come back. His mother was twisting now from side to side, restlessly, impatiently, but not as if in pain. It was rather as if she wished to speak to someone but could not make herself heard. Once she lifted her head and turned it directly sideways. "Mother!" moaned Tom. "Dear mother!"

But she gave no sign of having heard him. Presently she fell back into her former position with an expression of trust and confidence on her face like that of a happy child.

"Mother!" she murmured gently, as if speaking to someone beside the bed.

She lay still after that for a long time, contented. Tom kneeled again. She had not released his hand, but he knew that it was not of him that she dreamed. She had done her duty by him, had given him her love, and now that she was going home it was her own dear mother of whom she thought, whose hand would lead her safely through the shadows.

"Mother!" she sighed again.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and lifted her head toward the Madonna, staring at her expectantly for a second or two. And then her head fell back upon the pillow and she died.

Tom was roused by the touch of the nurse's hand upon his shoulder.

"I must ask you to go away for a few minutes," she said.

He rose stupidly. A hurdy-gurdy had begun playing the Irish Washerwoman halfway down the block. With a last look at his mother's face he turned to the door. It was over! He had parted from her forever in this world. He was alone. Automatically he felt his way downstairs to the kitchen. Bridget was sitting rigidly by the mixing table in her best clothes. He noticed the tin matchbox painted blue hanging from its nail by the clock—the matchbox in which Bridget had kept the crumbs to make him wise! Wise indeed! She rose at his step and waited.

"It's—all over!" he whimpered, and threw himself down at the table, his head on his outstretched arms, sobbing.

"I killed her!" he groaned harshly. "I killed her!"

The old cook laid her hand on his head.

"No, Tom!" she replied. "Ye did not kill yer mither! Do not accuse yourself of that. Ye neglected her, 'tis thrue enough, but ye did not kill her. She would not like ye to say that! 'Tis women's lot in this world to give and suffer and bear childer. 'Tis their pain and their joy as well. Ye cannot pay yer debt to yer mither, Tom, save to yer own childer, just as mayhap she paid her debt to her own mither with her love to you. There's not one of us, Tom, that doesn't owe everything he is to all them other mithers that has gone before us."

He raised his head to her, the tears streaming down his face.

"You're all the mother I've got left, Bridget!" he said.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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The remarkable enthusiasm aroused by this car would have produced an oversold condition even under normal circumstances. Now this is particularly true in view of the extremely abnormal conditions which have arisen **since the original production plans on this model were made.**

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Considering the unusual demand for this car, we deem it but fair to be absolutely frank and say that it is advisable **for you who wish to receive one of the early allotments of these cars to call and inspect it as soon as possible—** making reservation for delivery as soon as it can be made to you. Orders naturally will be filled strictly in the order received.

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FIRST AID TO M'SIEU HICKS

(Continued from Page 12)

But his buoyancy of spirits landed him in a very delicate situation, m'sieu. How it happened, or what was in his mind, I am not in a position to state. Nor do I care to delve too deeply into the affairs of my best friend. No; I will accept his explanation, even though I cannot find it in my heart to believe the same.

Whatever purpose actuated him, the facts are that my unlucky partner, espying the dim outline of a lady leaning against the rail one night, softly approached and proceeded to give her a discreet yet ardent hug. Next moment he was sent reeling back by a blow on the ear that nearly felled him, and a shrill voice cried:

"You will, will you? Take that! And that!"

Dreadful as it sounds, my friend, M'sieu Hicks had hugged his own wife. Yes; doubtless the dark confused him.

"Aw, shucks, Patsy! I knowed it was you all the time!" he insisted. "Can't you take a joke?"

But madame would not believe him. She pointed out that plenty of other opportunities to embrace her presented themselves daily, and he never seized them. I could not but acquiesce in her logic.

Eh bien, we entered the danger zone, and a considerable number of passengers took to sleeping on deck in their chairs, fully clothed and with their life belts beside them. That is not a position calculated to woo slumber, and I found myself wide-awake, gazing into the misty dark.

The young gentlemen belonging to the ambulance units formed a voluntary guard to patrol the ship and took turns in walking the decks. Their duty was to keep a lookout for anything unusual and report it at once; also to preserve order and assist the passengers in case of disaster.

"Henree," whispered M'sieu Hicks, coming to my side as I leaned on the rail watching the green points of phosphoric fire amid the creamy water churned up by the ship's progress—"Henree, wouldn't it be great if we was to run over a submarine in the dark and smash it all to blazes? And me and you could stick our heads over the side here and yell 'Yah! Yah!' as they went swimmin' by."

Savage as the conceit was, I found it sufficiently diverting, and dwelt, not without satisfaction, on the mental picture of such a happening. For the undersea murderers are beyond pity, m'sieu. They deserve whatever awful fate may overtake them—the same fate they strive to mete out to the helpless by stealth.

We had gun practice next afternoon. Two barrels were dropped over the side; the good ship swept round in a wide semicircle; and then the gun at the stern opened up. At the third discharge it blew the target out of the water. The bow gun found its mark at the second shot. Two hits out of five! The passengers cheered and we resumed our course.

All on board were agreed that the last night would be the most ticklish, for we should then be close to the coast of Spain, where the undersea sharks lurk in hidden lairs. Therefore, practically everybody carried up life belts and rugs to the deck, prepared to sleep in their chairs.

The night settled down black and forbidding, with a fine mist driving from the southeast. I looked over the side at the dark oily swell and shuddered. What possibilities of disaster lurked in those long hurrying waves for small boats launched in a fever of haste and crammed to the rail with panic-stricken women and children! It always takes personal danger or personal loss, m'sieu, to bring home to an individual the full horror of war. I appreciated fully, for the first time, the utter and inexpiable brutality of such crimes against the helpless.

Eh bien, the night wore away; but I could not sleep. The ambulance men patrolled their strips of deck and M'sieu Roope made the rounds at regular intervals to inspect them.

"Guard Number Three!" he would call; and Number Three would respond.

"Repeat your instructions." And there, in the dark, the guard went over what he had been told to do.

"Very good," said M'sieu Roope, and passed on to the next; he did this, my friend, during two nights without rest or sleep.

About midnight I rose and went inside for a smoke, for they would not permit any sort of light on deck. It is true that somebody occasionally struck a match or switched on a flash light in order to find something which had been dropped. But these selfish persons were sternly rebuked.

"Put out that light!" ordered M'sieu Roope as a flash light was turned on.

Evidently his peremptory tone nettled the lady addressed, because she showed resentment.

"I don't intend to be spoken to like that," she retorted. "I merely wanted to find my pillow. I am Mrs. Van Struthers, of New York!"

"It doesn't make any difference to me, madame, if you're the Czarina of Russia," replied M'sieu Roope. "You can't endanger the lives of five hundred passengers because you want your pillow. If you can't keep that light out I'll relieve you of it."

Was not his conduct admirable, my friend? Such is the selfishness of pampered persons who have never been obliged to submit to discipline that for the sake of petty personal comfort they will not hesitate to jeopardize the safety of their fellowmen. Rules are made for others—not for them! Pardon my heat; but I cannot speak of such hoggishness without emotion. They are veritable pigs.

Shortly after midnight I went inside to smoke a cigarette and there fell into conversation with a naval officer.

"I think we're all right to-night," he confided to me in a low voice, so that others standing round might not hear. "The dangerous hour will be at daybreak, just before it becomes light. That's their favorite time. The captain thinks he sighted a submarine just before dark. It's following us. And the Eiffel Tower has sent warning that there's another between us and port. We got the message ten minutes ago. But we may be able to shake them."

M'sieu, I did not waste a moment. No; if a submarine were trailing us in the hope of a favorable opportunity to launch a torpedo, and another were in front, lurking below the surface for the same purpose, I did not care to be inside. When the explosion should come I wanted to be out on deck, with a clear track to the lifeboats, in order that I might arrive in ample time to assist the women and children over the side.

I groped my way back to our deck chairs and informed Madame Patsy of the news. It did not seem fair to my friends to leave them in ignorance.

"Joe," she exclaimed, shaking him by the shoulder, "wake up and hear the glad tidings. There's a chance of our being torpedoed!"

"Sure!" he returned sleepily. "Leave me be till we are."

"Ain't that just like him?" cried madame. "Joe, you open your eyes and listen. If we're sunk I'm going to tie your life belt so tight that, no matter what dame comes along yelling for help, you won't be able to take it off and give it to her. Get me? I don't aim to lose a husband because another woman happens to forget her belt—not even if he is a no-account!"

Her remark filled me with misgivings.

"Do you think that possibly some of these ladies have neglected to bring up their life belts, madame?" I inquired.

"About half of 'em. They're too lazy, or they figure on being able to run down for 'em after we're hit. Can you beat it? Of course the men who've brought theirs would have to give 'em up."

Here was a pretty situation! All my foresight might go for nothing because a selfish woman left too much to chance. The thought was maddening. I, Henri Giraud, the father of two adorable boys, might be forced to sacrifice my life in order to save a pleading woman whose predicament resulted from carelessness! It was so, m'sieu; for no man could refuse a woman's plea with hundreds there to see him.

"Will you tie mine, too, madame?" I asked.

"You bet I will! That's the last thing I promised Jane before we sailed."

Eh bien, we settled down, and my intrepid partner was soon snoring with a gentle regular expulsion of breath. As for me, sleep did not come so readily. But somewhere in the early morning hours I dozed.

What woke me I cannot say. It was no sound, but rather a premonition of danger. I started up from my chair and stared over the side. The first gray light of dawn was stealing over the sea. And there, not two

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hundred yards off our larboard side, was a black object, protruding from the water A swell caught it and it dipped; but I had seen enough. There was not a second to lose

"A periscope!" I shouted at the top of my lungs. "A submarine, my friends! To the boats for your lives!"

The wild cry brought them from slumber on the jump. Coming at that unearthly hour, they were doubly startled and could not gather their wits.

"Where? What? Where is it? Where's my life belt? Which boat is ours? Mary! Paulette! You hang on to my hand, child, and don't you dare to let go!"

Pandemonium broke loose. Everybody men, women and children—made a rush for the boats. Officers stood beside each with drawn revolvers to prevent panic and trampling. There was screaming; men shouted; women wept and clawed a way to their locations. A swarm of steerage passengers went running by to the stern in order to gain their rafts; but there was no disorder among them. They did not knock down or trample those in front.

And, m'sieu—I say it with pride—there was no question of equal rights in that supreme moment. No; thank God! We still accorded to the other sex the privilege that has been theirs since the dawn of civilization. The men stepped back and let the women go first. They helped them with the life belts, cheerfully surrendering their own. No exception was made in the case of the suffragettes.

In the midst of it the inebriated gentleman came running up from below. And even he was consistent, my friend; he had told us that women were always his first thought, and he proved it Yes; he had on a kimono and a boudoir cap.

Close behind him was the earl, hastily attired in a bathrobe.

"Who's got a life belt?" he shouted at each person he met. "Somebody has stolen mine! Somebody has stolen mine! Give me that one you have there, sir!"

He happened to address M'sieu Hicks, who was waiting, with an extra belt in his hands, in order to equip a woman. My partner stared and raised his eyebrows.

"Aw, really!" he murmured.

The confusion was horrible. Despite the best efforts of the guards and the cooler-headed, there was much pushing and a babel of noise because the majority could not find their proper boats. Everybody talked at once. Fashionable ladies were yelling louder than their maids, and all had reverted to American speech.

Ma foi, yes; even in our desperate straits I remarked that. Gone were the carefully acquired English accents. Madame Van Struthers was screaming against some persons who blocked her path in precisely the tones her grandmother had employed in disputes with her neighbor over the back-yard fence on washday.

But Madame Patsy, my friend, was as cool as a cucumber.

"You stick where I can see you, Joe," she admonished; and the look in her eyes was that of the tigress in defense of its young. "And, Henree, you go help that poor woman who can't get on her belt."

When I returned to her Madame Patsy was nearly frantic.

"Joe!" she kept crying. "Where's Joe? He's gone somewhere. Oh, Henree, please find him! If anything happens to that li'l' runt I'd —— Quick! Run and find him!"

There was no denying her. It imperiled my own safety, it is true; but he was my friend and she was his wife—so what would you? Off I started through the surging press in search of M'sieu Hicks. Happening to glance round, I beheld madame at my elbow.

"I don't care!" she panted. "If he ain't saved I don't want to be, either"

My eyes filled. Was not her devotion magnificent? Yet she was always upbraiding him. Women are strange creatures, m'sieu—they devil most those they love best

We were thus making our way toward the stern when a sudden shout arose. Then a loud, authoritative voice called for order. Something in the tones brought the crowd up short. There fell a tense hush.

"What does this mean? Stop yelling! There is no submarine and we haven't been torpedoed. Go back to your places!"

Immediately they obeyed. Order was restored in a trice. But madame kept urging me forward; and so we arrived at the rail that divides the first-cabin deck from the second. At the same moment the sun broke. All objects were clearly—even startlingly—revealed

There, sitting tranquilly on a raft in the stern, was M'sieu Joe. Beside him sat Madame Roberts, the red-headed hussy whom Madame Patsy so cordially hated. She seemed to be leaning against my partner's shoulder and was engaged in feeding him a sandwich!

M'sieu, I shall not attempt to explain or excuse his conduct. How he happened to be in that position I cannot say. I have heard his explanation—that the crowd carried him along; and he sought a raft, according to orders, where he found Madame Roberts. Yes; I have heard this explanation. But it is too thin. Suffice that he was there, and in the attitude I have described.

"So!" said Madame Hicks, breathing gustfully through her nose.

Before she could say more, an officer in a naval uniform came up to us and saluted.

"Are you the gentleman who gave the alarm?" he inquired.

Aha! My hour had come! He was about to congratulate me for my vigilance and presence of mind! As the thought of the honor about to be accorded in the sight of all my fellow passengers flashed across my mind, I experienced a strange, stern elation. They should see how nobly I could comport myself.

"I am!" I said proudly, drawing myself up to my full height.

"Then you are to go below and remain there, Mr. Giraud. The captain's orders are that you consider yourself under restraint and keep to your own cabin until we make port, to avoid all possibility of a repetition of this scene. What you saw was not a periscope, but a porpoise"

Such, my friend, was the disconcerting dénouement of this affair But, though my humiliation was intense, I did not suffer half so much as did M'sieu Joe Hicks. No; I have incurred only the ire of the captain and everybody on board, whereas he had mortally angered his wife.

I heard them quarreling in their stateroom across the corridor later that morning:

"But she was leaning against your shoulder and feeding you a ham sandwich!"

"Aw, shucks, Patsy!" said M'sieu Hicks. "Don't take on like that! She was only givin' me first aid!"

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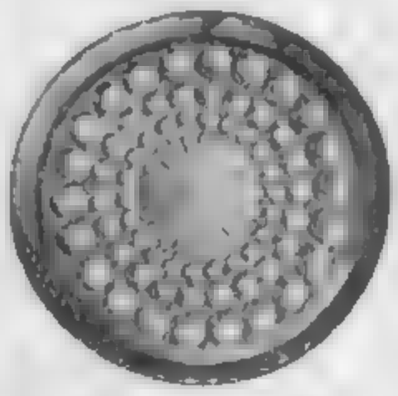

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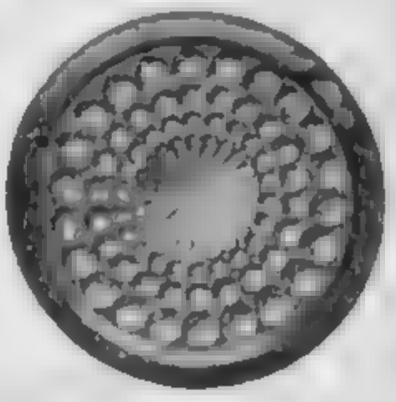

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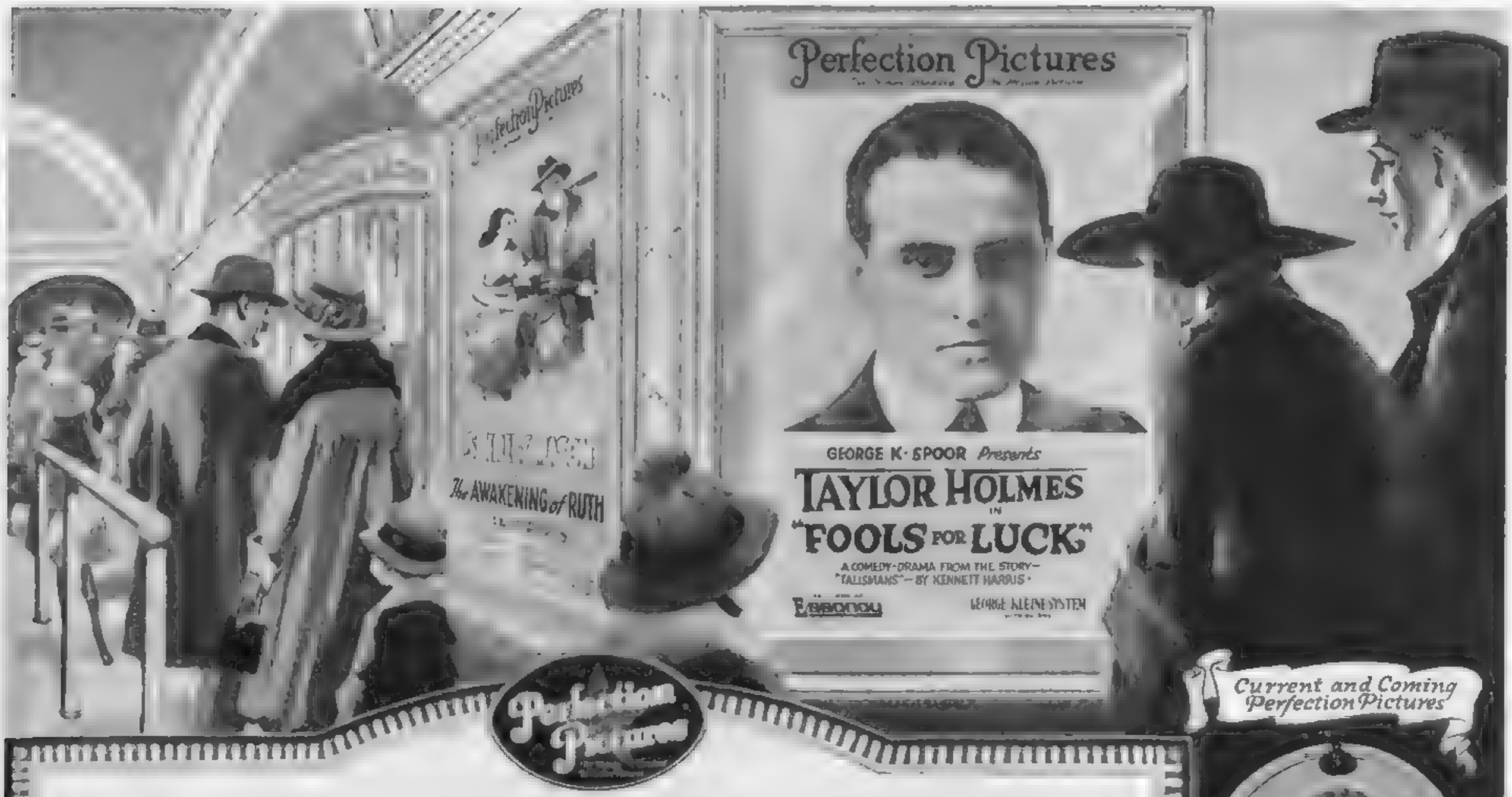

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YOUR OTHER SELF

(Continued from Page 4)

Lindsey listened perfunctorily to the court officers, to the parents, to the repentant boy. He watched the real author of the theft—the boy who had certainly led the other astray—with a queer, inscrutable, deep-eyed attention. At the end of what seemed to me an unduly patient hearing he sentenced the repentant boy to the reform school; and, turning to the incorrigible one, he said in an unexpectedly kind tone: "Tom, I'll put you on probation. Report to me, in my chambers here, to-morrow afternoon."

I thought I had never seen anything more unjust. I could imagine no intelligent reason why the contrite boy should be implacably punished and the defiant criminal as good as set free. To any reasoning mind it meant that Lindsey had abandoned the Christian ethic—since he did not accept repentance as available to salvation; that he was not administering justice as the retributive punishment of guilt, or extending mercy to the weakness that was not responsible for its own offense. And, of course, I knew that Judge Lindsey was not un-Christian, unmerciful or unjust.

I went to him when court was adjourned and asked him to explain his decision. His explanation was simple enough. "Why," he said, "that boy who was crying is a weak kid. I sent him to the reform school because they'll do something for him there—teach him a trade and get some backbone into him. The other boy's all right. I'll have no trouble with him! Didn't you hear the way he talked back to me? He has something you can get hold of. I'll have him straightened up in no time."

A Daniel Come to Judgment

Simple enough—yes; but intelligently formulated into a rule it meant exactly what I had been unable to believe it did mean. It meant that Judge Lindsey had abandoned the Christian ethic, the orthodox conception of justice and the poetic ideal of mercy. He had done that unconsciously by the mere operation of instinctive sympathy, without being aware of it. I found that this was true of his whole revolutionary doctrine of the administration of the law in children's cases. It was not conscious intelligence that was operating. It was something else. What was it?

Well, consider this: A boy had apparently stolen a watch. He denied it. He denied it to his parents, to the officer who arrested him, to the superintendent of the detention home where he was taken overnight, and to the matron who questioned him there. When he was brought to court in the morning he stood watching the judge while the circumstances of the charge were recited. On the evidence he was clearly guilty; but it is Lindsey's habit always to obtain the child's admission of guilt as a preliminary to his decision; and he asked everyone except the boy: "Does he admit it?"

They had to confess that he did not; that no persuasion and no kindness had affected his insistent protestations of innocence. Finally Lindsey turned to the boy, who had been standing near him, watching him with an intentness of which Lindsey had seemed entirely unaware. "Well, Robert," he said cheerfully, "did you take the watch?" And the boy answered as cheerfully "Yes."

This was so unexpected, after the testimony, that the courtroom laughed. Lindsey asked, amused: "Why wouldn't you say so before?" And the boy, still regarding him with his air of interested confidence, replied: "I guess I didn't like their faces."

Such incidents are taken by the judge's political enemies as the ground for their charge that he hypnotizes children. He does nothing of the kind. The whole thing is simply a miracle of sympathy. If you watch Lindsey closely when he looks at a boy in his court you will find that he has the expression of a boy looking at a boy. It may be a solemn and interested expression; it may be smiling; it may be hurt; but it will never be condescending, superior, paternal, hypocritical, or anything but the expression of an unconscious and friendly equal.

The impulse of this sympathy started Lindsey on his life work of saving children. As he proceeded he formulated the changes in law and court procedure that were necessary to achieve his aim; but—as I saw him—his intelligence operated on the facts only after his instinct had divined them and his sympathy had completely expressed them in his practice.

A boy was brought before him charged with throwing a stone at a little girl and hitting her on the ankle. There were witnesses to testify to the assault. The boy had nothing to say in his defense. The girl simply told her story of the incident and said nothing more. The judge kept making them repeat and repeat their accounts of what had happened, absent-mindedly playing with a penknife in his hands, as if he had something on his mind that distracted him, and obviously not attending to what they were saying.

It seemed to me an absurd waste of time. There was no question of what had happened and no excuse for it. He asked the boy's mother a question and did not appear to listen to her answer. The little girl's mother contradicted the mother of the boy; she retorted sharply, and in a moment the two women were disgracefully quarreling, while the judge sat, deep in reverie, quite oblivious to the scene. It seemed to me an incredible indignity to be permitted.

Suddenly Lindsey put his hand down flat on the table. "If either of these children are brought before me again on any such charge," he said, "I'll fine you two women twenty-five dollars each. It's you who have set your children fighting by your bad example. You've been quarreling over your back fence. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!" He ended by dismissing the case against the boy and placing the two mothers under a suspended sentence of fifty dollars' fine, depending upon the good behavior of their children. And, so far as I was able to see, there had been nothing in the evidence to indicate the truth of the situation until the quarrel broke out.

Another morning I found the court crowded with boys who were defendants in what proved to be a charivari case. The complainant was the bridegroom. He had refused to give the serenaders money on demand; they had torn down his fence, broken his window screens and wrecked his woodshed; he had fired a revolver over their heads. As the hearing proceeded a lawyer for some of the boys rose to object that his clients had not been near the scene of the disorder. He offered testimony to prove it. He demanded angrily that they be released from the charges against them.

But it Turned Out Right

At the end of his impassioned speech Lindsey said: "If they weren't there, you know they're only sorry they weren't!" He refused to release them, and the lawyer sat down in an amazement that I sympathized with. After all, considered intelligently, what sort of court is it which will try a boy for an offense that he did not commit?

At the end of a two-hour trial Lindsey scolded both the bridegroom and the boys, and suspended sentence on the ruling that the boys must go back to the scene of their mischief and repair the damage they had done. This, I thought, was the maddest decision possible; it would inevitably lead to more trouble. I spoke of it to Judge Lindsey after court. He would only say: "I'll bet you it will turn out right!"

It did. A few days later the boys reported that they had repaired the fence, the woodshed and the window screens. And they brought a grateful letter from the bridegroom, thanking the judge for the way the case had been handled. He wrote that he was a newcomer in the neighborhood; that, as a result of the bad feeling about the charivari, he had been afraid he should have to move away; but that now he had made friends with the boys while they were working to repair their damage to his property; he had made friends with their parents, who came to watch; he had been accepted by the neighborhood, and all was peace.

The entire case was like nothing you ever saw in a court of law. It outraged all legal intelligence, as the protesting lawyer showed sufficiently by his face; yet it reached a perfect solution. And scolding the complainant was part of the process, as well as refusing to dismiss the baseless charges against those boys who had taken no part in the charivari.

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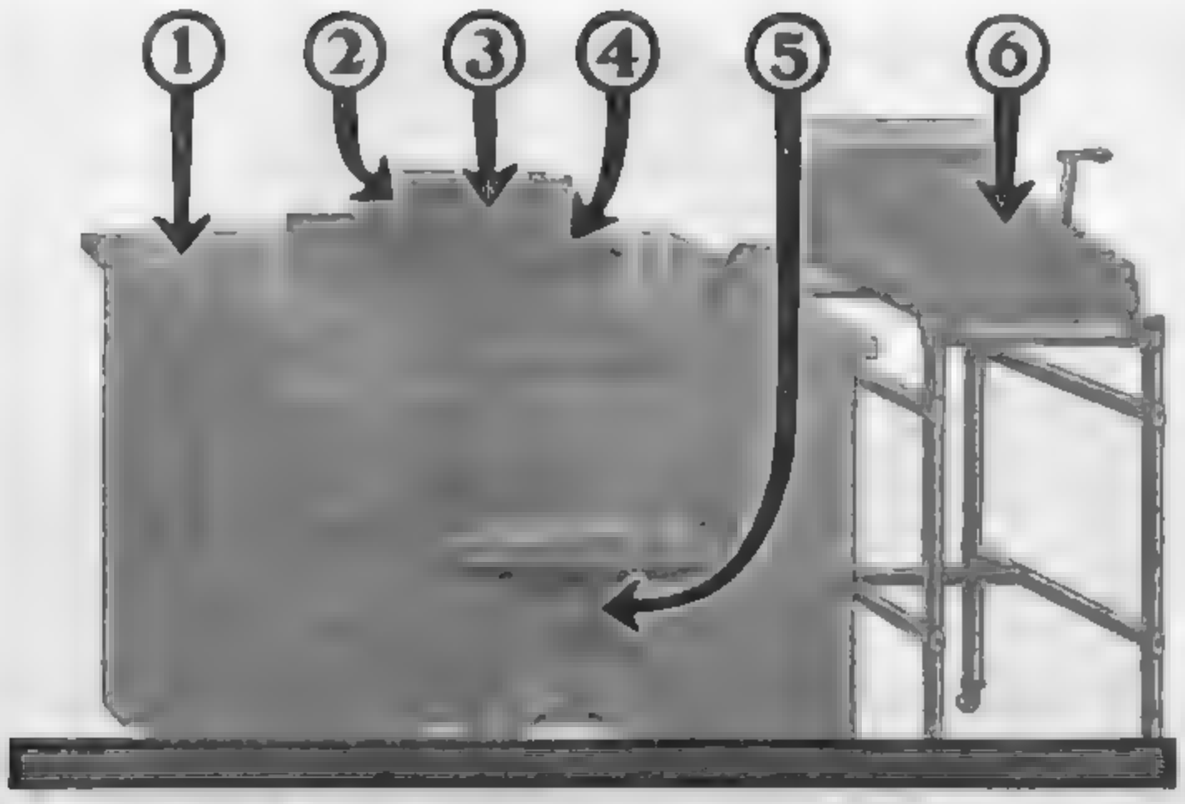

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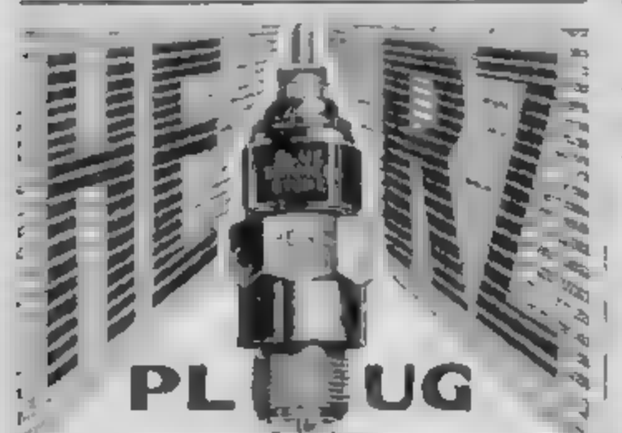

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In many of these hearings, as in the scene between Burns and the reporters, Judge Lindsey seemed to be listening with a divided mind. I never saw him frowning with an effort of conscious attention. It was only when I asked him to explain what he had done that he took the puzzled look of thought. In his court he had the deeply interested but unconscious expression of an artist at his easel.

In Bergson's Creative Evolution there are several passages upon the difference between instinct and intelligence which seem to me to throw light on the mental operations of such men as Lindsey and Burns. After considering at great length the workings of instinct in animals, Bergson argues that the instinctive and unconscious mind is the original mind stuff from which our conscious intelligence has been developed. It has been developed as the eye has been developed—in life's struggle with the inert matter upon which life has to work.

Intelligence, therefore, is at its best when dealing with such inert matter. "Intellect, so skillful in dealing with the inert," Bergson says, "is awkward the moment it touches the living. Whether it wants to treat the life of the body or the life of the mind, it proceeds with the rigor, the stiffness and the brutality of an instrument not designed for such use. The history of hygiene or of pedagogy teaches us much in this matter." We are amazed at "the stupidity and the persistence of errors" in "medical and pedagogical practice."

Bergson finds the origin of these errors in the obstinacy "with which we treat the living like the lifeless," and handle all reality with our minds as if all reality were "a sharply defined solid." "The intellect," he concludes, "is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life. Instinct, on the contrary, is molded on the very form of life. . . . Instinct is sympathy. . . . Intelligence, by means of science—which is its work—will deliver up to us more and more completely the secret of physical operations; of life it brings us only a translation in terms of inertia." Instinct penetrates and enters into the very inwardness and intention of life. And this intention is "just what the artist tries to regain in placing himself back within the object by a kind of sympathy."

Of Judge Lindsey certainly it is true that he solves his cases by penetrating them with instinctive sympathy; just as an actor, an artist or an author enters into the feelings of the character that he is to portray. And assuredly Lindsey's success in his court and the revolutionary character of his practice are due to his ability to comprehend life as anything but inert, anything but the sharply defined solid for which legal intelligence has made such absurd rules of justice and court procedure.

The Power of Intuition

In William J. Burns the correctness of the theory is not so evident. As a detective, of course, he is continually playing a part; and it is safe to assume that he plays it as an actor does, by an exercise of sympathetic imagination. He does not proceed in his cases by any Sherlock Holmes method of deduction from point to point; but, having gathered a great mass of facts about a crime, he achieves the solution by means of a dramatic "plant" that is often based upon a "hunch" which he cannot explain. And the astonishing ease with which he works, in the midst of turmoil and distraction, puts it beyond belief that he is using the ordinary concentration of analytical intelligence that can be baffled by intrusions and interruptions.

Such a power of sympathetic penetration seems to exist in all of us—call it instinct or intuition, or what you will. It works by means of a magic that intelligence cannot comprehend. It is perhaps the faculty that makes for wisdom, as intelligence makes for knowledge. It is often strongest in the most untutored. It is surely the wisdom of democracies—the wisdom of those decisions of the people that are so often the despair of political intelligence in contemporaries and the delight of that same intelligence in posterity.

It explains why so many religious and moral reforms have originated among the lowliest classes of society—where Christianity, for example, found its first disciples. It is the secret of the greatness and success of such men as Abraham Lincoln. And it is the stumblingblock and frustration of those scholastic students of human affairs who look forward to a government of experts, ruling by the exercise of pure intellect, in an administration of commonwealths that shall be wholly scientific.

There is, however, another side to the Bergsonian theory that is not so encouraging. You have observed, no doubt, that just as a child delights in make-believe, so the artist and his audience both delight in the unrealities of his imaginative invention. And just as the child resents the story with a moral, so the unsophisticated audience resents the play with a purpose, and the pure artist demands art for art's sake only; and the great popular successes of art have been those inventions which glow with "the light that never was" and body forth "the substance of things hoped for" or "the evidence of things unseen."

Why is this? Why is it that purposeful and directed conscious thought is tiring, and idle reverie or daydreaming—which is equally a mental operation—is delightful and refreshing? Why do we escape so joyously from reality into the dreams of imaginative invention? Why does an actress advertise that "you can check your brains with your hat" when you go to hear her? Why was Shakspere right in naming one of the most fanciful of his plays "As You Like It"?

Well, if the subconscious mind is the original, inchoate mind—from which the conscious intelligence has been evolved in the process of a long struggle with our surroundings—would it not be natural to expect that this conscious mind would be liable to tire of its difficult office easily, and that in our refreshing mental amusements the dream mind would be naturally appealed to? In Jung's Psychology of the Unconscious you will find arrayed the endless evidence of such an impulse to "escape into the dream." It is as if life were too much for us; as if we grew tired of struggling with the hard aspects of reality and, instead of merely falling asleep and dreaming, sought to escape into the waking dream of art to rest and refresh ourselves.

The Playwright's Art

Hence comes the problem of the serious artist, who does not wish to use merely his dream mind in his art, but who finds his larger audiences bored by seeing the realities of life depicted where they had hoped to escape reality. And hence comes, too, the greater popular success of inferior and unreal art, beside the purposeful and directed art of the masters. Our art grows always more sophisticated as civilization adds more and more to the content of conscious intelligence; but art, compared with its contemporary science, will always be childish and unreal, because it is an escape from the very facts and problems that science grapples with.

It is in the theater that another fact about your other self becomes most obvious. The playwright not only learns from your restlessness and your inattention—and your absence—that you come to the theater to escape into the dream; he discovers, by the same tokens, that the mind you bring to the theater is a primitive, uncivilized animal mind, to which he must make a primitive, emotional animal appeal. The instinct of pugnacity is as strong in an audience as the fighting spirit in a mob; and a wise law of the theater demands conflict as an essential ingredient of drama. The stage hero may be self-sacrificing beyond reason, because the instinct of self-sacrifice in humanity goes beyond reason. He may break any law of the land if he abides by the earlier, unwritten, instinctive laws of the herd. Civilization, morality and intelligence are swamped by instinctive emotions in the theater, as they are swamped in a mob of lynchers. The critical try to use some conscious intelligence; but the mass of the audience comes to escape from the responsibilities of intelligence into a joyous release of subconscious instincts, prejudices and emotions that demand gratification and insist upon getting it. The popular theater lives on the demand, and not Shakspere himself could ignore it.

If this stopped at the theater it would be a small matter; but in every department of human activity the instinctive nature of man is as powerful as it is in the orchestra chairs, and the extent of its power is a recent discovery that has appalled the sociologists. Not so long ago it was the scientific fashion to explain most social phenomena by the doctrine of economic determinism and to find all men obeying the dictates of intelligent self-interest in their lives.

(Concluded on Page 117)

To Save Your Teeth

You Must Remove That Film

By Wm. M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Old-Time Methods Fail In That

As Nearly Everybody Knows

Ordinary brushing, as most folks know, fails to prevent tooth troubles. Statistics show that decay and pyorrhea are constantly increasing. Yet never was the tooth brush so widely used as now.

Despite this brushing, teeth discolor and decay. Tartar still accumulates. And still a frequent cleaning in a dentist's chair is a part of tooth protection.

The fault is not with the tooth brush.

The source of tooth troubles is a clinging film—that slimy film which you feel. That film resists the tooth brush. It gets into crevices and stays. And nothing you apply to teeth dissolves it.

That film is what discolors. It hardens into tartar. It holds food particles which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the cause of all tooth decay.

Millions of germs every day are breeding in that film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Then, by entering the system, they cause a large percentage of our serious diseases.

These troubles cannot be avoided without ending that film. Brushing which leaves that film intact is pretty nearly useless.

Now modern science has produced a film digestant. It comes in a dainty dentifrice called Pepsodent. Today we ask you to prove, by a week's free test, that this film can be ended.

A New-Day Method Ends the Film

A One-Week Test Will Prove It

That film is albuminous, very much like the white of an egg. Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve that film, then to day by day prevent its formation.

But pepsin alone is inert. It must be activated; and the usual activating agent—an acid—is harmful to the teeth. For that reason, a film digestant long seemed impossible.

Now science has found an activating method harmless to the teeth. In Pepsodent, this harmless method is used. And five governments have already granted patents on this combination.

Three years have been spent in clinical tests, under many able authorities. These tests have proved that Pepsodent solves the problem of clean teeth. And now countless dentists aid our efforts to bring it into universal use.

To quickly prove the results we offer a One-Week tube to all. Send the coupon for it. Use it like any tooth paste, and note the week's results.

Mark how clean your teeth feel after using. Note how the film disappears. Note how the teeth whiten—even in a week.

This test will be a revelation to you. It will give you a new conception of clean teeth. It will prove that filmless teeth are possible. After that, we believe, you will never again let that film do harm. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
REG U S PAT OFF

The New-Day Dentifrice

Sold by Druggists in Large Tubes

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 69, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 69, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

James R. Cravath, eminent authority on illumination, inventor of the New Osgood Lens, which throws a glare-free road ray a full third-mile.

His Lens Now Leads Them All

New Osgood Lens Outsells All Others In One Short Season

When James R. Cravath, America's eminent authority on illumination, designed the New Osgood Lens for motorists, he produced what has proven to be the biggest selling sensation of the automobile season.

For in the three main selling months of this year the New Osgood Lens has won its way to the front in numbers of pairs sold, a remarkable achievement by this newcomer in so competitive a field.

Yet it is a leadership well-won, considering that the New Osgood Lens has brought to motorists so totally a new night-driving efficiency, courtesy and safety.

Motorists have been quick to mark the 74% greater road light—they have experienced a new sensation in total absence of glare—they value the third-mile *fan shaped* beam, so different from the old-time blinding shaft ray.

All this is theirs in the New Osgood Lens, due to the twelve-in-one selective prisms, which throw all the light forward, outward and downward—a deflected light—none sacrificed to diffusion—none thrown into the air—all the light on the road—no need for troublesome dimming.

Side view of the New Osgood Lens, showing twelve prisms that operate as one, throwing all the light forward and downward. No "sky" rays.

Little wonder that the New Osgood Lens has become the biggest seller in one short season, or that it so completely complies with headlight laws, a further recognition of its sound scientific principle.

Mark the increasing number of New Osgoods you see. Question their owners. Try a pair of these lenses on your own car and note their superiority. Also write for interesting test data by the country's foremost experts.

Made for All Cars

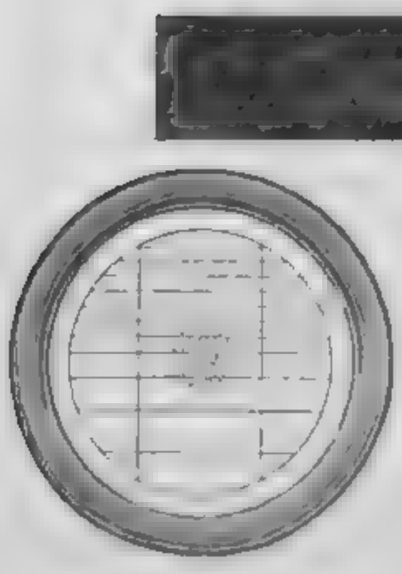
7 to 7½ inches - $2.90 a pair	8½ to 9½ inches - $4.00 a pair
8 to 8½ inches - 3.75 a pair	9½ to 12 inches - 4.50 a pair

15c a pair higher west of Rockies. 20% higher in Canada.

At dealers' and garages everywhere. If yours cannot supply you, order direct. In ordering, give diameter of old lens, diameter of opening in door frame, model and make of car.

Dealers: Write for attractive sales data.

OSGOOD LENS & SUPPLY COMPANY
2007 Michigan Ave. Dept. 9010 Chicago, Ill.



THE NEW
OSGOOD LENS
CRAVATH LONG DISTANCE TYPE

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For instance, when the present war broke out in Europe it was admittedly a war of commercial rivalries, fought to obtain markets, spheres of influence, and "a place in the sun"; and it was confidently predicted, therefore, that the average man would revolt against the conflict and refuse to fight for a commercial expansion that would benefit the capitalist chiefly. But the average man rushed to arms, being an instinctive man, governed by emotions of patriotism, pugnacity and various herd impulses, instead of being merely an economic man, governed by considerations of enlightened self-interest.

Throughout the war the German governing mind has directed its armies scientifically, with a ruthless intelligence that has alienated the instinctive sympathies of mankind; and the German people seem to have taken refuge in a dream of idealistic loyalty that leaves them blind, in our eyes, to every aspect of retributive reality.

And there you have the problem of your other self. It used to be supposed that you had a higher and a lower nature, continually struggling, the one to raise you and the other to drag you down. Your lower nature was supposed to be made up of those animal appetites and evil inclinations that are so largely subconscious; your better self was supposed to be the intelligent self of reason and conscience and religious aspiration.

Now we find that some of the noblest qualities of our so-called better natures are qualities of the subconscious mind, and that some of our most evil attributes are highly intelligent. We find also, with the Freudians, that many of the apparent operations of our intelligence are so influenced by the unconscious mind that they are not intelligent at all; that even the accidents which seem due to our carelessness are really due to subconscious motives which can betray us without our knowledge; that our very delusions are often unconsciously purposeful, life-saving, and in that sense salutary.

The result is that science is not only discovering a new sociology and a new psychology, but a new medicine and a new morality. Your other self is destroying and remaking a whole world.

"Watch it," says science, "for it can also destroy or remake you. What you listen to on the ouija board is the *daimon* that counseled Socrates, the voice that directed Jeanne d'Arc, the oracle of old worships, and the witch that New England tried to burn at the stake. It is the inspiration of genius, the control that speaks through trance mediums, the mind that obeys the suggestions of the hypnotist—the occult mind, the mind of intuitions and instincts, the wireless mind of telepathy and thought transference, the mind of religious ecstasy and faith cures and psychotherapeutics, the dream mind that Freud studies and the psycho-analysts diagnose—in short, the mind that carries your conscious intelligence as a horse bears its rider, imperfectly under his control, liable to bolt with him if it gets the bit in its teeth, and able to throw him from the saddle in those wild plunges of abnormality which we call delusions, delirium, insanity and madness."

What science cannot yet tell us is how to use, how to control, how to take advantage of these subconscious faculties that are so powerful and important. In their morbid developments the psycho-analyst reaches them by hypnotizing his patient, and he operates upon them by means of suggestion. Suggestion is used in some form or other by every school of psychotherapeutics, by mental healers, faith curists, and all the miracle workers of religions. And if you wish to try it on yourself—on your other self—you will find that self-suggestion will act like an incantation, to cure minor ills, to correct bad habits, to control attention, to assist concentration, and generally to inspire and impel and carry your conscious mind in its work and progress.

But this, at its best, is pulling the rein in the dark on a horse that we are riding blindfold. Of what sort the animal really is, what to feed it, how to care for it, by what exercise to develop it, science cannot say. It seems evident that the subconscious mind has layer below layer of faculty, of which only the first few strata have been reached by scientific experiment. There is an almost automatic mental apparatus that controls the unconscious functions of the body; it can be as easily reached and ordered by conscious will as it can be struck and disordered by any nervous shock. As if below this first unconscious layer, there is a vast and vague dream mind, with a faultless memory, an unknown content of instincts and inherited aptitudes and repressed impulses and blind powers; it has been explored and studied by means of hypnotism only within the last hundred years. Still deeper, and more dimly seen as yet, there is apparently an occult mind that is capable of thought transference, telepathy, mind reading, and all the doubtful phenomena of supernatural and supernormal knowledge.

The existence of this psychic mind and the evidences of its activity are still as much in dispute as the existence of the hypnotic mind and the phenomena of mesmerism were in dispute a generation ago. But what is no longer in dispute is this: Conscious intelligence is not the limit of your mental power; your intellect is only the working hand with which you grasp and manipulate a palpable reality; a great organism of unconscious faculties uses that hand and governs it.

Your other self—your real self—invisible, apprehended only in its sensible influences, dumb to us and hidden—reaches out its feeling hand in your intelligence to touch the material world, going about its dark affairs to its unknown destiny in all those mysteries of life and spirit that intelligence cannot grasp, cannot feel, cannot sentiently touch and be aware of.

NEVER AGAIN!

(Continued from Page 14)

return home. They gathered in the morning at my home and accompanied me to the consulate. They assembled regularly in the consulate to have their morning fret. One day I suggested that arrangements for their return home would undoubtedly soon be completed and that they need not be worried.

"You will return to Germany for a visit next year," I added.

And they answered in chorus, unanimous, emphatic and hearty:

"Never again!"

Love for Germany, in her present case, is a feverish hollow emotion. There was an Englishman in my district, a lace man, who had lived in Plauen eighteen years. He had married a German girl and his children had been brought up as native Germans. At the outbreak of the war this man was sent, along with other interned subjects of hostile states, to Ruhleben. Despite the breaking up of the little family, its members left behind remained intensely patriotic for Germany. The boy, a youth of sixteen, even tried to enlist in the German Army, but was refused on account of his age. The boy and his two younger sisters knew only Germany and their sympathies were all for the Fatherland. Then came the bitter wave of hatred for England and all things English.

The little family had their good will toward Germany thoroughly battered out of them. The mother, as an Englishwoman, was forced to report daily at the police station. The lives of the children were made miserable in their schools by their teachers and fellow pupils. The high-spirited boy was the victim of much petty persecution, for, instead of fixing his warm love for his adopted country, his patriotic fervor was attributed to fearfulness, and he was nagged unmercifully by his associates. At the girls' school the teachers told the pupils that England was Germany's worst enemy and that they must hate the English, at the same time pointing out these little girls. The little girls regularly came home from school crying and heartbroken.

Finally the father wrote from Ruhleben to send the children to their grandmother in England. There was a treaty between England and Germany which provided that, in case of war, all subjects of these countries under seventeen and over forty-five might return to their respective homes. We issued a passport to the boy in pursuance of this treaty. The military authorities at Leipsic refused to give the required attestation, basing their refusal upon the ground that the boy would soon be seventeen. We referred the case to Ambassador Gerard, through whose energetic action the boy was

Put New Life In Your Motor

A DOSE of Johnson's Carbon Remover—the engine laxative—will increase the power of your car—improve acceleration—stop that knock—quiet your motor—save your batteries—and reduce your gasoline consumption 12% to 25%.

You Can Do It Yourself

For 25c—five minutes' time and with no labor, you, yourself, can easily remove all carbon deposits. Simply pour an ounce of Johnson's Carbon Remover into each cylinder. Allow it to remain from 30 to 45 minutes, then start your car and drive 10 or 15 miles. You will save from $3.00 to $5.00 over any other method without laying up your car and with much better results.

JOHNSON'S
CARBON REMOVER

Johnson's Carbon Remover is a harmless liquid. It contains no acids and does not affect lubrication in any way or interfere with the oil in the crank case. Has no action on any metal.

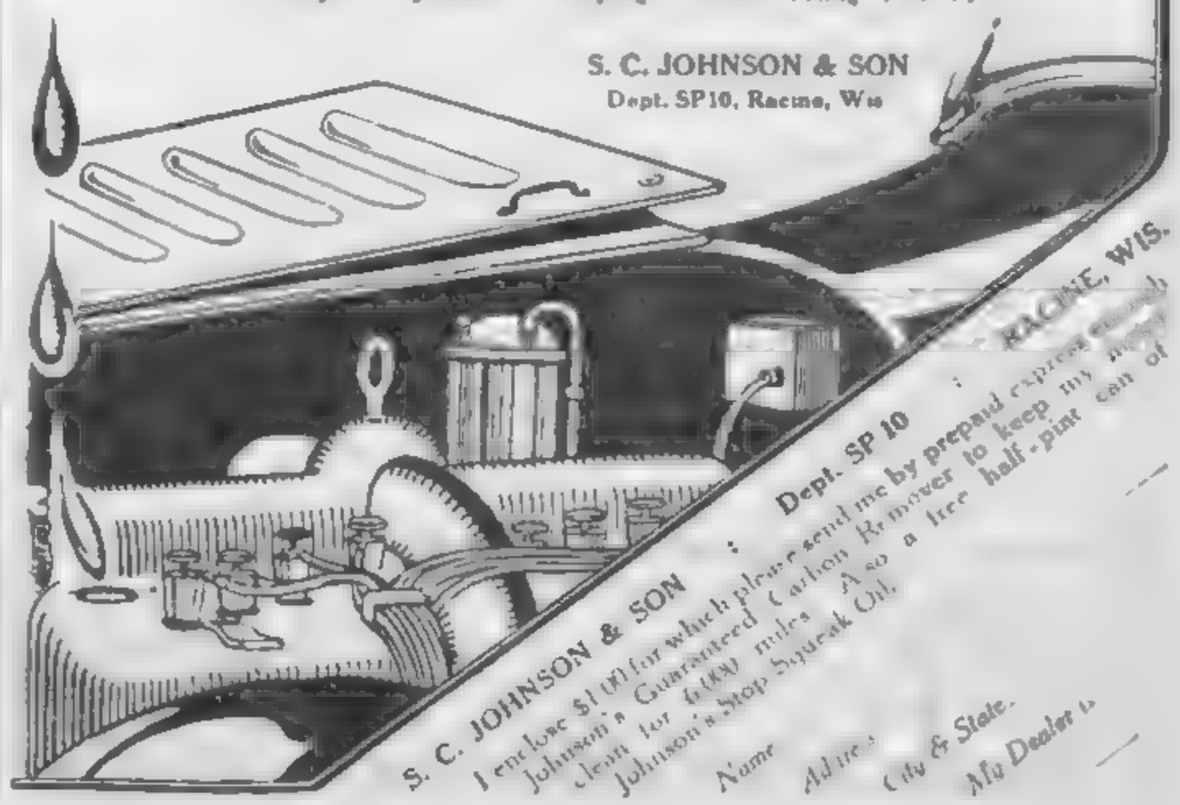
Use It Every 1,000 Miles

If you will use Johnson's Guaranteed Carbon Remover at regular intervals, giving carbon no chance to accumulate, you will automatically eliminate most valve trouble and your engine will always be clean and sweet—and you will secure the maximum power and speed from the minimum amount of fuel.

If your dealer is unable to supply you with Johnson's Carbon Remover use the attached coupon. For a limited time we will include, GRATIS, a half-pint sample of Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil, our penetrating spring lubricant. It will greatly improve the comfort and riding qualities of your car and reduce the liability of spring breakage.

Write for our folder on "Keeping Your Car Young"—It's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
Dept. SP10, Racine, Wis



S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. SP 10, RACINE, WIS.
I enclose $1.00 for which please send me by prepaid express one can of Johnson's Guaranteed Carbon Remover to keep my motor clean for 1000 miles. Also a free half-pint can of Johnson's Stop Squeak Oil.
Name
Address
City & State
My Dealer is

Old Man Crabtree

By Freeman Tilden

is a character you will meet soon in a series of short stories in *The Country Gentleman*. Crabtree is a shrewd farmer-financier. His experiences with the city sharpers who come out to "do" him will interest and amuse you, and at the same time give you much valuable information about the methods of the men who want to separate you from your money.

The great American serial story of 1917-18 will be the Cost of Living. The only periodical in America that will cover this story in full and from every angle is *The Country Gentleman*. For the grower, the seller and the ultimate consumer, the story will be told in practical, helpful articles, from seed planting to harvest, from harvest to price fixing, from the farm to the kitchen. In the new issue that is out to-day there are such big features as these:

The Man of the Forest

A new serial, by Zane Grey

Is Cotton a Slacker Crop?

A Job for the Retired Farmer

The Future of the American Hen

What's Wrong with the Middleman?

The American people are beginning to understand that the business, the prosperity, the very life of every man and woman are dependent upon the farm. No matter what other periodicals you may take at the office or at your home, *The Country Gentleman* is the one of first importance to you—as staple as wheat.

Invest One Dollar and Save a Hundred or Two.
You can do this and more by subscribing to, and profiting by what you read in

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

5 cents the Copy $1.00 the Year

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

granted the necessary military permission to leave the country.

At the German-Dutch border the boy was subjected to rough and unkind treatment. Here his passage money was taken away from him, and it was only through the kind assistance of a fellow passenger that he was able to proceed. Some time later he wrote to his mother that England was a wonderful place and the people so kind-hearted that he would never again return to Germany. Modern Germany has known how to stir the admiration and to awaken fears, but it has not known how to awaken or to hold affection.

My vacation in 1915 was spent with friends in England. On my return to my post, via Tilbury-Flushing, I found myself traveling with a large party of German women sent by the British authorities back to Germany. I was very much interested and spoke to a great many of them, suggesting that they must be pleased at their prospect of returning home. All, however, were downhearted. Some said they would rather have been interned in England than sent back to Germany! Some of them engaged passage to the United States from Holland.

The Landlord's Tale

One interesting case in this group of unwillingly repatriated women was that of a young girl engaged to a British officer. She carried a packet of letters from her sweetheart, which she showed to me. I advised her to destroy them before reaching the border, but she felt certain she would be allowed to retain possession of these treasured memories. However, knowing the unfeeling and indelicate methods of the land of roughshod bureaucracy and brutal drill-masters, I was dubious.

At Goch, the border station, all refugees were herded in the station, as the train did not leave until next morning at eleven o'clock. After a short examination and a few nasty remarks as to whether I had been spending my part of the ammunition money, I proceeded to a hotel. Mine host was garrulous and, after learning that I had just returned from England, told me a story typical of Germany. It was a story of one of those happenings that, in their sum, are causing the handwriting on the wall—Never again!—to loom as the full stop of the cynical willfulness of Hohenzollernism.

It seems that the son of mine host had foolishly written to his father a postcard denouncing the Kaiser and telling that he himself would never again set foot in Germany. For the offense of the son the authorities determined that the father must suffer. He was accordingly seized, subjected to all manner of indignities, fined, and made to undergo a serious prison sentence. "And I was innocent," he protested. "There does not exist a better patriot than I!"

Next morning I saw my young friend of the treasured letters upon the station platform, white and nervous. As I passed her she looked up and said: "Well, they found the letters." I noticed that the military authorities had brutally dumped the contents of her trunk upon the dirty station floor and were shaking out the disordered assortment, article by article. She stood there a long time, splendidly defiant; and then, just before the train left, she came over and bade me good-by. "If I ever get over that border again," she said bitterly, "I'll know better than ever to return to Germany."

Modern Germany has awakened more love in perspective than it has "close up." The fascination of this state's accomplishment and power kindles something akin to love in the hearts of its absent children, fires their imaginations, and brings to them a hectic glow of patriotism and unreasoning devotion. When, however, they come under the sway of the brutal realities that make up the brilliant state, their love is seldom proof against the unamenities of fetters and oppression. I shall tell a case in point:

A certain German-American, filled to overflowing with perfervid pro-Germanism, turned up in my district in 1915. He came back to visit his native village in wartime in order to be able to share in the exalted emotions of Germany's supreme hour. He called at the consulate. His criticism of America was bitter and his enthusiasm for Germany's cause overmatched that of many native Germans. This was at the beginning of his stay.

I lost sight of him for some months and put him out of mind, well knowing that his enthusiasms would cool and he would come in some day impatient and anxious to get back, at the earliest possible moment, to the freer atmosphere of our United States. In this I did not err. He came back to us thoroughly disenchanted one morning and begged that we help him in his endeavor to get the necessary pass through the German lines—and home! There was little or no criticism of America left in him, while he poured forth the bitterness of his spirit upon Germany and all things German without measure. His sympathy had found scant requital and he had been hardly used.

His German friends, to whom he had turned with full heart in the beginning, plainly told him that he was a hypocrite, battened on the blood money of ammunition business. In vain he protested. Next, the heavy hand of war taxes fell upon him; he fumed under the inquisition visited upon him as callously as upon any other chattel of the domineering state. The coldness of the people toward him, the irksomeness of the war regulations, and chance insults—all conspired to make him miserable. Talking English one evening in a café, a young officer loudly demanded of the host: "Who is that swine speaking English?" This was typical of a number of little incidents that marred his home-coming.

Unable to bear with his beloved Fatherland he decided to make a hasty return to "unfair" America. Here, however, his real trouble and annoyance began. He visited the military authorities to obtain the necessary attestations. He was treated with extreme discourtesy and arrogance, without being able to get any satisfaction from them; so at last, crestfallen, he reappeared at the consulate and asked our help. When we had arranged his passport difficulties he solemnly assured us that he would never again set foot in Germany.

There is a brief sequel to this incident. I have called upon this gentleman since my return and was startled to find him as radically pro-German as ever, all the misadventures and inconveniences of his German trip forgotten. He told me, with considerable asperity, that, once the war was ended, he intended selling out his interests in America and returning to Germany to live! I much question that his second experience will bring him any more solid satisfaction than his first.

A Disillusioned Patriot

The case of Schwartz was that of another disillusioned patriot. Schwartz was an eager soldier when called from his looms to aid the Fatherland. I saw him march away—his wife and little son trudging along upon the sidewalk beside him to the station—with head high and eyes front in serene confidence of the righteousness of his country's cause. He was taken prisoner by the English in Belgium. Confined on the Isle of Man he suffered a complete breakdown, and on account of the critical condition of his health he was paroled and exchanged. Less than two weeks after his return to Germany I met him upon the street, broken in faith as he was broken in health, because, despite his parole, he was under orders to join his regiment upon the Western Front. I learned later that his protests at least worked a change of his field of duty from the Western to the Eastern Front.

However, there are to-day a great many disillusioned soldiers in the Fatherland. Time and again I have heard individual soldiers morosely complain of being treated like dogs by their officers. The unnecessarily rough treatment of many an unfortunate private—*gemeiner*, translated in the German-English dictionary as mean, low, common and private—is being bitterly resented to-day in many thousands of awakening political consciousnesses. The German masses are losing their overawed fascination for their cynical rulers, who, thwarted and defied by an unabashed enemy, are behaving like ordinary mortals when sharply brought to bay.

Germany pays scant recognition to its faithful and self-sacrificing children. In the scientific state unhesitant self-sacrifice for the advantage of the state is taken as a matter of course. It is duty undeserving of special mention or reward. One is expected to do nothing less than to give his or her all, when it is required, for the good of the Fatherland, and no merit attaches to the performance of the finest deeds of self-abnegation other than that of duty fulfilled. This selfsame point of view was extended by the Germans to include those

(Concluded on Page 121)

OLIVER TYPEWRITERS-HALF PRICE

Among The Large Users Are

United States Steel Corporation
Montgomery Ward & Co
Baldwin Locomotive Works
Pennsylvania Railroad
Ford & Thomas
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Bethlehem Steel Co
National Cloak & Suit Co
New York Edison Company
Olcott, Peabody & Co
National City Bank of N. Y.
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Encyclopedia Britannica
American Bridge Co
International Harvester Co.
Diamond Match Co.
Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation
Boy Scouts of America
Corn Products Refining Co
Boston Elevated Railways

Over 600,000 Sold

Oliver First!

Oliver was first to introduce visible typewriting. Now it is universal.

Year after year Oliver inventors have set the pace:

Such features as these give the Oliver Nine first place:

One-third lighter touch because type bars drop downward; speed, 50 per cent faster than human hands—each machine is tested at 800 strokes per minute; permanent alignment insured by arch-shaped type-bars; built for hardest usage; famed for dependability; interchangeable carriages make several machines in one; simplified construction; 2,000 fewer parts; built of fine steel.

Try This Oliver For Five Days At Our Expense

Oliver's wartime contribution to the business world is a standard typewriter at half the former price. This meets with the universal demand for intelligent economy and practical efficiency.

The identical Oliver Typewriter, latest model, that was formerly priced at $100, is now sold at $49, at the rate of $3.00 per month.

This remarkable reduction was made possible by a revolution in sales methods. Formerly, we employed 15,000 salesmen and agents. We had expensive offices in 50 cities. These, and other costly practices, amounted to $51 for selling each machine. Now we sell direct. We save the $51 and give it to you. You are your own salesman and The Oliver speaks for itself.

This new plan has been so successful that now we are building additions to our immense factory. Over 600,000 have been sold.

The $100 Model

This offer is made by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. This means a $2,000,000 guarantee that the machine is the identical model, brand new, never used. It is not second-hand nor rebuilt.

Note that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself, which is a $2,000,000 guarantee that this $49 typewriter is our $100 model.

The entire facilities of this company are devoted exclusively to the production and distribution of Oliver Typewriters.

We offer here one of the most durable, one of the greatest, one of the most successful typewriters ever built.

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this, our latest model.

The Oliver Nine is a standard machine in every particular. Any operator can use it. It has the universal keyboard. It has many extra features not found elsewhere, and guaranteed service. This is the same commercial machine preferred by big businesses, some of which are listed at the left.

The Better Way

Our old plans were round-about and complex. Our new plans are simple. No longer are you influenced by the arguments of old-time salesmen.

Merit alone must decide, without argument. The Oliver must speak for itself.

You merely check the coupon below, asking us for a free-trial Oliver. It is sent to you without asking for a penny down. When the Oliver arrives, try it out. Put it to every test. Treat it as if it were your own.

Compare its workmanship. Note its superiority. It will win in any comparison.

Then when you are convinced that the Oliver Nine is all that we claim, and you prefer it, pay us at the rate of only $3 per month.

Keep It or Return It

During the free trial, you are not under the slightest obligation to buy. And if you do not wish to keep this splendid machine, we will even refund the transportation charges.

If you would rather know more about the Oliver, before ordering one for free trial, check the coupon for our startling book, entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy."

This remarkable book tells inside facts hitherto unknown. It shows where your $51 used to go. With this book, we send you our latest catalog.

Who Can Resist?

Who wants to pay $100 for a brand-new typewriter now? Who wants a lesser machine? Who wants to waste $51?

Then, before you buy any typewriter, or even rent one, investigate our proposition. The cost is now so low and the terms so easy that everyone may own a typewriter. One should be in every home for the entire family to use.

Let us send you an Oliver now for free trial. You are not under the slightest obligation. Keep it or return it.

Or, let us send you our amazing book.

Which for you?

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1017 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

Canadian Price, $62.65

THIS COUPON IS WORTH $51

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1017 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is _____
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

An Artistic Achievement And A Mechanical Masterpiece

For eight years now, the general public and the automobile industry have learned to expect great things of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company.

Each one of our announcements has proved to be unusually significant.

Each one of these announcements has created history in a very definite way, and the motor car buyer has invariably been the gainer.

This year, we confidently predict, will prove no exception to the rule.

We have produced a car that must inevitably revolutionize the trend of thought and practice in the six cylinder field.

Coming directly to the point, we have produced what we sincerely believe to be a *perfect* motor car.

In power, flexibility, quietness and economy of operation, the new Paige Essex Model "Six-55" is, we believe, the most remarkable car on the American market.

The last irregularity of the power impulses has been done away with.

The car travels evenly, smoothly and sweetly at every speed. As a consequence, vibration has been reduced to the absolute minimum.

One no longer rides in a Paige—he floats.

The slightest depression of the accelerator pedal brings an immediate and truly amazing result. It can only be compared to the unleashing of mighty, hidden forces.

With no sense of laboring effort—no "bucking" or side sway—the Essex sweeps ahead into its full stride with the speedometer needle frantically attempting to keep pace.

Despite its tremendous power, however, this new motor is anything but a glutton for fuel.

An improved system of carburetion utilizes every last atom of gasoline energy, and repeated factory tests have shown economy records that surpass anything accomplished by earlier Paige cars.

To sum it all up, scientific distribution of weight, scientific alignment of working parts, scientific designing of all chassis units—these are the great factors that have united to make the Paige a superb mechanical product.

These, indeed, are the factors that distinguish between the old standards of engineering and the new.

And now, there remains but one thing more to be said: The Essex Model, as a *whole*, is strictly in keeping with its wonderful power plant.

We started out with the deliberate intention of producing a *perfect* motor car—and we have accomplished just that result.

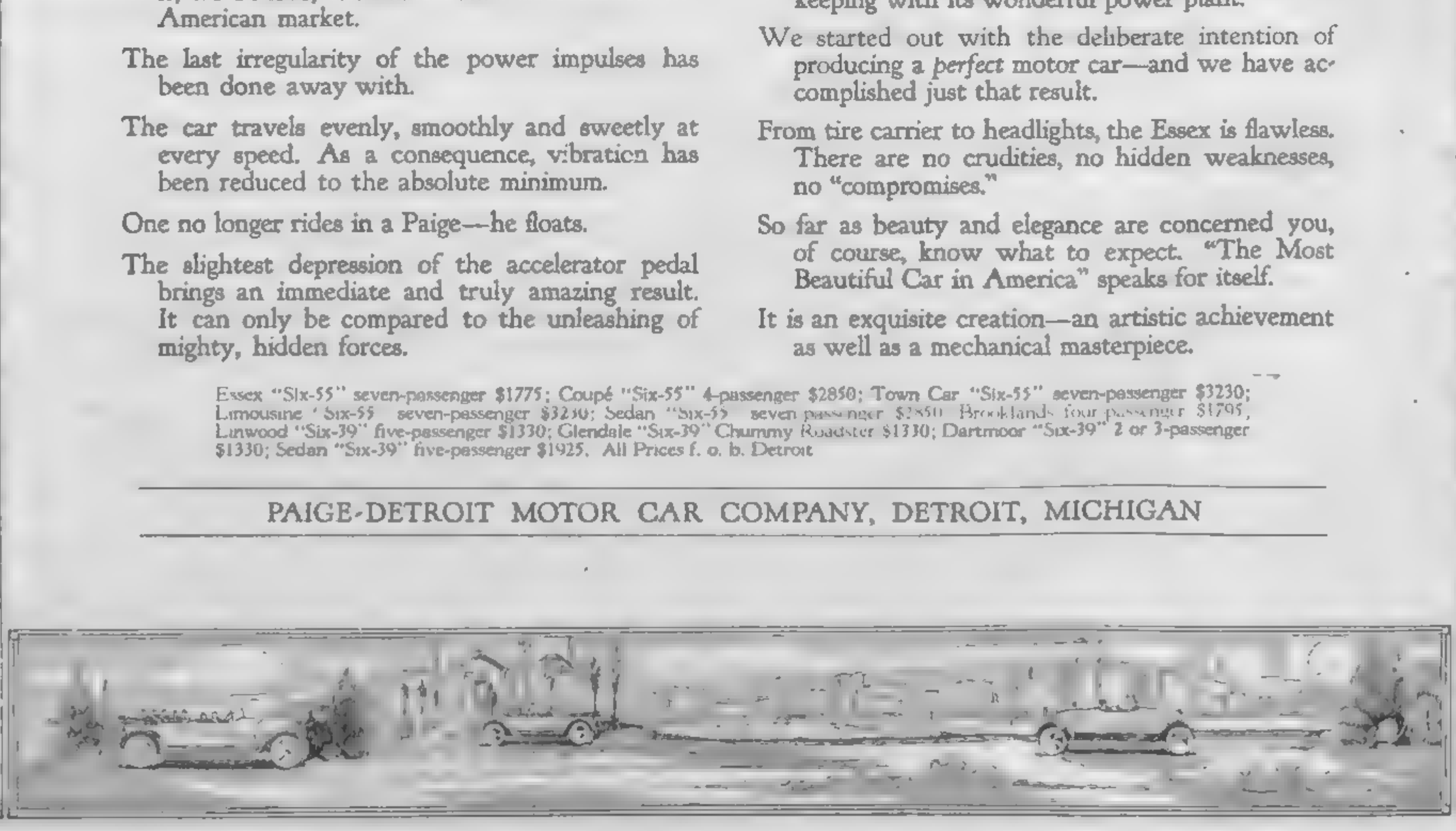
From tire carrier to headlights, the Essex is flawless. There are no crudities, no hidden weaknesses, no "compromises."

So far as beauty and elegance are concerned you, of course, know what to expect. "The Most Beautiful Car in America" speaks for itself.

It is an exquisite creation—an artistic achievement as well as a mechanical masterpiece.

Essex "Six-55" seven-passenger $1775; Coupé "Six-55" 4-passenger $2850; Town Car "Six-55" seven-passenger $3230; Limousine "Six-55" seven-passenger $3230; Sedan "Six-55" seven passenger $2850. Brooklands four passenger $1795; Linwood "Six-39" five-passenger $1330; Glendale "Six-39" Chummy Roadster $1330; Dartmoor "Six-39" 2 or 3-passenger $1330; Sedan "Six-39" five-passenger $1925. All Prices f. o. b. Detroit

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



(Concluded from Page 118)

American citizens of German racial strain who strove so valiantly to alleviate Germany's sufferings by means of Red Cross funds and funds for war orphans and war widows. Thus no mention was ever made in the daily press of the help that came from America.

On the other hand, I have listened to bitter complaints that more American citizens of German parentage had not hastened to the active defense of the Fatherland upon the battlefields! I have met many Germans here who believe that they will receive a royal welcome in Germany after the war in recognition of the generous contributions they have made toward binding up Germany's wounds. They are destined to be very sadly disappointed, unless a great change shall have come over the spirit of Germany. The Germans with whom I came in contact expressed a most vehement disregard for Americans of German descent.

Bitterness Toward Americans

Repudiation of their government's acts and methods has become quite a common distemper among the broader Germans and also among the German masses. I have heard Germans hold forth indignantly about the shooting of Nurse Cavell, the massacre of the women and children on board the Lusitania, the unnecessarily harsh treatment of prisoners of war, and the heartless military "justice" inflicted upon the fear-crazed peasants in Belgium.

To say that there are many Germans saddened and ashamed of deeds committed by their leaders in the name of their Fatherland is to put a case of fact mildly. In this regard I wish to mention the paradox of the influence of the modern German state. I have met, since my return to America, a great many American citizens of German extraction who feel very bitterly toward the country that has given to them with an unstinted generosity, and who have expressed to me emphatic intentions of severing all connections with this land and of removing to Germany after the war.

I myself, of German extraction, feel well qualified to notice this peculiar state of mind, and to answer it by completing the paradox. It is this: I have met during the last two years a great many Germans, in Germany, whose dearest hope is to escape from the clutches of the scientific state to the purer, freer air of our United States at the first opportunity after the ending of the great war! Germans of many conditions of life have warmly assured me that they are looking forward to peace to bring them the opportunity of beginning life anew under the blessings of our institutions and the warmer humanity of our ideals.

A German-American from New Jersey was another apostate from Kaiserism. Had he remained within the protecting shelter of the United States, instead of paying his native town a visit in 1914, he would to-day undoubtedly be a convinced, argumentative, hot-headed German sympathizer. As, however, he was caught in the war dragnet of German militarism, and has tasted of its ways and of its glory at first-hand, his sentimental development has been along quite contrary lines. Seldom have I listened to words of such bitter hatred.

This young man had taken out his first papers in this country, but, like many other guests among us, had hesitated long over the completion of his citizenship. He was therefore forbidden to leave Germany at the outbreak of the war and was soon caught up in the draft. Adaptable, he had fully absorbed the independence of the American viewpoint and the casual freedom of the American manner, accomplishments which ill befitted a nameless cog in the arbitrary and essentially aristocratic German war machine. It is not strange, then, that he soon came into the bad graces of his officers, who did everything in their power to break his will and to punish his self-respect. Though his life was consistently and persistently made miserable, his spirit remained unbroken and unsubdued. However, he nursed in silence a consuming hatred for the country.

Twice home on sick leave, he came to the consulate frequently and poured out his complaints to me, the only man in Germany, as he put it, whom he could trust. Certainly he could not have trusted the subject matter of his thoughts to many Germans! He told me of the brutal butchery of Canadian prisoners at Ypres during the height of the hate wave. He told how a column of these prisoners were bulldozed and browbeaten to the point of revolt by their guards on the march into the interior, and how, when their resentment reached the point of some active resistance, they were shot down mercilessly by their captors. The guards accounted for the delivery of a mere handful of prisoners alive by the story of the prisoners' revolt. He said that this sort of thing was by no means a matter of rare occurrence.

"The Bavarians killed prisoners with their intrenching tools, which they sharpened to knife edges," he told me. "It often goes hard with the *verdammte Engländers* when they fall into Prussian or Bavarian hands. We Saxons, on the other hand, don't take our hate so seriously; in fact our men rather like the French, while they admire the English. Many of our men would desert to the enemy were they not afraid of the consequences at home-coming. I myself would have crawled over long ago if I had thought I could get them to send me back to dear old Broadway. Once I do get out—Never Again!"

Another young German in my district, with American experience, sought me out upon each return from the Front. He was a wistful, intellectual boy and never did become accustomed to the horrors and brutalities of war, though he passed through the frightful slaughter at La Bassée and the searing miseries of Dead Man's Hill. He sketched for me many tragic details of battle and shuddered over the telling. He shrank from the German philosophy of war and the saying of a famous German pastor that "To bayonet the enemy and to smash his skull is God's service." And "Christ approves the killing of Englishmen" shocked and revolted him.

When Germany is Set Free

"We talk of our *kultur* and culture over here!" he said to me angrily. "To my way of thinking, your country has a corner, so to speak, on all the best elements of culture. When the war is over I am going to America and try to forget all I have done and seen in this nightmare here. I've had my fill of Germany. We are all throwbacks here. It remains for America to carry civilization onward and upward. God grant that our frenzied lordlings do not draw her, too, into the struggle!"

As the spirit of Never Again! grew among the suffering German people, the vision of our country as a star of hope rose brighter and brighter before the vision of many a tortured soul in the Fatherland. Government propaganda left no effort untried to dim the luster of this star; and I am sorry to say the government was ably assisted by occasional American visitors.

Among these visitors a certain doctor of philosophy, a German-American journalist of Milwaukee and New York, made quite a lecture tour through Germany to prosecute his country before the bar of this people. He spoke in Plauen before the Merchants' Association, and in the course of his speech he arraigned the American Government in the most bitter and contemptuous terms. And in his buttonhole this American wore the Stars and Stripes!

The attitude of the German people today is that of a despairing search for some means of escape. They are quite fed up. Their morale has become a very uncertain thing, continually threatening to dissolve before every breeze of fresh misfortune. When Rumania entered the war there were many signs of panic. The people placed the blame upon the Kaiser, the General Staff, the Diplomatic Service, and generally upon every visible figurehead.

What will be their attitude if the Allies force their way to the line of the Rhine? I can readily guess; for when Napoleon broke their military power the German people hailed him from bended knees as their deliverer. Fighting the battles of caste and privilege, and held to their tasks not through free and conscious devotion but through iron discipline, they lack the stamina in defeat and for bearing with an indefinite prospect of suffering.

Kaiser Wilhelm knows this too. He knows that this people, whose destiny he controls, if given half a chance will hail the Allied soldiers—as they hailed the soldiers of Napoleon—as the deliverers of the plain German people from the fetters of Germany. And he knows that, once overthrown, any suggestion of the restoration of his house and fortunes would, in mighty chorus, be greeted by the German people with NEVER AGAIN!

Would you- *for a friend?*

I'm in a peck of trouble and need some help. I'm up against a thing that I can't get away with.

For the last two years I've been writing advertisements about Mennen's Shaving Cream—trying to make men who shave take just one *try* at it.

More than a million *have* tried it; and are now *buying* it.

But there are a lot of other men who also shave that I can't seem to *reach*. They don't read my ads.

I know as well as I know my name that if I could only get one little sample of Mennen's Shaving Cream into their hands—and onto their faces—they'd never go back to their present shave-ways. But I can't.

And I was completely stumped about it 'til I got a bright idea.

Why not, I said to myself, get some of the men who are now using it—and who *do* read my ads—to help me.

So this ad is addressed to you Mennen users.

There are more than a million of you. If each one of you would tell one friend of yours who hasn't tried it, what you know about it—

How it makes the quickest, creamiest lather you ever used.

How it works equally well with all kinds of water—hot, cold, hard, soft.

How you don't have to rub it in.

How it softens the stiffest beard—quick.

How it doesn't dry.

How it never smarts.

How it leaves your face feeling smooth and clean and *good*.

How it soothes and makes a lotion afterward unnecessary.

How half an inch will lather the biggest face there is.

If you'll tell them these things and the others that you've found out, you'll be doing me a big favor. And I'll appreciate it. But that's not the point. I haven't any right to ask that.

You'll be doing *them* a favor. And I don't know many real fellows who don't like to do a favor for a friend! Am I right?

P. S.—While you're at it, you might also say a word about Mennen's "Talcum for Men." A lot of 'em don't know about *that* yet either. They don't know that it's possible to get the soothing, healing feeling of Mennen's famous Borated Talcum in a "skin-color" shade that doesn't give the face that objectionable pallor.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN'S

SHAVING CREAM

Suggest that they send me this:

Jim Henry,
House of Mennen,
1440 Orange Street,
Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim:—

I don't read your ads, but a friend of mine says you've got something better in the way of shaving soap than the kind I'm now using. I'm willing to risk a dime on his judgment. Send me a tube big enough for thirty shaves for which I enclose 10 cents.

Name _____

Address _____

P. S. Also send a little of that "Talcum for Men," that doesn't show on the face.

This Man's Spare Time Is Worth $272.85 a Month

His name is Charles R. Morris; he lives in Washington, D. C. Two years ago he answered an advertisement like this one.

WE told him how, like thousands of other men and women, he could earn money in his spare time. He met us half way. His efforts netted him only $5 or $10 during his first month, but opened his eyes to the possibilities ahead. Within a short time his spare time netted him $272.85 in a single month.

During this period his regular occupation as a Government clerk became less and less attractive, so he resigned to accept a full-time position with this company on a regular weekly salary.

If you are interested, meet us half way. We will coach you, for the sooner we can help you to become a $272.85 man, the more quickly we shall benefit through your service.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
919 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

$1 DOWN
FREE
TRIAL

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

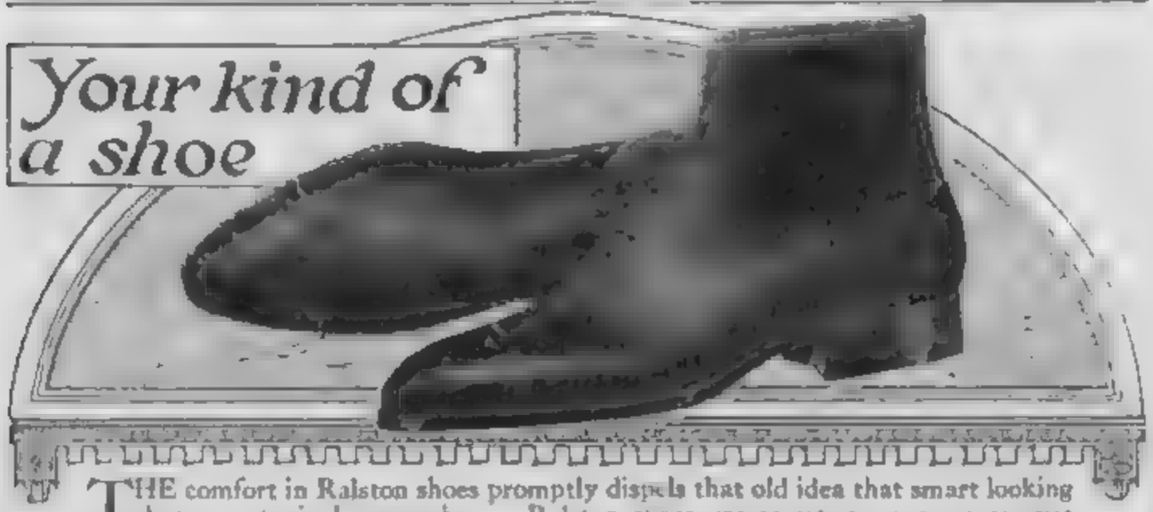
The Burrowes Regis

Burrowes Tables now on

FREE TRIAL.—Write us for catalog (Illustrated), containing free trial offer, prices, terms, order blanks, etc.
THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 811 Center Street, Portland, Me.

For Your Ford

Illuminates brightly the face of clock, the dash speedometer, coil box and foot pedals.
Ford magneto supplies current. Securely attached without drilling.
Complete with wire, $3.25. West of Mississippi $3.50. Special bracket for attaching to speedometer instrument board 35c extra. Can be attached
At your dealer's or sent postpaid on receipt of price.
ROSE MFG. CO., 960 Arch St., Phila., U. S. A.



THE comfort in Ralston shoes promptly dispels that old idea that smart looking shoes must pinch somewhere. Ralston shoes *are* smart, none more so, yet they are comfortable from the first because they are built on correct lines. And the very fit which makes them good looking and so comfortable adds to their durability by eliminating unnecessary strains.

Illustrated catalog free on request
RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
BROCKTON (Campello), MASS.

Ralston

Sold in 3000 good stores
Six to ten dollars

DEALERS: This shoe in stock No. 671, Gun Metal Bal. Longwood last Also made with combination low inlep

RUSSIA'S SUBSTITUTE FOR VODKA

(Continued from Page 13)

indebted to a spellbinder whose training in soap-box oratory was manifest in every word and gesture.

This was at Ekaterinburg, an important station in the Ural Mountains. Things seemed to come nearer to a crisis here than anywhere else. For twenty-four hours our express train had been trailing behind a soldiers' local. Both the station master and the passengers were urgent that our train should go ahead, as it would soon pass far beyond the reach of the military train and would not for a minute hinder it. The case had to be argued out right there on the platform, committeemen with red bands on their arms acting as a sort of tribunal. Their motto plainly was Soldiers first!—which would have been a good motto had there been any question of the express' retarding a military train.

Our offending was that our train carried only first-class and second-class passengers, and was manifestly a luxury of the privileged classes. So the theme was debated by several groups, listeners interjecting their opinions in the free-and-easy fashion of street meetings, so that the auditor of one minute became the orator of the next. Of course the favorite argument was: "The Front is calling." And that word Front is used in its English form. That and the word *Americanshi*—in allusion to the three American passengers—were the only two words I could recognize.

At length a hairy fellow passenger, who, despite Shakspere's advice, knew how to saw the air—and split it too—took the center of the stage. After the fickle fashion of street-corner audiences, other crowds melted away and thronged to hear him. His argument, as interpreted to me, was that any man who attempted to hinder this international train, with its representatives of allied nations aboard, and with its high affairs of state being carried to the capital, was nothing less than a German spy! As for himself, he had for eight years been a prisoner for the cause of liberty! Let any man who had been as much as eight minutes in durance for the same sacred reason rise up to answer him; but let others hold their peace. Even the arguments of the man from the trenches, wearing a steel helmet, could not avail against this; and soon the three bells were sounded that are the signal to proceed. Besides—and this was the most important consideration of all—the crowd had enjoyed a deep and satisfactory draught of their new intoxicant, oratory; and everybody seemed satisfied, so far as that station was concerned.

The Mouse Family

The background of these multitudinous meetings is of more interest to the foreigner. Always the officers on the train remain inconspicuously in the rear. This is not the officers' day in Russia; a private may shake his fist under a general's nose with impunity. We had one general aboard, with all the whiskers and decorations that go with his rank. He had daily taken my eye as he scurried forth with his tin teakettle to get hot water, or came back triumphant from the food stalls with several cucumbers—that titbit of the East—in his hand. But after I heard that he openly wept when at one station we got the news of the big Russian retreat, and that he even refused to eat, I forgave him the tin kettle and the cucumbers and the loaves of bread and the sausages. His orderly was off somewhere, I suppose making a speech. This general, and the other officers who for a lifetime had been accustomed to making the common soldiers toe the mark, have suddenly become inconspicuous members of the mouse family. Only once did any officer participate in the speech making. Of that, more later.

Not so with the young Red Cross nurse aboard the train. Ever and anon she would contribute a few vigorous words—evidently tinged with contempt—to the pending meeting. Little did she fear these men, or any other men, for that matter. She had buried two husbands, and had another at the Front; and, in general, had seen life. Her silver cigarette case, a huge thing, bore eloquent testimony to that fact; for it was covered with tokens of experiences and achievements, after the Russian fashion, that is a sort of survival of the Indian's scalp belt. On her uniform she wore three decorations—one for having served three years in the war, one for gallantry under fire, and one from the Little Mother of the Revolution. But these were less interesting than her cigarette case. It contained a piece of shell that had been extracted from her arm; for during her service on three fronts she had been wounded. There were other mementos—a small gold cannon; a gold nugget; a skeleton; various autographs in gold; a book of remembrance, with silver pages that turned and were engraved; an abacus, with beads that moved; various decks of cards; and several bottles of champagne—for this nurse was no nun.

Other women there were, but all kept silence. Most of them did not even listen to the speeches. They have real work to do. The luggage is carried by women; the cars washed and watered, women climbing to the top of them for this purpose; and the engine's supply of fuel and water is furnished by husky women. Others sell supplies to the passengers; or, when they are passengers themselves, they sit stolidly upon the ground and wait for that to happen which is going to happen.

A Picture of Patience

My picture of patience, caught while a meeting was in progress farther up the platform, is a Russian peasant girl sitting on a pile of railroad ties at a station, two bundles by her side. One is white, and the other is orange-colored, with the blood of its meat contents staining it. Her greasy, black wadded coat is tied round the middle with a string, and she wears the heavy shoes of a man; while the inevitable kerchief is tied round her head. Think of the millinery bills that the entire Orient, as well as peasant Europe, saves! Her face is strong, serene and peaceful, with clear eyes, and her skin is browned by a life in the fields. Her tremendous jaw keeps the woman from being beautiful; but she is the very incarnation of the spirit of patient waiting, and so of Russian womanhood. Thousands upon thousands of waiting women are seen sitting on their bundles or on the ground at the stations across Siberia.

Not all remain patient. From Siberia, and other parts of the country, including Petrograd, thousands of women have gone to the Front by companies, as soldiers, to show the men how to fight. A strange reversal, this, of the old order, that while the men stay home and talk, the women shoulder weapons and seek out the enemy! These women, together with the officers and the battalions of death, are the military hope of Russia. In the extraordinary Russian developments the women are not the agitators, but the doers. Whether they bear arms, or dig on the railroad with cumbrous wooden shovels, or bear away loads of earth on handbarrows, or reap grain with sickles, or drive droshkies, or act as conductors on street cars, or as ticket takers, the women are doers, and not talkers.

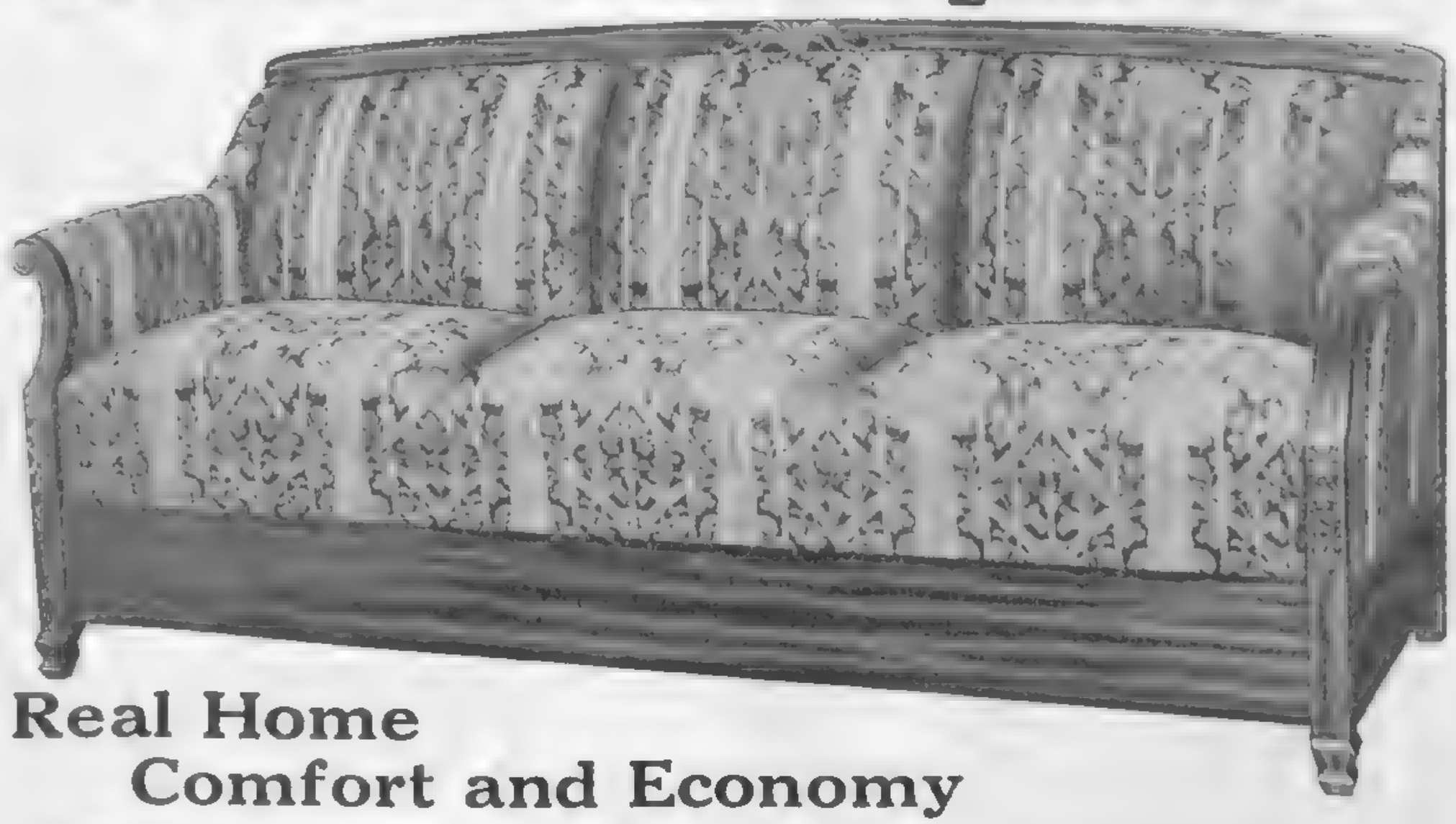
Not so the men. They must mix this new wine of revolutionary speech with their occupation, whatever it may be. One morning our train was held up half an hour because the engineer, as a good revolutionist, refused to pull a train that carried so many rich men as this one; and by rich men he apparently meant everybody who rode first class or second class. It took considerable oratory to dissuade him from his position. Is it any wonder that the railroad managers held a meeting and decided that either the soldiers must let the trains alone or else the practical railroad men will refuse to have anything to do with the lines!

The acute industrial difficulties of Russia are almost entirely the after-effects of speech debauchery. The tumultuous new ideas of liberty and democracy and equality and human rights have so gone to the heads of the hearers that steps wabble and unaccustomed brains reel in strange confusion. Inquire of the next Russian-speaking American you may meet in this large land and he will recite many tales like the following, told me in Harbin:

The six employees of a hardware store asked for a great increase of wages, because

(Continued on Page 125)

KROEHLER
Bed Davenports



Real Home Comfort and Economy

A DAVENPORT should be the most popular and stylish piece of furniture in any home. *Why not Practice Real Economy* and furnish your home in perfect style by getting a *Kroehler Bed Davenport*—which can instantly be changed into a full size comfortable bed at night for members of your family or guests—and live in a smaller home or apartment and *Save Rent?*

The *Kroehler Kodav* is a short davenport for small rooms. The *Kroehler Daveno* is a long davenport for large rooms. Either has a *Full Size—Comfortable—Sanitary—all Steel—Sagless Spring Bed* with a real, thick 35-pound removable cotton felt mattress—not a mere pad. Plenty of room for all bedding, which is entirely concealed by day. Bed folds and unfolds with slightest effort. Patented folding mechanism is perfect. Bed frame and springs entirely independent of upholstering. Room for circulation of air all around.

The Kroehler Kind Cannot Be Excelled

Luxurious Upholstery—Rich Covers—Handsome Period Designs—Elegantly finished. Made by skilled craftsmen. Every part of construction keenly inspected.

Kroehler Bed Davenports won *Highest Award* at *Panama-Pacific Exposition* because of distinctive beauty of design coupled with fine construction and finish.

Sold by reliable furniture dealers everywhere for cash or on easy payments. Large varieties of coverings in tapestries, damasks, velours, imitation leather and genuine leather to select from.

In imitation leather we recommend O'Bannon's Moleskin, which looks like and wears better than genuine leather.

Do Not Accept a Substitute

It is to your interest to buy furniture made by a firm of well-known reputation. Our trademark, the name "Kroehler," is on every davenport. Ask to see it before you buy.

Write for Interesting Booklet and Name of Dealer

Kroehler Manufacturing Company, Naperville, Illinois

Other factories at

Binghamton, N. Y. Cleveland, O. Kankakee, Ill. Grand Rapids, Mich. New York City

CANADIAN FACTORY: STRATFORD, ONT.

You'll want to sign a smoke contract as long as your left arm

for, it's pianos-to-peanuts you're the happiest smoking man in seven states swift as you puff some Prince Albert tobacco against your taste! For, P. A. rocks-wide-open such a *new* line of smokejoy *through its quality* and through our exclusive patented process, which cuts out bite and parch, you'll realize you never knew before what smoke-satisfaction means!

Take off the brakes and let er go! For, Prince Albert's flavor and fragrance and coolness strike you keenest when you're pacing fastest! Always, the next fire-up has something on the last, and you just find smokesunshine ought to be your particular-pet-name!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

lavishes tip-top-times right and left, and, lets a lot of men into swell sport who never got over the fence before! And, it makes old timers play new smoketunes via jimmy pipes or any way they fancy-to-fire-up!

So, what's *your* speed and say-so? Going to sit-tight-like-a-drum, or, beat up new joys? For, you can add right much to what we tell you or what smokers all over the world hand out, and you'll find it mighty true that P. A. certainly hasn't yet had half enough glad words said about it to express its quality and goodness!

Don't rock your smokeboat any longer! Sit down, and steer a course for Prince Albert and get a lot of smokefun that *is smokefun* three hundred and sixty-five days out of every year you're on the firing line!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors and in the clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 122)

the Revolution has given workers new rights. Not ten per cent increase, or twenty per cent, or fifty per cent, satisfies the dazzled Russian who has drunk of the exhilarating waters of radical rhetoric; in many establishments and lines of business in Russia wages have increased threefold within six months—and incidentally the value of the ruble has been cut in half. So these hardware workers proffered absurdly impossible requests; and they were promptly told by their employer that the world was before them and they could get rich quick elsewhere, while he would hire new men.

Not so fast! The men made speeches before the committee that is Harbin's government, and the latter body told the employer that he must comply with the men's demands; or, failing that—you see, they wanted to be entirely reasonable—he should give six months' advance wages to any man he dismissed, at the rate fixed by the workmen. If he refused to do so his stock would be taken over and sold for what it would bring and these demands met out of the first proceeds. Mr. Merchant appealed to the district attorney, who ruled that business has some rights; whereupon more oratory was emitted by the workers and their friends, with the result that Harbin now has a new district attorney. And the forced sale of the merchant's stock was under way when I was in the city!

The one principal occasion of the series of mass meetings by which express trains nowadays proceed across Siberia is the right of the soldiers to board the train. Every berth is taken in advance, but the soldiers would not hesitate to crowd out the passengers; so we enter stations with most of the car doors locked and the others guarded by conductors. The one international car on the train has least trouble, because Anthony, the conductor, has a terse little speech on international rights, which he delivers so frequently that it must come easy to him. However, he merely shunts his troubles off to the Russian cars. Soldiers ride free in all conveyances in Russia, and, of course, they prefer the express train, with what must seem to them its comforts, to the freight cars, in which they travel two or three layers deep, plain boards being stretched across the ends for berths.

The primitiveness of these peasant soldiers is beyond belief. Their lives have been like their uniforms, an indefinite gray that blends perfectly with the soil. Unlettered and ignorant, they want to leave the train after a few days of riding, sure that they must have come to the Front. They can be cheerful under hardships that would break an American. One man with an accordion can make a crowded freight-car load of soldiers happy and songful. They laugh and play like children. Yet they are grown men; and the Siberians especially have that kindly maturity of expression which betokens skill in the craft of the woods and fields. I have seen multitudes of peasants in soldier uniform who, if barbered and tailored, would perfectly look the part of benevolent men whose hobby it is to sit on charitable boards.

Overgrown Children

At present, though, they do not bother with barbers, and dirt does not seem to annoy them; nor do they show the open signs of interest in the vermin which infest their ears and clothes that the Oriental displays. Some few of them got on our train to ride on the platform, occasionally with a big loaf of black bread for a pillow, but oftener with no provision whatever for the long journey. For a couple of days we carried on one side of one platform in a total space of less than four feet square, two soldier boys. There they sat, or lay curled up together, mouse-fashion, for days, bitten by the cold winds at night, pinched by hunger during the day, and cramped and uncomfortable all the time.

Nobody can begin to understand the Russian soldier who does not first recognize that he is an elemental, a child in mind and experience, who has suddenly taken to a new and dangerous intoxicant. His ignorance of history and geography and of politics and economics is abysmal. He knows far less about these things than an American schoolboy of fourteen. That Lenninism is not democracy is beyond him. Public speakers have made him believe that Utopia may be enacted by mass meeting. When an orator at the Front or a pamphlet of German origin promises that the land of Russia shall be divided among the people, he straightway lays down his rifle and makes his way home, so that he may select a choice holding. If told that Germany must first be defeated he naïvely remarks that the Germans will never come away back where he lives.

Besides, the Internationalists have taught him, by many speeches, to love the German as a man and a brother; so, in Russian fashion, he kisses the German soldier who, perhaps, has slain his own brother or friend. In matters of worldly wisdom his head is as soft as his heart. With the old tangible loyalties to Czar and Church superseded by the new revolutionary ideals, the poor soldier becomes a rudderless ship on a chartless sea. Manifestly he awaits some strong leadership, which for the present will do his thinking for him. Once he gets that, he will show himself to be a splendid soldier and an indomitable patriot. Nobody can see a few thousand Russian soldiers without loving them as overgrown children, and having faith in their future when they come to maturity.

Agitators from America

Talking fetishes have been Russia's undoing. Most of them are imported, and not a few, I regret to confess, were made in America. It startles and angers an American citizen to learn that among the dominant factors in the spread of anarchy in Russia to-day are returned American "exiles," thousands of whom came back under the first generous offer of the new government. Many of these were in no sense political exiles, but agitators of the I. W. W. and Emma Goldman type, who welcomed this opportunity for an enlarged career of trouble making. It is believed in informed American circles in Russia that a large proportion of these fellows were sent maliciously, and with the design of fomenting disturbance, by certain Russian consuls in the United States who favor the old régime and want to disrupt the new. The names and locations of these consuls are freely mentioned.

Another allegation is that, like Lennin, these exiles are really paid German propagandists; if they are not paid they certainly deserve to be, for their doctrine of Internationalism, preached at the Front, has been worth an army corps to the Kaiser. Incredible as it may appear to an American, these perambulating talking machines are everywhere sowing an anti-American spirit. Professing to speak with authority, they are endeavoring to inculcate an animosity to the United States as the land of Big Business, where democracy and socialism have no rights. As these pestiferous propagandists are not citizens it is impossible for the American Embassy or consulates to deal with them. The Russian Government is so alarmed over the influence they are wielding that it is commonly believed the exclusion of further recruits to their ranks is the real reason for the present enactment closing all the frontiers of Russia. What the Americans in Russia would do to these exile allies of the Kaiser, if they had the chance, would savor more of czarism than of socialism.

Indeed, if a story told me on the Siberian express is to be credited, some Western Americans did find an extrajudicial method of throwing sand into the bearings of this particular machinery of propaganda. At Seattle the exiles were forbidden to take abroad with them several boxes of extremely radical literature. They appealed to the court, which ruled that the matter was one for the Russian Government, as the pamphlets were in Russian and the owners were Russian citizens. Japan, however, took the matter up when the ship reached that land; but when the boxes in question were opened they were found to contain nothing but sand!

So many protagonists of various forms of revolutionary ideas have been abroad among the peasants of Russia that the red flag, which flies everywhere, has come to stand for almost anything that one may want it to mean. One of our most interesting talkfests in the journey across Siberia arose out of a trifling incident: A slightly intoxicated peasant, the first I had seen in Russia, was reproved by the cook of our dining car, who was leaning out of the window, for conduct reflecting upon new Russia in the presence of the foreigners who were passengers on the train. Instead of slinking off in silence and confusion, as he would have done half a year ago, this fellow, whose vintage of tanglefoot may have

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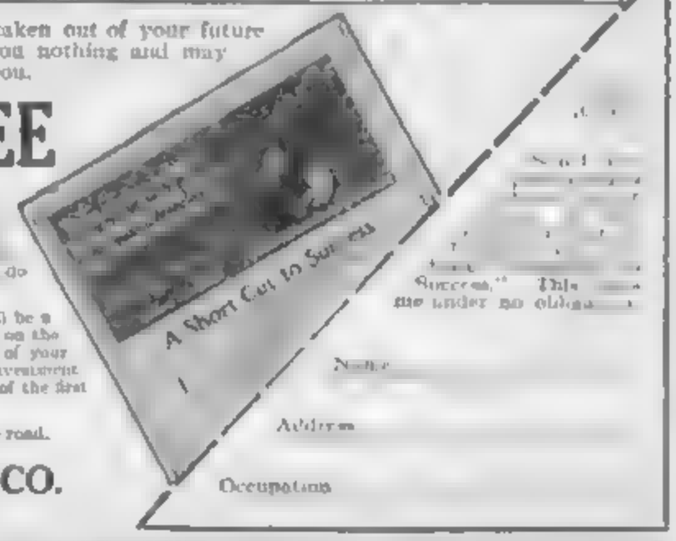

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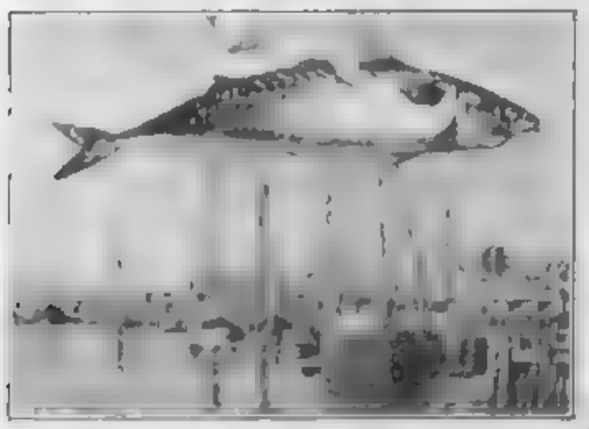

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been the new wine of democracy, retorted at length and with characteristic Russian vehemence, that, since czariam has been overthrown, no man has a right so to speak to another.

Then followed an exciting session, the chef speaking from the car window and his opponent answering from the center of the crowd below. Both talked at once, which is so common a thing here that nobody remarks it, and both developed noisy partisans. The chef's point was that anybody who acts disgracefully is an enemy of the republic and a friend of the Czar. So the great debate proceeded, the train being held up the while. After a fashion it really was a discussion of the principles of democracy, which may have accounted for the crowd's great interest. When driven from the scene in rout the noisy peasant made an obscene gesture and retired to the company of his neighbors while the train pulled out. The interest of the crowd revealed how vital is the issue, for at ten thousand daily meetings, more or less like this one, Russia is agitating the questions inherent in democracy; and the process is educational.

Talk about the Russian type! Why, Russia is a type foundry! I doubt that there is a man alive who can accurately place all the varieties of people who formed the mass or the fringe of our innumerable Siberian meetings. Big blond fellows predominate, of course, though there is abundant evidence that in the not distant past both Slav and Mongol have been found within the lines of consanguinity.

The Melting Pot

Leaning against the rail over there is a man of the finer Japanese type, though not Japanese, while his wife is a blue-eyed Slav. Yonder fellow, with the flaming red Galway whiskers, never heard of Old Erin, yet he is the typical stage Irishman of America. The others behind him, in the tiny skullcaps and long cassocks of assorted colors, from pink to black, are clearly from Russian Turkestan, as I once met their brothers on the way to Mecca. If their neighbor with the dark skin and lustrous black eyes and nondescript dress were met in India I should call him a Brahman or a Parsee; here I give him up.

Nor can I tell anything of the tribe or lineage of the assorted Mongols and Tartars who range all the way from the aristocratic Manchu to the roving-eyed tribesman in a wadded sheepskin coat, who hails from the hinterland—possibly as far back as Tibet. I know the woman passing by as a Kurd, just as I recognize occasional Armenians and Jews.

All these types, and hundreds more, are Russians! America has no monopoly of the melting pot. At the station where I write these notes we are delayed by an accident. Through the station window I see an underling fiercely laying down some law to the station master—until they catch me looking and he desists; for the word is becoming general that Russia must be careful of the impression made upon foreigners if she is to expect loans and other assistance. That in old disdainful Russia, which cared nothing for the opinions of mankind! The inevitable meeting has here given way to a newspaper, which one man is reading aloud, stopping for explanations and comments by the crowd. The picture is one for an artist—that eager throng of dull-faced peasants of many types, crowding close upon one another to hear the news of the shameful Russian retreat and of the rioting in Petrograd.

Even so is a national consciousness being acquired. This is the melting pot. Thus New Russia is finding herself. The ferment of democracy is working. Self-government never before had such a task—that of permeating a huge and illiterate nation with the ideals of republican government.

The work that centuries might have done
Must crowd the hour of the setting sun.

Russia is groping toward the light; for "Where there is no vision the people perish." Puerile and absurd as the many meetings may seem to the Westerner, they really are pathetically sublime; for they are a vague outreaching for the new life. There will be stumbling and staggering in Russia's progress for a long time to come; but there will be progress. Unsafe and vicious teachers have been many and active; true leaders have been few and relatively unvocal.

Now I have reached Petrograd; and the first thing which strikes my eye is that in my small bedroom at the hotel there are seats for eleven persons! Every other room is likewise equipped, as if for a meeting. But there are no meetings now in Petrograd; for the guns have been speaking in the streets, and they have silenced all eloquence except their own. The largest crowds in the city are the bread lines and the groups about the bulletin boards. Perhaps much speaking has led to this somber listening and looking and waiting.

ROB WAGNER— HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 27)

a director, a camera man, a dollar atmosphere or—Oh, unhappy me!—even a movie actor. I have been addressed by all these heavenly titles, but the shameful truth is that I have nothing whatsoever to do with moving pictures except to celebrate the antics of the film folk.

I am a painter by trade, and to prove it I herewith exhibit a faithful picture of me, by me. The elect will instantly recognize that it is a "hand painting." Had I been a movie actor I should have put the belt up under my shoulder blades, and I feel sure that the Authors' League will agree that no scenario burglar could look so open-faced and honest.

No doubt many will get a slant on my real character when I confess that I hate onions and eat sugar on my cantaloupe. Also I possess a distinguished passion for expensive chocolates. I have what She calls "an English-breakfast face," for I am very irritable and nervous before feeding time.

The gods designed me by taste, temperament and physique for a plumber, but Destiny took me gently by the hand and led me up perfumed paths of paint and pastels. And I might still have been living my modest and turpen-tiny life had it not been that a wife and a wicked editor shooed me from my protecting studio out into the merry, but terrific, world of things and kings. So here I am on the side-lines poking fun at the passing show.

The moral of this tale is: Even a Plumber may become a Whoozhoozer if he is discriminating in his choice of Wives and Editors.

SIMON LAKE— HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 27)

not until the Germans demonstrated the efficacy of this weapon that nautical experts became convinced of its value. However, before this vindication came, Mr. Holland had died; I, therefore, am the sole pioneer submarine inventor alive to-day who can say "I told you so!"

Nevertheless, as yet the submarine has not fully accomplished all that I expect of it. I believe it will be, in the future, one of the greatest factors in the maintenance of a permanent peace between maritime nations. The submarine eventually is going to drive the battleship from the seas; of that there is no doubt. When this happens the submarine will be the only naval weapon; but as submarines cannot wage war on other submarines, for the reason that they cannot see or locate each other, wars will become nothing more than a deadlock. Countries whose access to each other is entirely by way of the sea will not lose millions of their young men. This is the future destiny of the submarine, as Fulton, Tuck and other inventors have clearly seen for more than one hundred years; this has been the purpose behind their labors.

At the present time I am engaged in the difficult task of convincing the public of the necessity of constructing cargo-carrying submarines. I have no faith in any other means proposed thus far for combating the activities of the German U-boats. I would gladly build them privately, but present Government control of shipping conditions makes this impossible. However, I and my staff of designers are continually at work preparing designs of such vessels, and also of other devices which will prove of value in the defense of our nation. I can but use my influence in support of such projects as I feel are important to national safety, and then abide by the decision of our constituted authorities.

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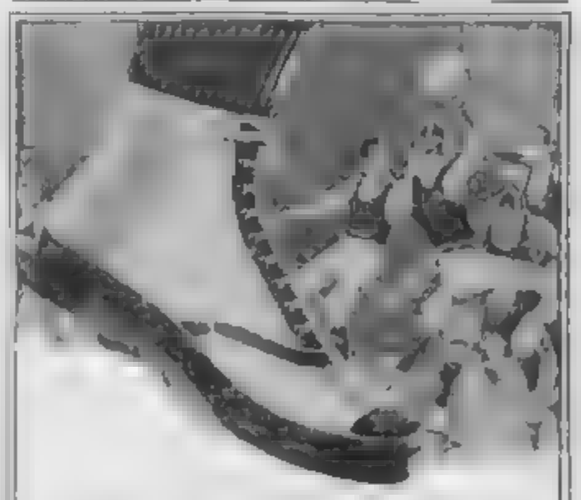

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